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THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

MAY, 1829.

ART. I.—*Travels in Arabia, comprehending an Account of those Territories in Hedjaz which the Mohammedans regard as sacred.* By the late John Lewis Burckhardt. Published by Authority of the Association for Promoting the Discovery of the Interior of Africa. London: Colburn. 1829.

NOTWITHSTANDING that the condition of the Arabs, both moral and political, has always been regarded as a striking phenomenon, apprehensions of difficulty or danger have hitherto deterred European travellers from venturing far into the interior of the Arabian peninsula. Numbers have hovered, as it were, upon the skirts of the country, and made short excursions into what appears to be regarded as forbidden ground; but the interior of the desert, the birth-place of the horse and the camel, and to all appearance, the original hive, whence those prodigious swarms of Arabs, which have at various times carried terror and desolation into the neighbouring countries have issued, has never up to this moment been trodden by the foot of either stranger or enemy. Surrounded from the earliest times by the most powerful monarchies, Arabia has always successfully resisted all attempts to subjugate her. In the midst of revolutions, migrations, and vicissitudes, she has stood like an immoveable statue upon the same basis as at the beginning, experiencing neither change nor deterioration. Such as Arabia was in the days of the Pharoahs, when her merchants went down to traffic in the land of Egypt, such is she at this moment in language, manners, and political institutions. Her religion, it is true, has in the process of ages undergone purification, and gradually approximated more nearly to truth: but in all else this singular country may be regarded as a fragment of the primitive world, rent from the great mass of society, and cast beyond the influence of fortune.

Other nations have endeavoured in various ways to attain this envied stability: the Egyptians erected cities, and temples, and palaces, which appeared to be of eternal duration; the Hindoos enclosed themselves within a circumvallation of political institutions upon which time, it was hoped, could produce no effect; and the Chinese, and their descendants in Japan, have sought perpetuity of empire by similar means: but the mighty structures and singular political contrivances of these nations have been shattered or swept away by the tempest of vicissitude, and the races they were designed to protect from innovation, have been modified like others, by time, or have wholly disappeared from the earth; while the Arabs, who build no splendid or enduring structures, whose dwellings for the most part consist only of haircloth, or canvas, and whose government has ever been the most simple that can be conceived, have remained unchanged.

To what cause this extraordinary stability should be attributed, is not easy to be determined. Some philosophers deduce the character, as well as the happiness or misery of nations, from the form of government under which they live; but it is equally rational to suppose that the form of government which prevails among a people is itself the *effect*, not the *cause* of that congeries of peculiarities which is denominated *national character;* since the people, with the characteristics bestowed upon it by nature, must always precede the political institutions it chooses to adopt. The system of Montesquieu, which referred national character, manners, and government, to the influence of climate, though abandoned at present to the ridicule of half-learned wits, may not, perhaps, after all, be so very absurd as many writers appear to consider it. The warm, humid atmosphere of Hindoostan, has almost invariably been observed to induce that softness of manners, and relaxed state of the whole body, which dispose men to yield, on every occasion, to the pretensions of the powerful; and it is not improbable that the dry, bracing atmosphere of the Arabian peninsula, may strongly co-operate with other causes, in conferring upon its inhabitants that boldness, vivacity, and self-possession; which at once render them impatient of control, and capable of appreciating and protecting their own independence.

But whether the peculiarities of the Arabs should be traced to their geographical position, and the physical nature of their country, or to a certain national idiosyncracy, if we may so speak, it is equally extraordinary that among the multitudes of travellers that have issued from the principal seats of European civilization, to examine the manners, and estimate the development of the principle of improvement, among the other families of mankind, so small a number should have chosen to carry their researches into Arabia. The pastoral plains of Nejed, sprinkled with tents, and flocks, and herds, in a patriarchal manner; the coffee groves and verdant hills of Yeman; the incense plantations

of Hadramaut; and the date trees, gardens, and holy cities of the Hedjaz, appear to us to be objects of curiosity no less singular than the rank forests and contemptible mud-hovels of the interior of Africa. But even were Arabia nothing more than the rude, barren desert which it is vulgarly supposed to be, still the extraordinary race who inhabit it, with their primitive habits, and strongly marked character, would appear to deserve much more attention than they have hitherto commanded. To Christians, they offer an object of contemplation of peculiar interest; for Abraham himself was a Bedouin of Mesopotamia; several of the tribes of the western desert are descended from his son Ishmael; and it was among the Bedouins that Moses took refuge when flying from the wrath of the Egyptian king.

Arabia is divided into numerous provinces, of which the most celebrated are Yemen, the Arabian Felix of the ancients, and Hedjaz, renowned for the sanctity of its principal cities, Medina and Mekka. As the present work of Mr. Burckhardt relates only to the Hedjaz, we shall also confine ourselves to this province, which the birth of Mohammed has rendered singularly illustrious. In a country like Arabia, the boundaries of provinces are not very nicely defined. We can only state generally that Hedjaz is bounded on the south by Yemen; on the east by Nedjed; on the north by Arabia Petræa; and on the west by the Red Sea. As the province is chiefly remarkable for its principal cities, Mekka, Medina, and Jidda, its natural productions being quite a secondary object, we shall at once proceed to the description of the capital and its inhabitants, taking the traveller for our guide, and adding such particulars as other writers have supplied.

Though Mekka* is dignified by the Arabs with many lofty-sounding titles, such as Om-el-Kora, "the mother of towns;" El Mosherefe, "the noble;" and Beled el Ameyn, "the region of the faithful;" its principal distinction in the eyes of Europeans is, that of being the birth-place of Mohammed, and the original seat of Islamism. We can only smile at the pious industry of Firuzabádi, who has composed a whole treatise on the different names of this city. Mekka is situated in a narrow sandy valley, surrounded by bare and barren mountains of moderate elevation, between thirty and forty miles east of the Red Sea. In some places the dwellings of the inhabitants encroach upon the sides of the mountains, particularly on the eastern range, where the primitive dwellings of the Koreysh, and the greater portion of the ancient city appear to have stood.

* The ancient name of this city was Macoruba, and under this name it was known to Ptolemy, who supposed that a considerable river, which he denominates *Bettis*, flowed by it.—D'Anville, Geographie Ancienne, t. ij. p. 217. Reiske, in his version of Abulfeda, has always the name of this city *Macca*.'

The streets of Mekka are broader than those of most other eastern cities, the town having generally relied upon its sacred character for defence; the houses, like those of Jidda, are frequently three stories high, and built of stone of a dark grey colour, which is never white-washed; and the principal windows face the street, as in European cities. In remote ages, however, the internal wars of the country rendered it necessary that even this sacred city should surround itself with vulgar fortifications, and walls were built, which, according to Azraky and Kotobeddyn, soon fell to decay, and though twice repaired were scarcely discoverably a century after.

Notwithstanding that the Arabs, during their dominion in Spain, exhibited a decided passion for architecture, of which the great mosque at Cordova, and the vast and magnificent ruins of the Alhambra, are splendid proofs, they have always been prevented, either by their poverty or their simplicity, from indulging the same taste in their original country. Even at Mekka, no structures distinguished by barbaric grandeur meet the eye; the Beitullah, or "House of God" itself being a building which, though of considerable dimensions, has little architectural beauty; and the Kaaba which it surrounds, nothing more than a plain oblong structure, eighteen paces long, fourteen wide, and about thirty-five or forty feet in height. The Beitullah has an oblong square, two hundred and fifty paces in length, and two hundred in breadth; but it is remarkable that although the whole appears at first to be regular, not one of its sides seems exactly a straight line. On the eastern side of this open square there is a colonnade, consisting of a quadruple row of pillars; but on the other sides they are only three deep, and united by pointed arches, "every four of which support a small dome, plastered and whitened on the outside." Mr. Burckhardt informs us that, according to Kotobeddyn, there are one hundred and fifty-two of these domes: but since he himself spent several months at Mekka, it seems strange, that even in a matter of this nature, he should have trusted to the eyes of another. A row of lamps, suspended from the arches, runs round the whole square. On ordinary occasions, the illumination is but faint and partial; but during the nights of Ramadhan, when the great square is filled by multitudes of the faithful, the whole are lighted up, and cast a glorious radiance on the moving crowds beneath.

The pillars of these colonnades are of different colours and sizes, some being of white marble, and others of granite, or porphyry, and the diameter varying from one foot and a half, to one foot and three quarters. An octagonal column, about four feet in diameter, is placed between every three or four round ones. Of the capitals, some are of coarse Saracenic workmanship, and, having been taken from some older structure, have been placed upside down by the ignorance of the workmen. Several bases of exquisite

workmanship, are evidently the spoils of some Grecian edifice. Inscriptions in Arabic and Cufic, are found upon several of the columns; and portions of the walls, minarets, and arches, are painted in gaudy colours, as many of the noblest temples of ancient Greece were.

'Seven paved causeways lead from the colonnades towards the Kaaba, or holy house, in the centre. They are of sufficient breadth to admit four or five persons to walk abreast, and they are elevated about nine inches above the ground. Between these causeways, which are covered with fine gravel, or sand, grass appears growing in several places, produced by the Zemzen water oozing out of the jars, which are placed in the ground in long rows during the day. The whole area of the mosque is upon a lower level than any of the streets surrounding. There is a descent of eight or ten steps from the gates on the north side into the platform of the colonnade; and of three or four steps from the gates, on the south side.'—p. 136.

The Kaaba is constructed of large blocks of the grey Mekka stone, roughly joined together with bad cement. It is quite a modern structure, having been overthrown by a torrent in 1626, and re-built during the following year. On this occasion the Arabs displayed, in a curious manner, the veneration they have always cherished for this temple; for, it being necessary to pull down some shattered portion of the walls which had been spared by the flood, in order to their more uniform and solid re-construction, the architect would not venture to perform his awful duty, until it had been ascertained from the *Ulemas*, or learned divines, that it was lawful for mortals to destroy any portion of the holy edifice. The roof of the Kaaba being flat, the building, says the traveller, has, at a distance, the appearance of a perfect cube. There is but one door to this temple; and this, which is wholly coated with silver, and has several gilt ornaments, was brought from Constantinople in 1633. It is about seven feet from the ground, and when it is opened, which is not above two or three times in the year, it is reached by a small moveable flight of wooden steps. Upon the threshold of this door, wax candles and various perfumes are burned nightly.

The famous *Black Stone*, which, according to Mohammedan tradition, was brought from heaven by the angel Gabriel, * is at the north-east corner of the Kaaba, near the door.

'It forms,' says Mr. Burckhardt, 'a part of the sharp angle of the building, at four or five feet above the ground. It is an irregular oval, about seven inches in diameter, with an undulated surface, composed of about a dozen smaller stones of different sizes and shapes, well joined

* '"*Nous croyons* que cette pierre miraculeuse est une jacinthe transparante transportée du ciel á Abraham par l'ange Gabriel, comme un gage de la divinité." *Ali Bey, Voyages, t.* ij. *p.* 348. But he adds, "C'est *minèralogiquement* un bloc de basalte volcanique, parsemé dans sa circonférence de petits cristaux en points," &c. *Ibidem.*'

together with a small quantity of cement, and perfectly smoothed: it looks as if the whole had been broken into many pieces by a violent blow, and then united again. It is very difficult to determine accurately the quality of this stone, which has been worn to its present surface by the millions of touches and kisses it has received. It appeared to me like a lava, containing several small extraneous particles, of a whitish and of a yellowish substance. Its colour is now a deep reddish brown, approaching to black: it is surrounded on all sides by a border, composed of a substance which I took to be a close cement of pitch and gravel, of a similar, but not quite the same brownish colour. This border serves to support its detached pieces; it is two or three inches in breadth, and rises a little above the surface of the stone. Both the border and the stone itself are encircled by a silver band, broader below than above, and on the two sides, with a considerable swelling below, as if a part of the stone were hidden under it. The lower part of the border is studded with silver nails.'

Though the Arabs are in general delighted with the verdure of gardens and groves, they have not been able to rear either plants or trees in their most sacred city. In walking, therefore, through the streets and environs of Mekka, the only objects that enliven the scene, are the numerous shops which are found in every part of the town, and the crowds of Hadjys, or pilgrims, which are seen moving to and from the different holy places.

The inhabitants of Mekka differ greatly in manners from the Bedouins, or genuine Arabs. They are, in fact, foreigners, or the descendants of foreigners, chiefly from Yemen, Hadramant, India, Egypt, Syria, Morocco, and Turkey. This mixed population is the effect of the great confluence of strangers found at Mekka, during the Hadj; numbers of pilgrims being tempted by the polished manners and attractive society of the Mekkawys, to marry and settle in the holy city. The Kareysh, and other ancient and noble tribes, who traced back their genealogy far beyond the times of the Prophet, and flourished here till within these few years, are now nearly extinct; three Koreysh families only remaining, sunk into poverty; the head of the principal house being the Nayb, or keeper of the mosque, and the others occupying offices still meaner. The family of the Prophet, however, is still numerous and flourishing, branching out into different tribes, and spreading widely over other parts of the country. This class of persons are denominated Sherifs, and are supposed to be descended from Mohammed, by his daughter Fatime. They are either soldiers, or professors of learning and religion; and are called, in the former case, Sherifs; in the latter, Seyds.

In other parts of the East, strangers, though settled for life in the country, retain their national costume; and this circumstance renders the appearance of the multitudes which crowd the bazaar, and other public places, peculiarly interesting and picturesque. But in the Hedjaz, foreigners immediately adopt the costume, and, as far as possible, the manners and language of the country,

and hasten to forget their own. Hence, notwithstanding the heterogeneous materials of which the Mekkan population consists, an extraordinary uniformity, both in dress and manners, prevails. One little colony only forms an exception to this rule: it is that of the Indians; that singular people, who appear to aim in every thing at immutability, and to regard change as the worst of evils. These as they move through the streets, or visit the temple of the Hedjaz, appear to diffuse around themselves the atmosphere of Malabar and Bengal, and to view their own palm groves and luxuriant landscapes, even on the barren shores of the Red Sea.

The complexion of the Mekkawys is a yellowish brown, darker in those born of Abyssinian mothers, and lighter when sprung from purely Asiatic parents. In features, the inhabitants of Mekka considerably resemble the Bedouins, having for the most part aquiline noses, expressive countenances, and eyes dark, brilliant, and flashing with intelligence. Owing to the repose and plenty which they generally enjoy, they are loftier in stature, and more robust and muscular in form, than the Arabs of the desert, who are attenuated by their scanty fare, and the inevitable hardships of a wandering life. The higher orders appear to counteract, by vicious habits, the advantages they possess, for they are distinguishable, like those of Indian or Yemen extraction, by their meagre, emaciated forms.

One very extraordinary relic of barbarism is still preserved among the customs of the Mekkawys. We allude to the practice of tattooing, the origin of which neither Aly Bey, Burckhardt, nor any other traveller has yet been able to discover. Every male child, however, born in Mekka or Jidda, as soon as it has reached the age of forty days, is seized by its parents, and disfigured by three long cuts down both cheeks, and two on the right temple, the scars of which, frequently three or four lines in breadth, remain to the latest period of life. Originally, perhaps, parents thus marked their children, that by whatever length of time or calamitous vicissitudes they might be separated, they should always be able on meeting again to recognize their own offspring. For this purpose each family may have tattooed in some particular manner, or imprinted on their bodies some little design or figure peculiar to themselves. A mark of this kind was made by various nations on the bodies of their slaves, that they might discover and reclaim them wherever they might be found. Among the islanders of the South Sea, who go nearly naked, but are not, therefore, insensible to the charms of distinction, the gradations of rank are marked by different species of tattooing; a man being more elaborately disfigured in proportion as his property, or his merit, is greater than ordinary. Among such savages as these, however, it is easily conceivable that artificial ugliness may be a recommendation, since the ignorant are always covetous of excitement of all kinds; but that the intelligent and polished inhabitants of

Mekka, should delight in deforming their offspring in so absurd a manner, without some very powerful motive, it is difficult to believe. The practice must, we suspect, be secretly connected with some superstitious notion, which has hitherto eluded the scrutiny of travellers; but whatever the cause may be, its operation is remarkably confined, for the Bedouin, and the other inhabitants of Hedjaz, do not follow the example of the Mekkawys and Jiddawys.

In forming our ideas of foreign nations, we are considerably aided by a knowledge of the manner in which they protect themselves against the inclemency of the weather. The philosophers of Hindoostan, discovering that the climate of their country renders clothing unnecessary, go naked, and the rest of the population, yielding less to the influence of reason or example, than to the suggestions of the senses, do nearly the same thing. In Arabia, however, notwithstanding the intense heat which sometimes prevails, the nights are often cold, so that considerable inconvenience is felt by the pilgrims, who, according to the regulations of the Hadj, restrict themselves to the use of the *thram*, or linen mantle, during their pilgrimage. Here, as elsewhere, men dress less for the purposes of health or convenience, than for displaying their wealth, or concealing their poverty. The higher classes wear, in winter, a cloth *benish*, or upper cloak; a jubbee, or under cloak, likewise of cloth; a showy silk gown, tied with a thin Cashmere sash; a white muslin turban, and yellow slippers. In summer the cloth *benish* is replaced by one of very slight Indian stuff. Such of the Mekkawys as affect to follow the fashions of the Turks, wear the red Barbary cap beneath their turban; but the generality content themselves with caps of linen, richly embroidered with silk, by the women of Mekka, and frequently sent as presents from women to their lovers. Sentences from the Koran are sometimes embroidered in large characters on the top. The middle classes substitute linen for silk gowns; and in summer, the lower classes wear nothing but a shirt; a piece of nankin, or striped Egyptian linen, round the loins, instead of trowsers; and in winter a *beden*, or sleeveless gown, of striped Indian calico. Instead of shoes, the middle and lower classes wear sandals, which are cooler, and better suited to the climate. Each class has a peculiar mode of folding the turban, which is made of Indian cambric or muslin. The Ulemas, or learned doctors, allow the end of the turban to fall down in a narrow strip to the middle of their back.

The inhabitants of Mekka are remarkably clean in their dress; the principal part of their clothing consisting of muslin, or cambric, which requires frequent washing. In fact, the poorest persons change their linen at least once a week; while the rich, who every day wear a different dress, and frequently possess thirty or forty suits of clothes, change as often as a fashionable person in London.

'The people of the Hedjaz delight in dress much more than the northern

Mohammedans; and the earnings of the lower classes are mostly spent in clothes. When a Mekkawy returns home from his shop, or even after a short walk into the town, he immediately undresses, hangs up his clothes over a cord tied across his sitting-room, takes off his turban, changes his shirt, and then seats himself upon his carpet, with a thin under-cap upon his head. In this dishabille they receive visitors; and to delineate a Mekkawy, he should be represented sitting in his undress, near a projecting latticed window, having in one hand a sort of fan, made of chippings of date leaves, with which he drives away the flies; and in the other, the long snake of his Persian pipe.

'On feast days they display their love of dress in a still higher degree; from the richest to the poorest, every one must then be dressed in a new suit of clothes; and if he cannot afford to buy, he hires one from the dealers, for two or three days. On these occasions, as much as one hundred piastres are sometimes given for the hire of a dress, worth altogether, perhaps, fifteen hundred or two thousand piastres. No one is then content with a dress suited to his station in life, but assumes that of the class above him. The common shopkeeper, who walks about the whole year in his short gown, with a napkin round his loins, appears in a pink-coloured benish, lined with satin, a gold-embroidered turban, a rich silk sash, worked with silver thread, and a djombye, or crooked knife, stuck in his sash, the scabbard of which is covered with coins of silver and gold. The children are dressed out in the same expensive manner; and a person would submit to be called a thief, rather than allow those of equal rank to exceed him in finery. In general, the most gaudy colours are preferred; and the upper cloak must always be a contrast in colour to the garment worn beneath it. During festivals, Cashmere shawls are also worn, though seldom seen at other times, except on women, and the warlike Sherifs; but every Mekkawy in easy circumstances has an assortment of them in his wardrobe. After the feast, the fine suit is laid aside, and every one returns to his wonted station. Every grown-up Mekkawy carries a long stick: among the lower orders, they may rather be called bludgeons. An Ulema is never seen without his stick. Few persons go armed, except among the lower classes, or the Sherifs, who carry crooked knives in their belts.

'The women of Mekka and Djidda dress in Indian silk gowns, and very large striped trowsers, reaching down to the ankles, and embroidered below with silver thread; over these they wear the wide gown called *habra* of black silk stuff, used in Egypt and Syria: or a blue and white striped silk *mellaye* of Indian manufacture. The face is concealed by a white, or light blue *borko:* on the head, covered by the mellaye, they wear a cap like the men's, around which a piece of coloured muslin is tightly twisted in folds. The head-dress is said to be less ornamented with gold coins, pearls, and jewels, than that of the ladies of Egypt and Syria; but they have, at least, one string of sequins tied round it: many have gold necklaces, bracelets, and silver ankle-rings. The poorer women wear the blue Egyptian shirt, and large trowsers, like those already mentioned; and bracelets of horn, glass, or amber.'—pp. 184—186.

In the early education of their children, the Mekkawys follow the system of the philosopher of Geneva, allowing them, as soon as they can walk, to run about and play in the street before the house,

very lightly clad, or rather, as Mr. Burckhardt says, half-naked. On this account the children of Mekka are blessed with better health and finer forms than those of Egypt and Syria, where, according to the testimony of Mr. Burckhardt, infants are closely bandaged, like mummies, and frequently nursed to death.

In foreign countries, travellers unfortunately come more frequently in contact with the bad than the good portions of society, since the former are always on the watch for strangers, upon whom they think they can impose more readily than on their fellow citizens. Hence it often happens, that unjust prejudices are acquired against the population of a town, city, or whole kingdom, from observing the villany and duplicity of a part. It was Mr. Burckhardt's bad fortune to meet with a rogue of a delyl, or guide, at Mekka; and having been tormented and cheated by this personage, and observed that several other persons of the same class possessed qualities equally prepossessing, he thus characterized the whole race of guides.

'The idlest, most impudent, and vilest individuals of Mekka, adopt the profession of guides (*metowaf* or *delyl*); and as there is no want of those qualities, and a sufficient demand for guides through the Hadj, they are very numerous. Besides the places which I have described in the town, the Metowafs accompany the hadjys to all the other places of resort in the sacred district, and are ready to perform every kind of service in the city. But their utility is more than counterbalanced by their importunity and knavery. They besiege the room of the hadjy from sun-rise to sun-set; and will not allow him to do any thing without obtruding their advice; they sit down with him to breakfast, dinner, and supper; lead him into all possible expenses, that they may pocket a share of them; suffer no opportunity to pass of asking him for money; and woe to the poor ignorant Turk who employs them as his interpreter in any mercantile concern. My first delyl was the man of Medina, at whose house I lodged during the last days of Ramadhan. On returning to Mekka a second time, I unfortunately met him in the street; and though I was far from giving him a hearty welcome, having sufficient reason to suspect his honesty, he eagerly embraced me, and forthwith made my new lodgings his home. At first he accompanied me every day in my walks round the Kaaba, to recite the prayers used on that occasion: these, however, I soon learned by heart, and therefore dispensed with his services on the occasion. He sat down regularly at dinner with me, and often brought a small basket, which he ordered my slave to fill with biscuits, meat, vegetables, or fruit, and carried away with him. Every third or fourth day he asked for money, "It is not you who give it," he said, "it is God who sends it to me." Finding there was no polite mode of getting rid of him, I told him plainly that I no longer wanted his services; language to which a Mekka delyl is not accustomed. After three days, however, he returned, as if nothing had happened, and asked for a dollar. "God does not move me to give you any thing," I replied, "if he judged it right, he would soften my heart, and cause me to give you my whole purse." "Pull my beard," he exclaimed, "if God does not send you ten times more hereafter than what I beg at present." "Pull out every hair of mine," I replied, "If I give you one

pare, until I am convinced that God will consider it a meritorious act." On hearing this he jumped up and walked away, saying, "We fly for refuge to God, from the hearts of the proud and the hands of the avaricious." These people never speak ten words without pronouncing the name of God or Mohammed; they are constantly seen with the rosary in their hands, and mumble prayers even during conversation. This character of the Metowafs is so applicable to the people of Mekka in general, that at Cairo they use the following proverb, to repress the importunity of an insolent beggar: "Thou art like the Mekkawy, thou sayest, 'Give me,' and I am thy master."'—pp. 193, 194.

After some further remarks on the delyls, the traveller adds the following curious particulars:

'Some of these delyls have a very singular office. The Mohammedan law prescribes that no unmarried woman shall perform the pilgrimage; and that even every married woman must be accompanied by her husband, or at least a very near relation (the Shafay sect does not even allow the latter.) Female hadjys sometimes arrive from Turkey for the Hadj; rich old widows, who wish to see Mekka before they die; or women who set out with their husbands, and lose them on the road by disease. In such cases, the females find at Djidda, delyls (or as this class is called, Muhallil) ready to facilitate their progress through the sacred territory, in the character of husbands. The marriage contract is written out before the Kadhy: and the lady, accompanied by her delyl, performs the pilgrimage to Mekka, Arafat, and all the sacred places. This, however, is understood to be merely a nominal marriage; and the delyl must divorce the woman on his return to Djidda; if he were to refuse a divorce, the law cannot compel him to it, and the marriage would be considered binding; but he could no longer exercise the lucrative profession of delyl; and my informant could only recollect two examples of the delyl continuing to be the woman's husband. I believe there is not any exaggeration of the number, in stating that there are eight hundred full grown delyls, besides boys who are learning the profession. Whenever a shopkeeper loses his customers, or a poor man of letters wishes to gain as much money as will purchase an Abyssinian slave, he turns delyl. The profession is one of little repute; but many a prosperous Mekkawy has, at some period of his life, been a member of it.'—pp. 195, 196.

As a proof that it is only by comparing the various relations of a succession of travellers, that we can arrive at correct notions of foreign nations, we may observe, that the character of the Mekkawys given by Mr. Burckhardt, differs in almost every particular from that formerly drawn of them by Ali Bey. According to the latter, extreme poverty and misery have communicated to their forms, and countenances, the most melancholy air; their wretched figures are reduced, by the scantiness of their food, to downright skeletons, especially those who attend upon the mosque; and they are more melancholy than the imagination can conceive. During his residence at Mekka, he never once heard a single instrument of music, or the voice of a man singing. The women, naturally more light of heart, occasionally broke the horrible silence with their songs,

but this only made the general gloom more striking. Being devoured by perpetual melancholy, the Mekkawys are irritated by the smallest trifles, and vent their irrational anger upon the few unhappy slaves that fortune has put in their power. He informs us, that from his own apartment he *once* heard a citizen beating his slave for a quarter of an hour together, resting only when his arm was tired, and then beginning again. From these circumstances, he observes, it may fairly be inferred that the population of Mekka is decreasing rapidly. From upwards of a hundred thousand, it has already diminished to about sixteen or eighteen thousand. Whole quarters of the city are abandoned and fallen to decay; two thirds of the houses are empty; and of those which are inhabited, the insides are rapidly deteriorating. In one word, were it not for the Kaaba, Mekka would be reduced to a desert solitude in the space of two years. The women, who enjoy more freedom than the other Mussulman ladies, he supposes to have been first corrupted when the city overflowed with opulence and splendour, and to have been afterwards reduced to a still lower pitch of degradation, by the poverty and habitual melancholy which has long pervaded the whole city. The piece of linen cloth with which they pretend, like the Egyptian women, to hide their faces, is pierced by eye-holes so large that they discover half the visage; and the greater number of women, altogether discarding this useless piece of affectation, are guilty of the enormity of exhibiting nearly the whole of their faces naked. However, according to his testimony, the faithful are not by these means exposed to very extraordinary temptation, as these impudent ladies possess few attractions, their complexion being remarkably sallow, and their features ugly. Yet he allows that they have graceful figures and fine eyes.

Let us now turn to the picture drawn by Mr. Burckhardt. The riches, he observes, which annually flow into Mekka are so considerable, that, were it not for the dissolute character of the inhabitants (upon which point he agrees with Ali Bey), this place might have become one of the richest cities of the East. All classes of the population, except the first, squander all their gains in dress and good living. The Hadj is no sooner over, and the crowd of pilgrims departed, than the celebration of marriages and circumcision feasts commences; and as, in the estimation of a Mekkawy, there is no time like the time present, men frequently spend the half of their yearly income on a single feast, endeavouring to crowd every possible gratification and delight into one day's enjoyment. Notwithstanding the prohibitions of the Koran, the inhabitants of Mekka, and even the descendants of the Prophet, indulge in the use of spirituous liquors. They are also very expensive in their houses, the rooms being embellished with fine carpets, cushions, and sofas, covered with brocade, beautiful china-ware, and nargiles, or pipes, adorned with silver. So far, indeed, is Mr. Burckhardt from agreeing with Ali Bey, in representing the Mekkawys as

negligent of the interior of their houses, that he says a petty shopkeeper would be ashamed to receive an acquaintance in a house fitted up in a manner less splendid than we have described above. Instead, also, of being half starved, as Ali Bey imagined, the Mekkawys have better supplied tables than any other people in all the East; even the lower classes daily having on their tables meat which costs from one and a half to two piastres the pound; with their coffee-pot perpetually on the fire, and the nargile in the mouth of man, woman, and child. For their own especial entertainment, the ladies have introduced the fashion of visiting each other with all their children, at least once in the week, and on these occasions the visit lasts the whole day, and the entertainment is splendid and abundant. Ali Bey speaks of the women of Mekka as the most impudent of all the East, and says, that, according to the ideas of the Orientals, they indecently expose themselves in public. Mr. Burckhardt, on the other hand, asserts, that the exterior demeanour of the women of Jidda and Mekka, is *very decorous*, few of them being ever seen walking or riding in the streets, as women are at Cairo; and adds, that he lived in three different houses at Mekka, without once seeing the unveiled face of a female.

The principal merchants of Mekka live in great splendour, having in their houses establishments of from fifty to sixty persons, of whom about twenty sit down to dinner together, at tables furnished with every delicacy which Arabia, Egypt, or India can supply. The dishes are served up in superb China and glass vessels; and after dinner the beards of the guests are sprinkled with rose-water, while the odours of aloe-wood, burning upon the nargiles, are diffused through the apartment. In these companies, and among the upper classes generally, the most unrestrained politeness prevails; 'and no men,' says the traveller, 'appear in a more amiable light than the great Mekkawys, dispensing hospitality to their guests. Whoever happens to be sitting in the outer hall when dinner is served up, is requested to join at table, which he does without considering himself at all obliged by the invitation; while the host, on his part, appears to think compliance a favour conferred upon him.'

The upper classes of the Mekkawys eat, like the ancient Greeks, but two meals a day, one meal immediately before noon, the other after sunset; and the lower orders breakfast at sunrise, and sup at night. Previous to the recent wars, and the conquest of the Wahabees, the life of the merchants of Mekka was a pleasant and happy one. They passed the hot months of the year in their villas and cool gardens at Tayef, returning to the city about the time when the caravans of pilgrims arrived, and generally following the Hadj to Mount Arafat, as a tour of pleasure. About seven months after the Hadj, a caravan, consisting of several hundred merchants, mounted on dromedaries, used to set out from Mekka

to Medina, where a great fair was held, at which multitudes of persons, from various parts of Arabia, assembled for the purposes of traffic.

The inhabitants of Mekka, Jidda, and Medina, possess great vivacity, and delight to laugh and joke in the street, in the bazaar, at home, and even at the mosque. Puns, proverbs, and witty allusions, which produce laughter, are perpetually in their mouths; and, together with this lively disposition, they possess much intellect, sagacity, and great suavity of manners. When Ali Bey was among them, therefore, they must either have been saddened by some general calamity, or he himself have been incapacitated, by hypochondriasis, for judging sanely of the objects around him.

Speaking of the accomplishments of the Mekkawys, Mr. Burckhardt observes:—

'The Mekkawys study little besides the language and the law. Some boys learn at least as much Turkish as will enable them to cheat the Osmanly pilgrims, to whom their knowledge of that tongue may recommend them as guides. The astronomer of the mosque learns to know the exact time of the sun's passing the meridian, and occupies himself occasionally with astrology and horoscopes. A Persian doctor, the only avowed medical professor I saw at Mekka, deals in nothing but miraculous balsams and infallible elixirs; his potions are all sweet and agreeable; and the musk and aloe-wood which he burns, diffuse through his shop a delicious ordour, which has contributed to establish his reputation. Music, in general so passionately loved among the Arabs, is less practised at Mekka than in Syria and Egypt. Of instruments they possess only the *rababa* (a kind of guitar), the *nay* (a species of clarinet), and the *tambour*, or *tambouriae*. Few songs are heard in the evenings, except among the Bedouins, in the skirts of the town. The choral song, called Djok, is sometimes sung by the young men at night in the coffee-houses, its measure being accompanied with the clapping of hands. In general, the voices of the Hedjazys are harsh, and not clear: I heard none of those sonorous and harmonious voices which are so remarkable in Egypt, and still more in Syria, whether giving utterance to love songs, or chanting the praises of Mohammed from the minarets, which, in the depth of night, has a peculiarly grand effect. Even the Imans of the mosque, and those who chant the anthems, in repeating the last words of the introductory prayers of the Iman—men who, in other places, are chosen for their fine voices, can here be distinguished only by their hoarseness and dissonance.

'The Sherif has a band of martial music, similar to that kept by Pashas, composed of kettle-drums, trumpets, fifes, &c.: it plays twice a day before his door, and for about an hour on every evening of the new moon.

'Weddings are attended by professional females, who sing and dance: they have, it is said, good voices, and are not of that dissolute class to which the public singers and dancers belong in Syria and Egypt. The Mekkawys say, that before the Wahaby invasion, singers might be heard during the evening in every street, but that the austerity of the Wahabys, who, though passionately fond of their own Bedouin songs, disapproved of the public singing of females, occasioned the ruin of all musical pursuits:—this, however, may be only an idle notion, to be ranked with that which is

as prevalent in the East as it is in Europe, that old times were always better, in every respect, than the present.

'The *sakas*, or water-carriers, of Mekka, many of whom are foreigners, having a song which is very affecting from its simplicity and the purpose for which it is used, the wealthier pilgrims frequently purchase the whole contents of a saka's water-skin, on quitting the mosque, especially at night, and order him to distribute it gratis among the poor. While pouring out the water into the wooden bowls, with which every beggar is provided, they exclaim, "Sebyl Allah, ya atshan, Seybl!" "Hasten, O thirsty, to the ways of God!" and then break out into the following short song, of three notes only, which I never heard without emotion:—*Ed-djene wa el moy fezata ly Saheb es-Sabyl.* "Paradise and forgiveness be the lot of him who gave you this water!"

'I cannot describe the marriage-feasts as celebrated at Mekka, not having attended any; but I have seen the bride carried to the house of her husband, accompanied by all her female friends. No canopy is used on this occasion, as in Egypt, nor any music; but rich clothes and furniture are displayed, and the feasting is sumptuous, and often lasts for three or four days. On settling a marriage, the money to be paid for the bride is carried in procession from the house of the bridegroom to that of the girl's father; it is borne through the streets upon two tabourets, wrapped up in a rich handkerchief, and covered again with an embroidered satin stuff. Before the two persons who hold these tabourets, two others walk, with a flask of rose-water in one hand, and a censer in the other, upon which all sorts of perfumes and odours are burning. Behind them follow, in a long train, all the kindred and friends of the bridegroom, dressed in their best clothes. The price paid for virgins, among the respectable classes, varies at Mekka from forty to three hundred dollars, and from ten to twenty dollars among the poor classes. Half the sum only is usually paid down; the other half is left in possession of the husband, who pays it in case he should divorce his wife.'—pp. 215—217.

Having thus given a brief sketch of the inhabitants of Mekka, Medina, and Jidda, for, with very slight variations, the same description will apply to them all, we shall add a few words on the physical appearance and scenery of the Hedjaz. The basis of the whole region is a sandy plain, slightly elevated above the level of the sea, intersected, in various directions, by ridges of lofty mountains, and containing, at wide intervals, rivulets of limpid water, which scarcely ever reach the sea, and vallies of considerable beauty and fertility. In the plains, and particularly in that low, sandy belt which runs along the edge of the Red Sea, the heat is often excessive; but the air is cool and refreshing in the mountains, where vegetation is kept up in great luxuriance, by copious and frequent rains. Here it often snows and hails, but the snow seldom lies long upon the ground, and ice is extremely rare. There are few or no forests in the country, though in most of the vallies, and on the slopes of the hills, groves of moderate growth, and abundance of fruit-trees, are found. Niebuhr remarks, that between the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, almost every variety of climate exists, with all the grains, fruits, and vegetables peculiar to each. In fact, while the fertile portion of the plains produces

the trees and plants peculiar to tropical countries; the lofty hills and sheltered vallies of the interior, furnish the productions of more northern countries. Some idea of the more beautiful portions of the Hedjaz may be gathered from the following passage of Mr. Burckhardt, which relates to a scene on the road between Jidda and Tayef.

'We were full two hours in ascending from the coffee-huts to the summit of the mountain, from whence we enjoyed a beautiful prospect over the low country. We discerned Wady Muna, but not Mekka; and as far as the eye could reach, winding chains of hills appeared upon a flat surface, towards the north and south, with narrow stripes of white sand between them, without the slightest verdure. Close to our right rose a peak of the mountain Kora, called Nakeb el Ahmar, from four to five hundred feet higher than the place where we stood, and appearing to overtop all the neighbouring chain. Towards the north, the mountain, about thirty miles distant, seemed to decrease considerably in height; but southward it continues of the same height. After half an hour's ride from the summit, we came to a small village, called Ras el Kora. Finding myself much fatigued, I insisted upon sleeping here, with which my guide reluctantly complied, as he had received orders to travel expeditiously.

'August 28th.—The village and neighbourhood of Ras el Kora is the most beautiful spot in the Hedjaz, and more picturesque and delightful than any place I had seen since my departure from Lebanon, in Syria. The top of Djebel Kora is flat, but large masses of granite lie scattered over it, the surface of which, like that of the granite rocks near the second cataract of the Nile, is blackened by the sun. Several small rivulets descend from this peak, and irrigate the plain, which is covered with verdant fields and large shady trees on the side of the granite rocks. To those who have only known the dreary and scorching sands of the lower country of the Hedjaz, this scene is as surprising as the keen air which blows here is refreshing. Many of the fruit-trees of Europe are found here, figs, apricots, peaches, apples, the Egyptian sycamore, almonds, pomegranates; but particularly vines, the produce of which is of the best quality. There are no palm-trees here, and only a few nebek-trees. The fields produce wheat, barley, and onions; but the soil being stony, these do not succeed so well as the fruits. Every *beled*, as they here call the fields, is enclosed by a low wall, and is the property of a Hodheyl Bedouin. When Othman el Medhayfe took Tayf from the Sherif, this place was ruined, the fields were destroyed, and many of the walls had not yet been rebuilt.

'After having passed through this delightful district for about half an hour, just as the sun was rising, when every leaf and blade of grass was covered with a balmy dew, and every tree and shrub diffused a fragrance as delicious to the smell as was the landscape to the eye, I halted near the largest of the rivulets, which, although not more than two paces across, nourishes upon its banks a green Alpine turf, such as the mighty Nile, with all its luxuriance, can never produce in Egypt. Some of the Arabs brought us almonds and raisins, for which we gave them biscuits; but although the grapes were ripe, we could not obtain any, as they are generally purchased while on the vines by the merchants of Tayf, who export them to Mekka, and keep them closely watched by their own people till they are gathered. Here a Turkish soldier, complimented with the title of Aga, was stationed under a tent, to forward the provisions coming

from the lower station to Tayf. I observed, with some astonishment, that not a single pleasure-house was built on this high platform. Formerly, the Mekka merchants had their country-seats at Tayf, which stand in a situation as desert and melancholy, as this is cheerful and luxuriant; but none of them ever thought of building a cottage here; a new proof of the opinion which I have long entertained, that orientals, especially the Arabs, are much less sensible of the beauties of nature than Europeans. The water of Ras el Kora is celebrated throughout the Hedjaz for its excellence. While Mohammed Ali remained at Mekka and at Djidda, he received a regular supply of Nile water for drinking, sent from Egypt, by every fleet, in large tin vessels; but on passing this place, he found its water deserving of being substituted for the other: a camel comes here daily from Tayf for a load of it.

'The houses of the Hodheyl, to whom these plantations belong, are scattered over the fields in clusters of four or five together. They are small, built of stones and mud, but with more care than might be expected from the rude hands of the occupants. Every dwelling comprises three or four rooms, each of which being separated from the others by a narrow open space, forms, as it were, a small detached cottage. These apartments receive no light but from the entrance; they are very neat and clean, and contain Bedouin furniture, some good carpets, woollen and leathern sacks, a few wooden bowls, earthern coffee-pots, and a matchlock, of which great care is taken, it being generally kept in a leathern case. At night I reposed upon a large well-tanned cow-skin: the covering was formed of a number of small sheep-skins neatly sewed together, similar to those used in Nubia. The Hodheyl told me, that before the Wahabys came, and obliged them to pay tribute for their fields, they knew no land-tax, but, on the contrary, received yearly presents from the Sherifs, and from all the Mekkawys who passed this way to Tayf. Ras el Kora extends, from east to west, about two and a half or three miles, and is about a mile in breadth. According to the statements of the Arabs, many spots towards the south, where Bedouin tribes, like the Hodheyl, cultivate the soil in detached parts of the mountain, are equally fertile and beautiful as that which we saw in the chain above mentioned.

'We left the Ras, which will be remembered by me as long as I am sensible to the charms of romantic scenery, and rode for about one hour over uneven, barren ground, with slight ascents and descents, till we came to a steep declivity, to walk down which occupied us half an hour, and double that time would be necessary for ascending it. The rock is entirely composed of sand-stone. From the summit of the declivity just mentioned, Tayf is seen in the distance.'—pp. 64—67.

These 'Travels in the Hedjaz' possess very great interest, and will be highly valued by all those who read to acquire knowledge. It is to be regretted, however, that Mr. Burckhardt did not extend his researches further into the interior of the country, respecting which our knowledge is still extremely imperfect. We trust, therefore, that some enterprising traveller will yet supply this deficiency, and endeavour to recover, at the same time, the valuable papers of Dr. Seetzen, who spent several years in traversing the country, and is supposed to have perished at Taës, in 1811.

ART. II.—***Distribution Primitive du Genre Humain à la Surface du Globe.*** Par M. le Colonel Bory de St. Vincent. 8vo. Paris. [With a Coloured Map.]

IT has long been a question keenly disputed, whether the strongly marked varieties observable in the several tribes of the human race, should be referred to one common origin—as appears to be unequivocally indicated in the Scripture record—or traced to more ancestors than one: and in the latter case, getting rid of the difficulty presented in the record, either by denying its authenticity, or by means of a different interpretation or explanation of the texts which involve the points in dispute. The question in all its bearings and details, is exceedingly curious and interesting, and we have met with no work in which it is better handled for our purpose than in this of M. Bory de St. Vincent, who is not only one of the most eminent of the continental naturalists, but an acute logician and an eloquent writer.

Taking up the question merely as relating to the natural history of man,—the difference of external form, stature, colour, physical organization, and mental capabilities—a wide field is opened for the display of ingenious inquiry and curious facts. In all these points of view, M. Bory has brought forward the results of extensive reading, and still more extensive and accurate personal observation, a portion of which (we wish we could spare room for the whole) we shall endeavour to give both in the form of abstract and extract, in which we shall indulge the more liberally, as we believe the original work is not yet much known in this country. After a discussion, the least talented part of the work, in which he endeavours, by a very superficial kind of reasoning, to prove that Adam was not the sole author of the human race, *M. Bory* proceeds to examine several of the classifications which have been proposed by naturalists of celebrity, of which we think it may be well to give a brief summary. The first which presents itself is that of M. Dumeril, in his "*Zoologie Analytique*," in which he places man as the only genus in his order Bimanes. He makes six races or varieties of men, as follows:

DUMERIL'S CLASSIFICATION OF MAN.

"1. Caucasic, or Arabo-European,	4. American,
2. Hyperborean,	5. Malay,
3. Mongol,	6. Ethiopian."

With the exception of the Hyperborean race, this is precisely the classification adopted by Blumenbach, in his celebrated work, "*De Generis Humani Varietate Nativa.*" Baron Cuvier, again, admits only three varieties—the Caucasic, the Mongalic, and the Ethiopic; but he confesses that he has not determined to which of these three he ought to refer the Malays, the Papous, and the Americans. M. Virey, again, the most eloquent, if not the most logical

of the writers of France, recognizes only two species distinguished by the difference of the facial angle. The following is a translation of the table which he has constructed upon this principle, for the "*Dictionnaire de Deterville*."

MANKIND.

- I. Species. Facial Angle from 85° to 90°.
  - 1. White Race, — *Arabo-Indian.* / *Celtic, Circassian.*
  - 2. Tawny Race, — *Chinese.* / *Kalmuck-Mongol.* / *Lapono-Ostiack.*
  - 3. Coppery Race, — *American, or Carib.*
- II. Species. Facial Angle from 75° to 82°.
  - 4. Deep Brune Race, — *Malay, or Indian.*
  - 5. Black Race, — *Cafres.* / *Negroes.*
  - 6. Blackish Race, — *Hottentots.* / *Papous.*"

M. Desmoulins, another distinguished French naturalist, thinks he can produce data for the establishment of eleven species of men, all well characterised, which he arranges in the following manner:

1. Celto-Scyth-Arabs,
2. Mongols,
3. Ethiopians,
4. Euro-Africans,
5. Austro-Africans,
6. Malays, or Oceanics,
7. Papous.
8. Negro-Oceanics,
9. Australasians,
10. Colombiens,
11. Americans."

Such are a few of the classifications which have been proposed, all of them, however, as it appears to us, either very defective or very redundant, so far as logic and natural history are concerned. We think it unnecessary, however, to enter into a detail of our reasons for differing from the authors of the several classifications, and shall proceed to that of the author before us, who has entered into the subject with much greater minuteness than any of his predecessors. He both makes the species of men more numerous than any previous author, and employs a different nomenclature to designate these, as follows:

'M. BORY DE ST. VINCENT'S CLASSIFICATION OF THE HUMAN RACE.

I. LEIOTRICKS.

With thick straight Hair.

I. Indigenous to the Old World.

1. Japetic Species, *Homo Japeticus*
   - A. *Gens Togata*
     - α. Occidental Caucasic.
     - β. Meridional Pelagic.
   - B. *Gens Bracata*
     - γ. Occidental Celtic.
     - δ. Boreal Germanic.
       1. Teutonic variety.
       2. Sclavonic variety.
2. Arabic Species, *H. Arabicus*,
   - α. Occidental Atlantic.
   - β. Oriental Adamic.

3. Hindoo Species, *H. Indicus.*
4. Scythic Species, *H. Scythicus.*
5. Sinic Species, *H. Sinicus.*

II.—Common to the Old and the New World.

6. Hyperborean Species, *H. Hyperboreus.*
7. Neptunian Species, *H. Neptunianus,* { *α.* Oriental Malays. *β.* Occidental Oceanic. *γ.* Intermediary Papous.
8. Australasian Species, *H. Australasicus.*

III.—Indigenous to the New World.

9. Columbic Species, *H. Colombicus.*
10. American Species, *H. Americanus.*
11. Patagonian Species, *H. Patagonus.*

II.—OULOTRICS.

With crisp Hair.

12. Ethiopian Species, *H. Ethiopicus.*
13. Cafre Species, *H. Cafer.*
14. Melanian Species, *H. Melaninus.*
15. Hottentot Species, *H. Hottentotus.*

III.—HUMAN MONSTRES.

α. Cretins.
β. Albinos.'

Each of these divisions and sub-divisions is illustrated in detail by M. Bory, with such accuracy and extent of research, as cannot fail to interest even those who disagree with him in considering each of the tribes, here called species, as originating from as many different parents. The facts which have been adduced to prove the distinctness of species, are exceedingly curious, though they may fail to convince many inquirers.

In the instance of Negroes, for example, their mental powers seem to be very inferior to those of Europeans, though when instructed by the latter, they have produced instances of considerable mental advancement. The result of the researches of Hume, the historian, was, that there was scarcely ever a civilized nation of the negro complexion, nor even an ingenious individual, eminent either in action or speculation. No ingenious manufactures among them, no arts, no sciences. On the other hand, the most rude and barbarous of the whites, such as the ancient Germans, and the present Tartars, have still something eminent about them, in their valour, form, or government, or some other particulars. (*Hume's Essays,* i. 21, Note M.)

On the other hand, Blumenbach tells us, that negroes have not unfrequently been distinguished as poets, and he possesses English, Dutch, and Latin poetry, written by negroes. Amongst other examples of talented negroes, he mentions a native of Guinea, eminent for his integrity, genius, and learning, and took the degree of

Doctor in Philosophy, at the University of Wittemberg; and that M. Lislet, of the Isle of France, was chosen a corresponding member of the French Academy of Sciences. Blumenbach adds, that whole provinces in Europe might be named, in which it would be no easy matter to discover such excellent writers, poets, philosophers, and correspondents of the French Academy; while on the other hand, there is no savage people which have distinguished themselves by such examples of perfectibility, and even capacity for scientific cultivation; and consequently, that none can approach more nearly than the negro, to the polished nations of the globe. (*Blumenbach. Beyträge zur Naturgeschicte*, i. 98.) According to the investigations of Sömmering also, the skull of the negro is much smaller than that of the European, in the circumference, the diameters, and the vertical arch; and the forehead particularly, being narrower, and falling back in a more arched form; the brain in general must be of inferior size. The orbits, on the contrary, and the olfactory and gustatory, or rather masticatory, organs, being more amply evolved, the area of the face bears a greater proportion to the area of the skull, as one, two, to four—a proportion which is greater in the orang-outang, and nearly equal in carnivorous animals. (*Cuvier, Leçons de Anat. Compar.*) The organs of sense, which are here situated, are astonishingly acute, though not only in this, but also in the three following varieties, and the corresponding nerves, at least the first, fifth, and facial, are of great size, (*Sömmering de Basi Cranii.*)

These and many other facts seem to indicate a less distance of the Negro than of the European, from the quadrumana, or animals with four hands, as the apes and monkeys have recently been denominated. The poor negro, however, might justly class those of us, who view him as merely a two-handed monkey, or who desire to traffic in his blood, not only below himself, but below apes in intellect, and below tigers in feeling and propensity. The following is our author's account of the Oriental Adamic race—a variety of the Arabic species which he thinks were the only descendants of Adam; and though he has indulged his fancy not a little, much farther indeed than we can go with him, his views are ingenious, interesting, and original.

'*β. Oriental Adamic race.*—Our opinion of the origin of this race, and the name under which we propose to place it, will appear at first view in contradiction with all received ideas; but this is not a reason that it should be rejected without examination. Such is the evidence upon this subject, that the religion whose testimony seems to imply any thing but reality, and to shake the foundation of its own authority, will be proved by our views, which tend to confirm the declarations of revelation. We shall not for the present, enter very deeply into the discussion, as it will not suit the design of this work. It will suffice to relate those facts, from which the truth may be collected.

'The country (Abyssinia) whose surface is covered with mountains, and

though less esteemed by its masters, was, however, considered among their riches, and although a native of Arabia, it is found upon the coasts of the Atlantic, and in the lower portions of modern Europe. But especially the horse, indigenous to the Steppes of Scythia, became the friend rather than the degraded slave of the Arab, and being reserved for war, he could not at first be mounted. In the sculptures and paintings preserved from ancient Egypt, in which the least details of battles are represented with so much fidelity as to convey an idea of the customs of the times, we do not see a single chevalier, that is to say, a man a-stride upon the horse; but wherever this animal figures, it is attached to a car, upon which a warrior, with a javelin in his hand, is standing upright, assisted by a kind of coachman armed with a whip. During many ages the horse was not employed in any other manner. Where the Adamic race has introduced it, the use of cars is a constant accompaniment. In the oldest of the sacred books of the Hebrews, if mention be made of formidable armies, nothing is said of cavalry, but cars armed with scythes are frequently mentioned. Homer describes his warriors fighting upon such cars, and of which we see a vast number in the plates of the immortal work of the *Commission d'Egypte*. It is probable, that among the Scythian species, equitation had its origin. The Scythian made use of the spur, whilst the Egyptian and the Pelasgi, who borrowed their customs from the Adamic race, drove horses in carriages. Some wandering hordes of this Scythian species, penetrating in after times, on horse-back, into the North of Greece, produced there at first as much consternation, as the Spanish cavaliers did, when they went to enslave the Mexicans; and from that circumstance arose the traditions, in which we are told, how the Lapithæ were terrified at the attack of the Centaurs, in consequence of the strange appearance, and unusual species of the combatants.

'The Adamic race dispersed colonies on the East of the Continent of Africa beyond the Equator; they are found on the coast of Zanguebar, and on the North of Madagascar. They have peopled the Comoro Isles in the Straits of Mosambique and Socotora; in the West they advanced no farther at first than the Persian Gulf; but afterwards, when the dispersion of the tribes of Israel occurred, they effected a change of physiognomy in the first inhabitants of that country, and the traces of Adamic families may be observed in the most remote parts of India, and even in Polynesia.

'Writing, originally performed in the hieroglyphical manner on the banks of the Nile, became cursive in Phœnicia, which was by us derived from the Adamic race, and even its figures, at a later period, was adopted by our European ancestors.

'The Turks, who, at the present day, are masters of Constantinople, must not be confounded, as Buffon has done, with the species of which we have just spoken. They were originally the most ill-favoured men of the Scythian race, and it is only very recently, that from their continual crossings any resemblance in their physiognomy with that of the Arabs could be traced; and the identity of religion has powerfully contributed to that metamorphosis, which the conformity of their costume seems to complete.'

After reading those details, it is impossible to deny them the

praise of ingenuity, but it would require much stronger reasons than M. Bory has here given, to persuade us that Abraham was a native of Abyssinia, from which, of course, he must have wandered, by the hypothesis, as far as Canaan. That the Israelites intended, at their departure from Egypt, to return to Abyssinia, and mistook their way by going eastward instead of south, is an absurd and gratuitous assertion, unauthorized by a single fact in the Mosaic record, which is our only authority upon such a question. The opinion, however, is not peculiar to M. Bory, that the Land of Promise was in or adjoining to Egypt on the southward. Our learned traveller, Dr. Shaw, thinks the Promised Land extended as far south along the western bank of the Nile, as the parallel of the ancient Memphis; *because Goshen lay contiguous to the Nile,* and he refers to Joshua x. 41, and xi. 16, in corroboration of the opinion. But if the Egyptian Goshen made a part of the promised land, how could it have been said, they went up out of Egypt to the land promised to their fathers? They were already, as Professor Paxton justly remarks, in possession of this very land, for the Children of Israel, while they sojourned in Egypt dwelt in Goshen. (*Paxton's Illustrations of Scripture,* vol. i. p. 115.) The Goshen, also, which Dr. Shaw refers to, as mentioned in Joshua, was not in Egypt at all; but in Canaan, and extended "even unto Gibeon," (*Josh.* xi. 16,) a city of Canaan, near to Gilgal, on the south side of the inheritance of Judah. (See *Bocharti Phaleg.* and *Dr. Wells' Geograph. in loco.*) The hypothesis of Shaw, therefore, as well as the still more fanciful one of M. Bory, is altogether untenable.

The opinions of our author respecting the islanders of the South Sea, &c., are probably more correct, though like those which we have just examined, they are too often founded upon gratuitous assumption. The following abstract we think will be read with interest:—

"NEPTUNIAN SPECIES, *Homo Neptunianus.*—This species of men are found chiefly inhabiting the coast of the sea-shore, and peopling islands. If at any time they land upon some continent, they never abandon the skirts of the shore, or go beyond the mountains, which may rise there. The dissemination of this people is so universal within the tropics, that there are few places which they do not occupy, being met with from west to east, from the Oriental parts of Madagascar, which they inhabit, to the New World, whose western shores they populate from California to Chili. There is no doubt that those victims of Spanish fanaticism, whose rising civilization was destroyed by Pizarro and Fernando Cortez, compose a part of this species. Through the mixture of Atzeques, of the Hyperborean or Scythian race, which anciently invaded Upper Mexico, Europeans, Ethiopian slaves, transported from Africa to America by the new possessors of the soil, and other American species, o races, the features and colour of the inhabitants of

the South Sea and Polynesia are distinguished in the few beings who have escaped from destruction by the Castilian's sword, and from the burning faggots of the Inquisition. It is acknowledged, besides, notwithstanding the uncertainties which result from the imperfect observations of travellers, that the Americans on the coasts of the Pacific Ocean, were altogether different from the rest of the men on that continent. They had never passed over the high chains, which, running parallel with, and at no great distance from, the sea, descended in form of an immense arc from north to south; in consequence of their maritime instinct, if we may be allowed to use such an expression, the Oriental sides of the mountains remained unknown to them. In order to have established themselves there, they must have gone far from their true element, and even after having become agriculturists, they dwelt as Neptunians from the choice of an abode, from which the view could be extended over the waves. The nations of Jucatan, in the country of Honduras, that is to say, the Gulf of Mexico, belong to the tribe of Colombians: as they were always at variance with the people whom our writers more particularly called Mexican, and the usurper of the throne of Montezuma knew, in arming the republic of Flascala, how to turn to his advantage the hatred which naturally existed between these barbarians, on account of their specific difference.

What we know of the creeds, customs, and laws, of the two empires of the Incas and Mexico, the power of which has been too greatly exaggerated, is insufficient to enable us to judge exactly of the degree of civilization to which they had reached. This civilization was evidently modern and transplanted; and was known about three hundred years ago. Its influence, however, had already softened the manners of men, who continue to exist in a state of ferocity, and were even anthropophagi in their origin, as are at this day almost all the islanders of a part of the Oceanic variety of this species: for the practice of human sacrifices is as common among them, as it was formerly among our own ancestors in Europe.

The history of the Peruvians and Mexicans, was written in an age of ignorance and superstition, when sanguinary conquerors held the pen. The exaggerations and errors, which have been piled up together by the prejudices of such narrators, have been adopted without examination, and as the basis of modern travels. We would not dare, upon such materials, to engage ourselves in researches, which the establishment of the characters primitively peculiar to the old inhabitants of the western shore of America might require; we must confine ourselves to particularize these as a variety of Neptunians belonging perhaps to the Oceanic race. By a fatality peculiar to the lot of this species, its physical history is involved in obscurity wherever they have established themselves. From time immemorial, this species having been spread over

Archipelagos distant from each other, it has been impossible to fix upon a period at which they settled there. An account of past events, to compose their annals from, has not been kept by any of their tribes, and the traces of their emigration are altogether obliterated. Neither mythology nor the remembrances of heroical times, nor a common system of religious creeds, nor other general circumstances, serve to guide us in the research of the origin of the Neptunians. Isolated upon a multitude of spots over the globe, and having rare intercourse with themselves, there have been formed among this species, races, or varieties very strongly marked, between whom at this day scarcely any common traits exist, which being so imperfectly described, or perhaps merely indicated, should, before we attempt to characterize them methodically, be examined with care by such travellers as MM. Gaimard, Quoy, Durville, and Lesson; as the knowledge of a species, or of a race of men, is more valuable and important than that of a Medusa, a Kangaroo, or a Metrosideros.

Confining ourselves to treat of generalities which concern the species in question, we may remind our readers in the first place, that it was not a little adventuresome, even upon their being familiarized with the dangers of the sea, to pass from isle to isle, and from cape to cape, for more than two hundred and thirty leagues in longitudinal extent, without even taking possession of an acre of ground by the force of arms, in any country, however inconsiderable it might be, when it happened to be inland and mountainous. Accordingly, men from the centre, or the west of Madagascar, from the middle of Ceylon, from the Peninsula of Malacca, from Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, Timor, from the larger Philippines, and Formosa, do not belong in general to this Neptunian species; but besides that, this species is established on the coasts of all these places, and even of almost all the western isles of India, the islanders of the Laccidives and Moldives, of the Archipelago of Nicobar, of the least rocks of the seas of the Sound, of the Archipelagos of the Moluccas, of the Marianas, of the Carolinas, of the Friendly, of the Society islands, of the Marquesas, of the Sandwich islands, and the inhabitants of New Zealand, make part of them almost without exception. In vain has it been pretended, that they appear only a bastard race, descended from the Caucasians and Mongols, or from the Hindoos and Chinese. Whoever shall have seen a single Malayan of pure race, will reject this idea as quite untenable. In waiting, therefore, until the Neptunian species shall become better known, we shall admit three varieties of it. Whether the following views shall prove more satisfactory than previous theories respecting the Americans, must be left to time to decide.

The Columbian Species, *Homo Columbicus*. Christopher Columbus having discovered this New World, to which the ungrateful Old World wished to apply some other name than his, we thought we ought to render homage to the memory of this extraor-

dinary man, in calling Colombian the species with which he put Europeans on terms of communication. We might have been able to give a softer termination for such a name; but we wished to avoid the confusion which might probably result from it, as a rising republic, calling itself Colombia, has paid to one of the greatest, and most wonderful geniuses, the tribute of gratitude, denied to him by his ungrateful country.

The Colombic species, probably rising from the roots of the Aleghany and Apalachian mountains, peopled towards the north, the vast basin of the river St. Lawrence, as far as, or farther, than the forty-fifth degree of north latitude. Passing from the Floridas, and from isle to isle, in the south, they occupied the eastern borders of the regions of Mexico, the Antilles, and what is called Terra Firma, with the Guianas, from the territory of Cumana, even under the line, always on a parallel with the coasts from which they were driven from day to day by Europeans. The Canadians, numerous small tribes who have been gradually exterminated by the admirable social state of North America, the natives of Jucatan and Honduras, the Caribbeans, and the Galibis, belong to this species.

To know whence and when these people could have penetrated into the countries in which Europeans have found them, has been much discussed—even those who wished to acknowledge them as the children of Adam, have had a considerable share in exterminating them. We can only compare the barbarity with which the Europeans, for a period of three hundred years, have treated these pretended brothers, with the cruelty with which, to replace their race, drowned in their own blood, they have transported to a land widowed of its Aborigines, unhappy negroes from theirs. From such horrors right-feeling hearts revolt, and when the naturalist acknowledges in what physical respects man and monkies are akin, should not the philosopher in his turn, endeavour to find out by what characteristics drawn from morality, Europeans—exterminating Europeans—are in so many points of view like wolves, hyænas, and tigers?

The Columbic species, which we must seek in the mixture of whites and blacks of all species, which is sprung up in the New World since its discovery, is preserved almost untouched in their solitudes, where it endeavours to shelter itself from our violence, and even, it is said, on some points of the windward islands. What we have heard from a multitude of travellers, who formerly visited either Carolina or the centre of the United States, or all the islands which form a long chain from the Floridas to Trinidad, or in fact, the space comprehended between the Orinoco and the river Amazon, is absolutely adapted, in every respect, to the men who there inhabited a sinuous line of nearly twelve hundred leagues, from north to south, the breadth of which, however, except towards the northern lakes, seldom exceeded from one to two hundred leagues. These men are

of a bilious and phlegmatic disposition, tall, well made, active, and stronger than those who are commonly called savages. Their extremities are not so slender as the people of Australia. The conformation of the head is tolerably proportionate, from which circumstance, their figure appears of an agreeable oval cast. Their forehead, however, is singularly flat, which has led old authors to believe, and modern ones from force of habit to repeat it, that this people deformed, during infancy, that particular part, by the application of small flat boards, tightly fastened together. The nose is long, prominent, and aquiline, "and if it is found flattened to the face," says Father Dutertre, "it is because that also has been compressed from infancy." The mouth is moderately wide, with the teeth vertical, and lips like those of Europeans. The eye is large and of a brown colour; the hair black, platted, thick, hard, shining, of middling length, and though falling upon the shoulders does not form into curls. It is said that their hair never turns white or grey. The men are almost without any beard, and carefully pluck out the hairs, which grow upon several parts of the body, and which other species of men have in abundance. When they are heated and perspiring, it is pretended they emit a smell like that which is peculiar to the canine genus. The colour of their skin is reddish, or rather of a molten copper colour. Among the females, who are condemned to the most painful labours—who are, in fact, reduced to the condition of domesticated beasts—the breast, though rather low, is well shaped, so long as it has never given suck. Nubility developes itself at an early age among them, whether it be, that the women belong to Septentrional tribes, or whether they belong to those which are situated near the equator. Instances of great longevity in this particular species have been cited.

It was principally the Canadians and Caribbeans, who, during the last century, furnished philosophers with a pretext for those declamations, in which the superiority of the savage, over man living in polished society, was so pompously established. We must not credit a word of what has been asserted in these fine productions, about the wisdom and the solemn treaties, which they were supposed to conclude between them, pipe in mouth, in exchanging the calumet of peace: we must not believe what was then said of such barbarians, naturally wanderers, hunters, brutal, idle, quarrelsome, anthropophagi, devouring not only the enemies whom they had vanquished in war, but even their own parents, and rejecting with horror (occasioned, perhaps, from the recollection of the injuries which it has done them) the means of civilization, wherever it has been attempted. Intemperate, thirsting after strong liquors, for which they are obliged to pay us, they do not even possess the industry necessary for composing them for their own sakes, while they live without religion, despising that of Europe, and imagining its mysteries absurd. The Colombians, however, believed in the existence of good and bad spirits, without

the sort of sorcerers who so frequently, by means of jugglery, tyrannize over savage tribes, seeking, in the elements of their gross superstitions, for that authority which is always the first established among men, and often extends its ramifications so far, that it is beyond the reach of philosophy to eradicate them.

The courage of the species which now occupies our attention, has been reported in high language, because prisoners of war, whom they devour, sing death-songs whilst their enemies are roasting them alive, and even under the bite of their lacerating tooth. If this be true, which may be doubted, it denotes a brutal insensibility of the physical powers, and not heroism. The Caribbeans and Canadians, we are assured, have great affection for their children; but panthers are equally attached to their offspring, as well as the most considerable part of men of the species of Japhet. In other respects, they go naked, having a small covering, made of vegetable stuff, or animal skin, fastened round the loins. In those parts, where the winter season is most severe, they scarcely think of providing themselves a defence against its inclemencies, by covering their bodies with the spoils of wild beasts, of which they destroy a great number. They prefer giving up these skins to European merchants for brandy, and run the risk of perishing with cold, in preference to going clothed. It is not among them we must expect to find those brilliant head-dresses, those tunics and mantles, adorned with feathers, with which painters, in their unfaithful portraits, are in the habit of muffling up the American Indians. Exotic Neptunians only, from the borders of the South Sea, make use of such ornaments, and in Peru, as well as in Mexico. The Colombians know no other means of embellishing their persons, than by daubing themselves with Rocou, which renders them more red than they are by nature. Bows and arrows are their means of attack and defence. Divided into hordes, conducted by a chief, and regulated by simple customs, they have no established extent of domination. Agriculture is not only foreign, but hateful to them. Without mind, without energy, they have been everywhere deceived and dispossessed without difficulty. By the end of the present century, it is probable they will exist only in the records of history—that they will have disappeared from their natal soil, as the Guanches of the Canaries, and as the wolves in England.

It is pretended, that among the Caribbeans, the language of the females differs altogether from that of the males. It would be important to prove this fact.

We must remark, that there exist in northern America, among the tribes of the Colombian species, other tribes which belong to very different species, such as the Hyperborean, and perhaps even the Scythian: these do nothing but wander about from place to place, and are regarded as Autochthonians. There are also tribes of Celtic origin, who, it is stated, speak the idiom of that language

with as much purity as it is spoken in Wales. It is probably by means of these foreigners, that the custom of interring the illustrious dead with their arms, and singing songs of grief, was introduced among the Colombians.

But though we agree with M. Bory, in considering all these species, as he designates them, to have originated from one primitive stock, yet the great variations remarkable among them, according to their degree of cultivation, may indicate that their chief characteristics originated in accidental circumstances, affecting their moral relations, as well as their physical constitution. The New Zealanders, for example, are savages, and chiefly black; the New Hollanders, half civilized, and chiefly tawny; the Friendly Islanders are more advanced, and not quite so dark; several are lighter than olive colour, and hundreds of European faces are found among them. The people of Otaheite and the Society Isles are the most civilized and the most beautiful; the higher order among them have a light complexion, and hair flowing in ringlets; the lower orders, less cultivated, are less pleasing. "The same superiority," says Captain King, "which is observable in the Erees (nobles) throughout the other islands, is found also here (Owyhee). Those whom we saw were, without exception, perfectly well formed; whereas, the lower sort, besides their general inferiority, are subject to all the variety of make and figure that is seen in the populace of other countries."

Similar authorities might be multiplied to infinity; but we cannot at present spare room to go into the extensive field which is here open to us, and must leave the discussion to some future opportunity. We have selected a few of the points which appeared to us to possess the most interest, and we must refer those who are pleased with the subject, to the original work of M. Bory, which, from the specimens we have here given, will be seen to be ingenious, original, and eloquent, but, at the same time, extremely fanciful, and replete with theory, where we ought only to find well ascertained facts.

Art. III.—*Flowers of Fancy; exhibited in a Collection of Similes, taken from various Authors, and Alphabetically arranged.* By Henry Schultes. London: Longman. 1829.

We have long wished for a good opportunity of expressing our vexation at the grievous waste of time, paper and ink, which we have observed in the portion of our cotemporary literature, professedly devoted to the illustration of our elder poets. The revivers of English taste, in this direction, were too near the close of the last century, and too limited in the number of their votaries, to exert due influence on the publishers of the ably prefaced body of English poetry, from Cowley to Gray, which was given to the

world under the auspices of Dr. Johnson. We will not repeat, for the ten thousandth time, the complaint about his political or personal antipathies, and his consequent resolute blindness to the poetical merits of those who were so unfortunate as to excite either; and we will spontaneously acquit him of any enormous culpability in the omission of our earliest heroes of song. He was too far advanced in years, when the task of criticising the English poets was assigned to him, to begin with relish the study of Chaucer and his successors, down to the time of James the First. Neither did the facilities then exist for the successful cultivation of those authors, which have since been created by the labours of many meritorious students. Still less were the mass of the reading world, at that time, aware of the riches of their first bards. There was no disposition in the mass of the people to patronise, or even to attend to any re-publications of poems which had become obscure from the obsoleteness of their diction, and which they were led by the prevailing spirit of criticism, to eschew as barbarous. The efforts of Dr. Percy, the two Wartons, Tyrrwhit, &c., were, however, not ultimately unavailing; they did make a deep, if not an immediate impression. Before the commencement of the nineteenth century, the effects of their exertions were evident, not only in England but in Germany. A man could profess his admiration of Chaucer and Spencer, without fear of incurring the imputations of pedantry and bad taste; he might lament the decline of real poetry in the previous age, and escape the suspicion of being a mere temporis laudator acti. This was not the only result of the glorious revolution created by the relics of ancient English poetry. Burger and Schiller had the merit of discerning the beauties of our ballads, and by their own subsequent efforts in the same line of composition, the one has obtained all the reputation (neither insignificant nor transient) that he possesses; and the other has increased the amount even of that fame and popularity which belong to him, as the finest tragic writer of his age and country. The number of English publications relating to our poetical antiquities, since the year 1765, when Dr. Percy published the Reliques, we think nearly quintuple the whole number during the previous hundred years. In Germany, also, the history is parallel; their early poetical legends have attracted and rewarded the industrious and patriotic enthusiasm of a multitude of learned and highly gifted critics, who have spread, in the most popular forms, the results of their researches, and they have reaped an ample harvest in the visible improvement of their countrymen, in respect to taste, and of their principal poets and romancers, in the judicious choice of the subjects of their imaginative productions. To return to England, in the year 1798, a new collection, though a limited one, was made of the British poets, and Dr. Robert Anderson was selected as the Editor; his love of the early writers operating upon the practical wisdom of his employers, (who were

aware of the increased interest that most readers of poetry had in the works of the fathers of our literature,) succeeded in persuading them to devote four volumes, out of the thirteen which comprised his collection, to re-prints of the poets who lived prior to the period at which Dr. Johnson's edition commences. They had no reason to regret their determination. Before twelve years had elapsed the booksellers of London undertook another and much more copious body of poetry: the editor had the power of inserting and rejecting, in a much greater degree than any of his predecessors; but he used his power with a most grievous lack of judgment, with an unpardonable disregard of opportunities and means, such as we fear will not again speedily fall to any individual. Many very scarce, curious, and beautiful pieces of English poetry, to which he * confessedly had access, were altogether omitted. Nothing was to be found of the metrical works of Sackville, Tusser, Sir P. Sidney, Withers, Fairfax, May, Herrick, Marvell, and many more of equal desert.

Space was found, however, for every rhyme of Sackville (Duke of Dorset) Roscommon, Duke, Sprat, King, Stepney, Sheffield, Smith, Broome, Savage, Halifax, Pomfret, and many others equally splendid, original, and melodious. This was a needless perpetuation of the characteristics which dishonoured the edition of 1777.

Mr. Chalmers added many, without even the excuse which this Bibliopolio precedent afforded him—such as Wilkie, Whitehead, Lovibond, &c. &c. But not one line of the exquisite and truly poetical compositions of Anne, Countess of Winchilsea. Many years we fear must pass before the injury done by this ill-judged compilation will be removed.

We owe thanks to several contemporaries for the learning and skill with which portions of our primitive literature have been illustrated; we can make honorary mention of Southey, Singer, Park, Gifford, and their worthy fellow-labourers of an inferior rank. We wish that we could honestly and sincerely state, that the compiler now before us, merited the praise of *well-directed* industry. We are, however, unwillingly obliged to say, that his book is one of the most absurd and useless, either for entertainment or grave instruction, that we ever met with. The same command of libraries, and the same diligence which is here abundantly indicated, would, if applied to the formation and execution of a *sound* object of literary exertion, enable Mr. Schultes to produce a work that would entitle him to the respect, and obtain for him the thanks, of all those who are ambitious of becoming familiar with the thoughts and the actions of our ancestors. Without further preamble, we must now proceed to explain the nature of these 'Flowers of Fancy,'

* 'Vide the Preface to Chalmers' Works of the English Poets, 21 vols. 8vo. 1810.'

and justify, by some quotations, the sentence we have passed upon them.

They are brought together chiefly from poetical writers, with the view of furnishing those who wish to be figurative in their style or discourse, with metaphors, and especially comparisons; which makes us think of the invention of Mr. Babbage, a distinguished mathematician, whose *machine for calculating and casting up sums!* was announced a few years back. There was more rationality in this scheme, than there is in Mr. Schultes' attempts at a poetical Ready Reckoner: for example, what profit or pleasure can arise to any one, from reading such detached similes as here follow in the order and in the very words of the book:

'Absurd as to strive against the stream.—*Spenser.*
——— as from men's propensity or sufferings to conclude their innocence or guilt.—*South.*
——— as to hope for constancy in the wind.—*Byron.*
——— as to seek to pacify the sea with tears.—*Glapthorne.*
——— as to endeavour to unite the contraries of spring and winter.—*Dr. Johnson.*
——— as to endeavour to quench fire with oil.—*Quarles.*
——— as to endeavour to increase the splendour of the sun by a lighted taper.—*H. Blair.*
——— as to deny that two and two make four.—*South.*
——— as to expect harvest in the dead of winter.—*South.*
——— as the belief of a plain contradiction.—*Tillotson.*
Dead as earth.—*Shakspeare.*
—— as clay.—*Otway.*
—— as a stone.—*Chaucer and others.*
—— as a door-nail.—*Shakspeare, Shadwell, and others.*
—— as a herring.—*Play, Landgartha.*
—— as a stock-fish.—*Otway.*
—— as a monument.—*Davenant.*

A little farther on:

Deaf as death.—*N. Lee and others.*
—— to intercession as the ear of death.—*E. Irving.*
—— as the dead.—*N. Lee.*
—— as the sea.—*Shakspeare.*
—— as the stormy sea.—*Tate.*
—— as the remorseless sea.—*Corye.*
—— as winds and seas to the sailor's prayers.—*Wandesford.*
—— to my prayers as seas and winds to sinking mariners.—*Dryden.*
—— as the rocks.—*J. Shirley.*
—— as a storm.—*Davenant.*'

Other similes follow, with as much regard to chronology, as the above quoted; and the article 'Deaf,' is closed by the citation of a very sublime and novel similitude in the works of a distinguished modern playwright.—"Deaf as a Post."—*Colman.*'

We will next give specimens that have at first some promise of agreeable illustration.

'Dear as his soul's redemption.—*Shakspeare.*
Dearer than my soul.—*Shakspeare, Machin, and others.*
Dear as my soul's bliss.—*T. Killigrew.*
—— as heaven.—*Play, Arden of Feversham.*
—— as life.—*G. Whetstone, Beaumont, and others.*
—— as air.—*Marston.*
Dearer than air or eye-sight.—*M. G. Lewis.*
—— than the vital air I breathe.—*Dryden, Hoole's Ariosto.*
—— than life, one that fears to die.—*N. Lee.*
—— than my breath.—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*
—— than life's best joys.—*A. Hill.*
Dearly prized as life.—*Jonson.*
Dear, more dear, more precious to my heart than the warm blood which feeds its vital motion.—*R. Dodsley.*
—— as the drops that warm my heart.—*H. More.*
—— as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.—*Gray, in Dodsley's Collection.*'

We were tempted to stop at the fourth line of this citation, to ask Mr. Schultes whether his "Arden of Feversham" is the anonymous production which Schlegel rashly ascribes to the author of Hamlet and Macbeth; or the work avowed by Lillo, who lived a century later; but we were constrained to pause at the last, from Dodsley—More and Gray: the omission is more remarkable than the vagueness of the references. We read in a tragedy, entitled, "Julius Cæsar," by one William Shakspeare, an address from Brutus to Portia, in which these words occur:

"You are my true and honourable wife,
And dear unto me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart."

If we had formed our notions from Mr. Schultes, we might have supposed that the cited poem of Mr. Gray existed only in the collection of verses made by his bookseller, instead of forming, as it does, part of the indignant lamentation of the 'Bard' over his slaughtered brethren, which has so long excited the general admiration.

"Dear, lost companions of my native art;
Dear as the light that visits my sad eyes;
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying countries cries!"

It is not, we believe, usual with those who refer to any part of Dr. Johnson's acknowledged and incorporated works—to indicate "Gentleman's Magazine," and that only. We find as we proceed, that there are still greater offences chargeable on Mr. Schultes than the mere mutilation of English writers. We impute to him—the making unwarrantable and absurd additions, such as would induce the ignorant reader to think that he had the authority of the greatest of poets for comparisons they never made, and which no one ever thought (before the 'Flowers of Fancy' appeared), of ascribing to them.—*e. g.*

'Delicious as the breath of Maia on violets diffused.—*Thomson.*
——— like the sweet south, that breathes upon a bank of violets stealing and giving odour.—*Shakspeare.*'

Under the word 'Pleasant,' the last of these quotations, is repeated, 'Pleasant as the sweet south,' &c. &c. We hardly need tell any of our readers that neither of these epithets are to be found in Shakspeare; and we will leave them to form their own opinion of the propriety of enlarging the most delightful passage in praise of music, that was ever written, by preferring either of them.

One specimen more and we have done.

'Shake like an aspen leaf.—*Lidgate, Selden, &c.*
—— like a leaf.—*Coleridge.*
—— like a reed.—*Byron.*
—— like a reed when ruffled by the storm.—*J. Bird.*
—— like a field of beaten corn.—*Shakspeare.*
—— like leaves of corn when tempests blow.—*Dryden.*
—— the air like thunder.—*Sheffield.*
—— like a felon before the bench.—*Quarles.*
—— like a spied spy.—*Donne.*
—— shake thee from me like a serpent.—*Shakespeare.*'

The simile from Donne is striking, and will be new to many. We can hardly say so much of those that precede it; that by which it is followed ought, if inserted at all, to have been under a distinct head. Shake, here, obviously means merely to throw away; and in all the other sentences, it signifies to agitate, or to cause to tremble.

These extracts render any further justification of our expressed opinion needless. There is also a long, and not badly written, preface, followed by a copious alphabetical list of the writers from whom the 'Flowers of Fancy' are plucked. There are many names with which, we will confess, we are not familiar; there are some omitted in the list from whom quotations have been made, such as 'H. Moore' (*quære*, Henry or Hannah?) We are left to our own judgment or memory to determine the source of these citations. Are they from the rhapsodies of the Platonizing Doctor, or does the authoress of Cœlebs claim them as her own? We find A. L. Aikin, and a few lines down, A. L. Barbauld. Need the editor be informed, that these two names belong to the same person? and that all the published compositions of the first were included in the works of the second?

We might mention many other instances of error and want of judgment, but we are not disposed to be wantonly and mischievously severe; and we would hope that these remarks will suffice to deter him from the publication of any similar work,* even if

* At the end of the book, a Phraseological Dictionary, in a royal quarto volume, is announced.

his own experience of the present does not warn him from the fulfilment of his declared purpose.

It is with great pain to ourselves that we have made these animadversions. We are anxious for an opportunity of proving to Mr. Schultes, that we are willing to praise, when we can do it with sincerity. The many indications in his volume, of an amiable and ingenuous mind, rendered us reluctant to pass the sentence of literary condemnation upon it.

An acknowledgment is made of the liberality 'of various gentlemen throughout the kingdom, who have promoted his views by permitting him to examine their collections of scarce dramatic works,' especially 'the noble proprietor of the Charlemont Library, in Dublin, who, with a liberality of mind characteristical of his country, afforded the compiler the utmost accommodation to enable him to accomplish the object of his researches.'

There are many works (which we presume are included in these collections) of which we have either no modern editions, or very unworthy ones. We therefore think that Mr. Schultes would *judiciously* avail himself of the treasures open to him, if he were to use his vast reading for the purpose of bringing (wherever obscurity exists) similar passages into juxta-position; if he would humble himself to imitate the example of Ayscough, Twiss, Todd, and others, who have made very useful verbal indices; or, to put another choice, if he were to do something towards supplying the deficiencies of all our yet existing glossaries. Dr. Nares has done much, but has left more to be done. The lexicographical part of the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, is admirable in plan and execution, but years must elapse before it is completed, and we are not aware that it occupies the attention of more than one individual, who must have super-human faculties, if he succeeds in tracing the earliest use, together with every variety of use, of every English word, since ours has been a written language.

ART. IV.—*Nouveaux Fragmens Philosophiques, pour servir à l'Histoire de la Philosophie Ancienne.* Par Victor Cousin. Paris: 1829.

IN every age and country distinguished for the cultivation of literature, grave and solid writers have been observed to complain of the silly and preposterous predilections of their contemporaries, and to regret those good old times in which they suppose philosophy was in vogue. Plato lamented that the taste for profound meditation and abstruse reasoning, had nearly vanished in his time; and from those days to our own, the cry has ever been the same. The fact seems to be, that the greater number have always been actuated by a more powerful appetite for enjoyment than for knowledge; and, therefore, those authors whose sole object is to agitate the passions, and by a more or less skilful imitation of life,

to produce that state of excitement which the being engaged in action, or simply beholding it, creates, are inevitably more popular than such as pursue those deep trains of thought, which lead directly to the mysterious fountains of being, and carry the torch of science into the obscure penetralia of nature. Even in books, men generally love to converse with their equals. The weak and the ignorant, shunning those august and venerable minds, which by their port and energy seem to belong to a higher order of beings, naturally slide into the society of individuals with characters resembling their own. When Gulliver was at Lilliput, the learned and the curious must have found it a very painful effort to converse with him, whose ear was so elevated above their mouths; and he, on his part, must have thought it equally disagreeable to whisper wisdom into the ear of one of his little friends. Were there no obstacle but the mere difference of stature, conversation between dwarfs and giants would be nearly impossible. If we could conceive the statue of Osymandyas, the ancle of which a tall man can scarcely reach, to become animated with life, there are few of us who would like to converse with it: the operation would resemble bawling from the street to a man seated on the pinnacles of Westminster Abbey. To maintain a proper intercourse with a great author, is equally painful and difficult to a vulgar mind.

Such are the reasons why philosophical writers have ever been unpopular, and must ever remain so. They are unintelligible to the multitude. But since all men are impelled by an irresistible propensity to desire the possession of knowledge, and, in default of the reality, to be masters, at least, of the semblance or shadow of it, encouragement is held out to quacks and sophists, professors of the art of concealing ignorance. By these means, a peculiar jargon, called "the language of the world," is created, by the use of which a man may acquire the reputation of having explored the whole field of knowledge, and stood upon those dim frontiers of science, where the human mind begins to recoil in dread from the phantoms of theory and conjecture, that flit about, like the dreams in the cave of Faunus, and vindicate to themselves all the region beyond. The professors of this language contrive, by pretending to philosophize, to fix a stigma on philosophy itself; and they have certainly succeeded in rendering the very term of suspicious and equivocal import in this country.

In France, a very different order of things prevails. There, philosophical studies are encouraged, and philosophical works produced and read, with an activity and eagerness quite inconceivable among us. We by no means commend the spirit in which many of these works are written, or concur in the opinions which appear pretty generally to prevail among our able and industrious neighbours; but whether they discover truth or not, their diligent and enthusiastic search after it, is entitled to very high praise. They

do not suppose, with too many persons in England, that, because our notions of man and nature, appear to our apprehensions less irrational than those which the philosophers of former ages entertained, we are, therefore, freed from all necessity of examining the systems to which the human mind gave birth, in the early periods of its history. In fact, next in importance to the discovery of truth itself, is the discovery of the various means by which it has been sought, every one of which contains the seeds of some truth or another. And were it not so, it is not easy to discover a more agreeable or useful employment for a liberal mind, than the contemplation of the first-fruits of man's reason, however crude and immature they may now appear to be.

If philosophy be defined to be "the free exercise of reason for the discovery of truth," the question, whether it originally sprang up in Greece, or was imported from Asia? is at once decided, for the exercise of reason was never free in the East. It appears necessary to the existence of the prodigious despotisms which have always obtained in that portion of the globe, that men should think and believe in masses; and, therefore, the birth of philosophical systems which might overthrow the throne, and endanger the very existence of the established order of society, has always been prevented by terror and severity. With the received opinions, the despot is in some measure acquainted, as well as with their results; and he perceives that if their existence and that of his power are not linked together in a fated union, they are at least perfectly compatible; and he therefore encourages and protects them, regarding their friends as his friends, and their enemies as his enemies. The effects of new systems he cannot be expected to foresee; and to save the labour of inquiry, and prevent the danger of tolerating without inquiry, he prohibits all new opinions, and destroys philosophy in the bud. It is therefore evident, that philosophy must originally have been the fruit of a free country, such as Greece, where, in fact, it sprang up, and in the hands of Plato and Aristotle, attained the greatest maturity it has yet been able to reach.

The honour of inventing philosophy,* properly so called, appears to belong to Thales of Miletus, the founder of the Ionic school, and one of the greatest men of all antiquity. The peculiar nature of his system, as well as that of his immediate successors, seems not to be exactly known; but the evidence in proof of his Theism appears to be decisive. We are told that he regarded water as the first principle of all things, and explained how the universe, together with man, plants, and all that it contains, were formed by

* '"Cum veram demum philosophiæ indolem, si modum cognitionis spectes, referat, intelligi inde potest, cur qui accurate loqui amant, philosophiæ *natales* Græcis deberi contendant." Brucker. Institut. Hist. Phil. p. 125. Further on, he adds, "Thales enim *primus fuit*, qui scientifica ratione philosphatus est."'

the agency of this simple element.* It is not now possible, however, to ascertain in what manner he derived the fire, the air, and the earth, from his single principle; whether he supposed them to have existed from eternity in the fluid, or to have been produced at some particular period by the agency of mind or spirit. Aristotle, Cicero, Diogenes Laertius, and Valerius Maximus, attribute to this philosopher a firm belief in the existence of a divine nature; and Valerius, amplifying the relation of Diogenes, informs us that to the question, "Can men conceal their actions from the gods?" he replied, "No, nor even their thoughts."

As the work of M. Cousin, however, touches but incidentally upon the Ionian philosophers, and is rather taken up with discussions respecting the Eleatic and Platonic systems, we shall also for the present pass over every thing previous to the birth of Xenophanes, and begin with the celebrated schools of Elea. Xenophanes, the founder of this school, was born at Colophon, an Ionian colony in Asia Minor, about the fortieth † Olympiad, or six hundred and seventeen years before Christ. For the date of his birth, a point of much importance, since by settling it we determine his claims to be considered an inventor, or an imitator, M. Cousin very properly prefers the testimony of Sotion, Apollodorus, and Sextus Empiricus, to that of Timæus and Plutarch; and upon the whole we are satisfied with the result of his investigation. We ought not, however, to dissemble, that, in interpreting the poetical fragment of Xenophanes, preserved by Athenæus, M. Cousin appears to wrest the words from their true meaning, and to range on his side a passage which, if it be genuine, seems to make strongly against his hypothesis. "This," says the passage, "is what we should say when sitting upon a soft couch by the winter fire after supper, drinking delicious wine and eating chick-pease: Who art thou? Whence dost thou come? How old

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* 'The following words of Brucker are worthy of attention, though it could be wished that he had cited the exact expressions of his authorities: "Esse hoc intelligendum, de mundi hujus initiis materialibus, non vero causa officiente, quam supposuit, et nihil aliud significare, quam chaos veterum, omnino, verisimile. Porro: mundum esse unicum, cumque esse opus Dei, atque ideo pulcherrimum esse. Tacuisse autem Deum in rerum originibus physice explicandis Thaletem, negare non posse videtur, et credidisse tamen par est, eum numen posuisse animam mundi. Hoc enim et veteres ei tribuunt, et systema theogoniarum, ex quo sua hausit, illum docuit."—*Institut. Hist. Phil.* p. 128. He then refers to Aristotle, Diogenes Laertius, Cicero, Plutarch, and Stobæus.

† 'It should not however be dissembled that Brucker supposes him to have been born much later, as late indeed as the 56th Olympiad. "Conditor sectæ (Eleaticæ) Xenophanes Colophonius fuit: *incertum*, quo tempore natus, integrum autem seculum vivendo explevisse dicitur, unde optimas temporum rationes ineunt, qui Ol. lvi. in lucem editum esse conjiciunti."—*Inst. Hist. Phil.* p. 245.'

art thou, my friend? And what was thy age when *the Mede* arrived?" From this it has been very naturally inferred, that the author, whoever he was, of these verses, lived after the invasion of Greece by the Persians, constantly denominated *Medes*, both by the Greek and Roman authors. M. Cousin's examination of this passage, made us smile more than once. He discovers, as he persuades himself, the Ionian in manners and disposition in every line, and supposes the old philosopher to be addressing the questions above cited, to an inhabitant of the new colony, who had reached manhood after the calamities alluded to, and whose age he wished to ascertain, by learning how old he was when the common misfortune happened. All this may possibly have been the case; but it is just as probable that the philosopher, if the verses really are his, may have introduced into his poem, a native of Italy putting the question to him. The invasion to which, with some probability, he supposes the writer to allude, is that expedition against the Greek colonies of Asia Minor, and particularly against Phocæa, the mother country of Elea, described by Herodotus in his second book. This war was conducted by Harpagus, a Mede by nation. After much difficulty and bloodshed, he succeeded in dislodging the Phocæans from their city, and the brave fugitives, among whom Xenophanes was one, escaping by night from the ruins of their country, sailed away towards the west, and after various adventures in Corsica and Sardinia, and suffering a defeat from the Carthaginians, landed in Magna Græcia, and built the city of Elea, or Velia, a short distance to the south of the ancient city of Posidonia or Pæstum. In a writer who flourished before the celebrated invasion of the Grecian continent by the Persians, it was natural enough to speak of the expedition of Harpagus, as "the arrival of the Mede;" but after that war, and the battles of Marathon and Platæa, no one could intend by such a phrase, an allusion to any minor invasion.

But whatever was the era of the birth of Xenophanes, and whether he voluntarily quitted his country, or was forcibly exiled, it seems to be admitted on all sides, that he was not on the best terms with Fortune. * He belonged, in fact, to that tribe of rhapsodists, who, wandering from city to city, earned their bread, either by reciting the poems of Homer and Hesiod, or by chaunting their own compositions. According to our modern mode of thinking, the profession of those rhapsodists was less dignified than that

* "Pulsus patria, Zanclæ et Catanæ in Sicilia consedit, *valde pauper*, unde carmina cantando de victu sibi prospexit."—*Brucker. Inst. Hist. Phil.* p. 245. Plutarch tells us an anecdote of this philosopher, which, if true, would prove that he sometimes complained of his hard fate. "He was one day lamenting at the court of Hiero that he was unable to maintain two slaves: how is that, said Hiero, seeing that Homer, whom thou art continually blaming, maintains, though dead, above en thousand."—*Apophthegm.*

of a poet, who elaborates his verses in his closet, and then issues forth to dispose of them for the most he can get, to a bookseller. The difference in dignity, however, is not very great; but perhaps the manner of life of the ancient rhapsodists may be found upon examination to have been the more dignified of the two. It was incontestably the more favourable to the acquisition of wisdom, and to that originality of thought, richness of illustration, and force and versatility of language, which distinguish the true poet from the mere versifier. But, notwithstanding that it was the lot of Xenophanes to make profession of the poetical art, and to clothe his conceptions in the language of Homer and Hesiod, his meditations appear to have been eminently unpoetical. The appearances of nature, on the passions of man, which constitute almost entirely the poet's materials, and always wear a new and alluring aspect to the eye of genius, offered a too confined field to his ambitious mind, and he resolved, after the example of Thales and Pythagoras, to lift up the veil of nature, and to contemplate her awful features naked.

The result of his meditations was a system of the universe, singular, bold and original; such, at least, is the testimony of antiquity; but the elements of this system have been too completely separated by time, and mingled too much with other and inferior matter, to allow of our forming anything like a full and perfect idea of its primitive form. * Consider them how we please, and exercise whatever patience and ingenuity we may, in collecting and examining them, the fragments of Xenophanes' philosophy are too few and too completely mutilated, to be reconstructed by modern learning into a rational system. Contemplated as they now exist, they often appear to be contradictory and absurd. M. Cousin labours meritoriously, and sometimes with success, to reconcile these apparent contradictions; but the theory of this

* 'Locke, who had profoundly studied the ancients, speaks of the extreme difficulty of arriving at their true meaning. After remarking that commentators often obscure the text they intend to elucidate, he observes—"I say not this, that I think commentaries needless; but to show how uncertain the names of mixed modes naturally are, even in the mouths of those who had both the intention and the faculty of speaking as clearly as language was capable to express their thoughts. What obscurity this has unavoidably brought upon the writings of men, who have lived in remote ages and different countries, it will be needless to take notice; since the numerous volumes of learned men, employing their thoughts that way, are proof more than enough to shew what attention, study, sagacity, and reasoning, are required, to find out the *true meaning* of cient authors."—*Essay on the Human Understanding*, b. iii. c. 9. § 9, 10. vol. ii. p. 12. This was meant to be applied to those authors whose works remain; how much truer is it of those of whom there are left but a few fragments, and those of suspicious authority. Brucker observes—"Conjecturis pleraque constant, quæ de Eleatico systemate novimus."'

philosopher has receded too far into the mists of time, for us to discover its true features, and, however reluctantly, we must abandon the undertaking.

In speaking of the opinions of Xenophanes, we must therefore be understood to assert nothing positively, but merely to speculate and conjecture. From the least suspicious testimony it would appear, that his system was an endeavour to unite the idealism of the Pythagorean school with the materialism of the Ionians. His philosophy, according to M. Cousin, contained two elements, the one Ionian, the other Dorian or Pythagorean. Removing late in life from Asia Minor to Italy, he found the doctrines of Pythagoras, issuing, as it were, from their cradle, and gaining new strength at every step, and became in a great measure subject to their influence. But if Xenophanes was, as M. Cousin believes, eighty years old at the time of his arrival in Italy, we should prefer supposing that Pythagorean ideas had reached him in Ionia, long before his emigration, when we may imagine his system to have been formed, and have insinuated themselves into his mind, while it was yet undetermined what theory to adopt.

It is in the chronological and physical portion of his system, that M. Cousin discovers the most evident traces of the Ionic spirit, which he defines to be sensualism in every thing; in life, the love of pleasure; in politics, the manners of slaves united with democratic preferences; in art, the predominance of grace; in religion, anthropomorphism; and in philosophy, which is the most general form of the spirit of the people, a more or less ingenious empiricism, a curiosity sufficiently daring, but still within the circle and under the control of insensibility. Accordingly, the system of Xenophanes, at least as it appears in the mangled fragments which remain of it, was the system of appearances, or of the senses. It regarded man, and the earth which he inhabits, as the centre of every thing. In fact, to the eye the earth is immoveable, and seems to be the apex of a cone, the base of which is infinity; while the sun, moon, and all the host of heaven, appear to glow or twinkle in the airy roof of this immeasurable world. This, M. Cousin remarks, is the creed of the senses, and of appearances; and it was also the creed of the philosophers of the Ionian school, and of Xenophanes. If this was really the case, which we altogether disbelieve, then unquestionably Cicero was right, when he asserted that no opinion was too absurd to be maintained by philosophers. M. Cousin appears to be a little too unscrupulous in the selection of his authorities, when the question is, whether or not opinions, the most irrational, are to be associated with some of the greatest names of antiquity? Who are the persons upon whose testimony he has ventured to affirm that Xenophanes believed the sun, moon, and stars, to be nothing more than burning vapours in perpetual motion; and that it is the condensation of these vapours which gives the stars the appearance of consistency? These authors are—Plutarch, a

philosopher in morals, but in physics a child; Galen, an ingenious physician, but not a philosopher; Stobæus, a mere compiler; and Achilles Tatius, a romance-writer, and commentator. But allowing that these authors had possessed every other qualification requisite to render their testimony decisive, they were too greatly posterior to the times of the Ionic philosophers, to know any thing more about the matter than we do. The works of the Ionians had perished before their days, and in the course of eight hundred or a thousand years (the length of time between Thales and Xenophanes, and these writers) faithless and obscure tradition has metamorphosed the opinions of those old philosophers into the most strange and grotesque forms.* It is therefore permitted us to reject altogether the testimony of such witnesses, and, since we know, and can know, nothing to the contrary, to believe that the systems of Xenophanes and the other philosophers of Ionia, whatever they were, contained few or none of the absurdities which the credulity and ignorance of later and inferior writers attributed to them. Cicero, —an authority of great weight in questions of this kind, and who lived nearer, though not greatly, to the times of which we are speaking—affirms in the fourth book of his Academies, that Xenophanes believed the moon to be a habitable world, like our own, with mountains, vallies, seas, rivers, and cities. M. Brandis, the able and judicious editor of Aristotle's Metaphysics, and author of a work on the Eleatic philosophy, thinks with reason, that this opinion of Xenophanes was not easily reconcileable with the notion, that the sun, moon, and stars, were nothing but burning clouds. But M. Cousin, determined at all hazards to re-construct the system of Xenophanes, supposes it quite possible for this philosopher to have imagined that the clouds composing the body of the moon, had become condensed and hardened, so as at least to constitute a habitable world, and to produce men, plants, and animals! For our own part, we are loth to believe for an instant that Xenophanes, or any other philosopher, ever represented to himself cities erected, men walking, and elephants grazing, upon a burning vapour. . . .

To convince M. Cousin that we really do not possess the means of discovering the opinions of the founder of the Eleatic school, it would appear to be sufficient to direct his attention to the fact, that, according to his own shewing, it is quite uncertain whether he admitted but one single element, or two, or four, elements, to have been the original principles of all things. Galen and St. Epiphanius say one thing; Stobæus, Sextus, Empiricus, and the Scholiast on St. Mark, another. As usual, M. Cousin endeavours to reconcile the contradictions of these writers, but, we must con-

* 'Speaking of Parmenides, Brucker observes, "Nihil eorum, quæ scripsit, præter *obscurissima fragmenta quædam* superest, et quæ Plato de Parmenide habet, systemati hujus *adaptata et corrupta sunt omnia*: cujus criminis etiam recentiores Platonici rei sunt."—*Instit. Hist. Phil.* p, 247.'

fess, with little or no success. On these matters, however, we must observe with Socrates in Plato, that when philosophers once admit, as Xenophanes appears to have done, the existence of a God, they may spare themselves the trouble of seeking any other principle. They have pushed their speculations to the first fountain of being, to the primary, necessary, and only cause of whatever is, and without which no system is intelligible. In what manner the Deity produced the visible universe, and how he pervades and gives energy and motion to the whole, are problems which it does not belong to the intellect of man to solve, and about which the most profound and unassailable theories are no better than solemn trifling. The system which, variously modified, prevailed generally among the ancients, is exceedingly well condensed in the following well-known lines of Pope:

" All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in the etherial frame;
Burns in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all lives, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart,
As full, as perfect in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns;
To him so high, so low, so great, so small,
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all."

The precise manner in which the philosophers, previous to Anaxagoras, speculated on the nature and origin of the universe, is, as we have already remarked, not to be ascertained; perhaps, however, it differed but little from the way in which the metaphysicians of Hindoostan have endeavoured to account for the phenomena of nature. " Effect," say they, " subsists antecedently to the operation of causes; a maxim not unlike that ancient one, that nothing comes of nothing, for it is the material, not the efficient cause, which is here spoken of. The reasons alleged by the *Sanc'hyas* are, that what exists not, can by no operation of a cause be brought into existence; that is, effects are educts, rather than products. Oil is the seed of sesamum before it is expressed; rice is in the husk before it is peeled; milk is in the udder before it is drawn, &c. There is a general cause which is undistinguishable. This portion is supported by divers arguments. Specific objects are finite; they are multitudinous and not universal: there must then be a single, all-pervading cause. Another argument is drawn from affinity: homogeneousness indicates a cause. An earthen jar implies a lump of clay, of which it was made; a golden coronet presumes a mass of gold, of which it was fabricated; seeing a rigidly abstemious

novice, it is readily concluded, says the scholiast, that his parents are of the sacerdotal tribe. There must then be a case bearing affinity to effects which are seen. Another reason is the existence of effects through energy; there must be a cause adequate to the effects. A potter is capable of fabricating pottery: he makes a pot, not a car, nor a piece of cloth. The main argument of the *Sanc'hyas* on this point, is the parting or issuing of effects from causes, and the re-union of the universe. A type of this is the tortoise, which puts forth its limbs, and again retracts them under its shell. So, at the general destruction, or consummation of all things, taking place at an appointed period, the five elements, water, fire, &c., constituting the three worlds, are withdrawn in the inverse order of that in which they proceeded from the primary principles, returning step by step to their first cause—the *chief* and undistinguishable one—which is nature. It operates by means of the three qualities of goodness, foulness, and darkness. It does so by mixture; as the confluence of three streams forms one river; for example, the Ganges, or as threads interwoven constitute one piece of cloth; and as a picture is the result of the union of pigments. It operates by modification, too, as water dropped from a cloud, absorbed by the roots of plants, and carried into the fruit, acquires special flavour, so are different objects diversified by the influence of the several qualities respectively. "Thus, from one *chief* cause, which is nature, spring three dissimilar worlds," observes the scholiast, peopled by gods enjoying bliss; by men suffering pain; by inferior animals affected with dulness. It is owing to the prevalence of particular qualities. In the gods goodness prevails, and foulness and darkness are foreign, and therefore are the gods supremely happy. In man, foulness is prevalent, and goodness and darkness are strangers; wherefore man is eminently wretched. In animals, darkness predominates, and goodness and foulness are wanting, therefore are animals extremely dull."

From this passage, we discover by what kind of reasoning the Asiatics endeavour to account for the existence of the universe; at least the theistical portion of them. The followers of Capila, as well as the Jains and Budhists, are mere materialists, as M. Cousin and others suppose the Ionian philosophers to have been, and thus attack the system of the philosophers who maintain the doctrine of a spiritual cause, and of a ruling Providence:—"The Pasupatas' notion of Supreme God being the world's cause, as governing both matter and embodied spirit, is incongruous, for he would be chargeable with passion and injustice, distributing good and evil with partiality. Nor can this imputation be obviated with reference to the influence of works; for instigation and instigator would be reciprocally dependent. Nor can the objection be avoided by the assumption of an infinite succession (without a beginning)

* 'Colebrooke on the Philosophy of the Hindoos.'

of works and their fruits. Neither is there any assignable connexion by which his guidance of matter and spirit could be exercised: it is not conjunction, nor aggregation, nor relation of cause and effect. Nor can the material principle, devoid of all sensible qualities, be guided and administered. Nor can matter be without organs. But, if the Supreme Being have organs, he is furnished with a corporeal frame, and is not God, and he suffers pain, and experiences pleasure, as a finite being. The infinity of matter and of embodied spirit, and God's omniscience, are incompatible; if he restricts them in magnitude and number, they are finite; if he cannot define and limit them, he is not omniscient and omnipotent."*

Thus we see that, in default of science, men, both in the East and in the West, have amused themselves with sophistry of the most extravagant kind: but, to return to M. Cousin and Xenophanes. 'Aristotle, Simplicius, and Theophrastus have preserved,' says M. Cousin, 'the substance of the reasoning by which Xenophanes demonstrated the eternity of God. It is impossible not to experience a deep and almost solemn feeling in contemplating this argumentation, when we reflect, that it is perhaps the first attempt made by the human mind, at least in Greece, to account to itself for its belief, and to transform its faith into theory. It is curious to be present at the birth of religious philosophy: here we have it, if we may so speak, in the cradle; we hear it lisping its imperfect accents on these redoubtable problems; but it is the duty of the friend of humanity to listen with attention, and to collect with care, the broken syllables which escape from it, and to salute with respect the first appearance of reasoning. The following, according to Aristotle, is the mode of argument pursued by Xenophanes: "It is impossible to apply to God the idea of being born, for every thing which is born must necessarily spring from some other thing, either similar or dissimilar. Now, in the present case, both are equally impossible, for the similar acts not upon the similar, and can no more produce than be produced by it: on the other hand, the dissimilar cannot spring from the dissimilar; for if the stronger should proceed from the weaker, or the greater from the less, or the better from the worse, or, reversing the matter, the worse from the better, existence would spring from non-existence, or non-existence from existence, which is impossible. Therefore, God is eternal." It is important to read the same argument, abridged, in Simplicius, and still more condensed in Bessarion, and even the passage of Plutarch, preserved by Eusebius; should be consulted, in which Plutarch positively acknowledges, that in the conduct of this argument, Xenophanes took a path peculiar to himself. In fact, Diogenes assures us that Xenophanes was the first who demonstrated that every thing which is born perishes. We here see

* 'Colebrooke.'

the first dawn of that principle which was one day to become so celebrated: existence cannot spring from non-existence; non-entity can produce nothing,—that is, nothing can spring from nothing. This, perhaps, is the first expression of the principles of causality. Xenophanes by no means invented this principle; it is inherent in the human mind, which, without perceiving it, always possessed and applied it, or rather, was regulated and governed by it in all its proceedings; for that which most competely eludes the grasp of the mind, is precisely that which is most closely connected with it. To draw forth this principle from the depths and darkness, where it acted spontaneously, and developed itself in a concrete living and animated manner; to disengage it by the light of reflection, and to transform it into a law, and an abstract and general formula, of which the mind becomes conscious, and which it in some measure examines, as an exterior object: such is the glory of philosophy. The conclusion of this reasoning in Aristotle is, that "since God could not possibly be born, he cannot perish; every thing which is born perishing necessarily; whilst that which is not born, that is, which derives not its being from another, but from itself, is eternal." Here, besides the principle of casualty, we have the distinct conception of accident and substance, of phenomenal and necessary existence, and the notion of corruptibility attributed to the one, and that of incorruptibility and eternity to the other—that is, the principle of substance, with all its accompaniments.'

The reasoning by which Xenophanes demonstrated the unity of God, is equally acute and unanswerable, and is given at considerable length by M. Cousin; but we must pass over this portion of the work, and hasten on to Zeno, of Elea, the inventor of dialectics, and one of the most subtile and powerful reasoners that have ever existed. We ought, perhaps, to remark, however, before we take leave of Xenophanes, that M. Cousin very rationally explains that phrase of his, in which he asserts, that God is of *a spherical form*. The σφαιρικός of the Greeks, says he, is the *rotundus* of the Romans; a metaphorical expression, which, like the word *square* for *perfect*, may now be considered trivial, but when the mathematics were yet in their infancy, had something grand in it. He is undoubtedly right in affirming, that both in the passage of Aristotle, and in that of Cicero,* which attribute to Xenophanes the opinion that the Deity is of a spherical form, the philosopher should be understood to be speaking metaphorically.

When M. Cousin comes to speak of Zeno, he moves upon more solid ground, and, upon most points, is more satisfactory. Zeno was born at Elea, about the sixty-eight or sixty-ninth Olympiad, and came with Parmenides to Athens, when he was about forty

* 'The words of Cicero are—"Deum, neque natum unquam, et sempiternum, *conglobata figura*."—Acad. iv. 37.'

years old. Bayle merely observes, upon this point, that he flourished about the seventy-ninth Olympiad, which amounts to much the same thing. The first part of his life appears to have been spent at Elea, in the tranquil study of philosophy, under the guidance of Parmenides, who loved him as his own son. Living at a time when every one who bore the name of Greek was thirsting for freedom, Zeno was no less distinguished as a politician and patriot, than as a philosopher; and, as the events of his life, and his glorious death prove, he was no less capable of resisting the charms of power, than the stings of pain. According to Strabo, he was employed, together with Parmenides, in forming a free constitution for his country, and although antiquity has left us no description of the system of government which these philosophers adopted, their legislation is spoken of with high praise. But whatever was the nature of the constitution he established, Zeno entertained no ambition to act the part of a statesman, and abandoned the pursuit of political power, for another species of power, more extensive than that of an emperor; and, from legislating for a petty state, proceeded to legislate for human nature itself. He despised that species of vulgar greatness which is reached and maintained by cunning, rather than wisdom, and employed himself in enriching his mind with those attributes which confer intellectual empire, and enable the truly great to rule mankind even from their urns. In the midst of all his greatness, he was not indifferent about the opinion of his fellow-citizens; and to a person who one day inquired of him how he came to be so sensitive and uneasy when attacked by calumny or blame, he replied: "If the censure of my countrymen gave me no pain, their approbation would give me no pleasure." M. Cousin is evidently expressing his own sentiments, as well as those of Zeno, when he remarks upon this: 'He loved his countrymen too strongly to be indifferent about their affection.' We confess, however, that those great minds which repose more upon themselves, and are content with their own approbation, appear to us in a still more elevated point of view.

After many voyages and journeys to several parts of Greece, and especially to Athens, Zeno returned to his country, and found that during his absence it had fallen under the power of a tyrant, whose name is not exactly known; some writers denominating him Nearchus, others Diomedon, and others Demylos. Be this as it may, Zeno immediately undertook to restore freedom to his country, and entered into a conspiracy against the tyrant. It would appear from the recital of several historians, that the patriots seized upon the island of Lipara, which lies nearly opposite to Elea, and thence meditated their attack upon the city; but nothing is known with certainty of the details of the affair, for Zeno, who seems to have been the chief or only sufferer, carried the knowledge of the names and actions of the conspirators with him to his grave. However, the philosopher was taken by the tyrant, who, before

he put him to death, wished to extract from him by the force of torture, the names of his accomplices. To avenge his country upon many of its betrayers at once, he named the principal friends of the tyrant; and when the latter seemed to think he had something to communicate, Zeno beckoned him to come near him as he lay upon the rack. Demylos drew near, and stooping down his ear close to the mouth of Zeno, to gather up the precious information, the philosopher, unable in any other way to punish the tyrant of his country, laid hold of his ear with his teeth, and held him there in agony until he was himself despatched by the swords of Demylos's guards.

The principal glory of Zeno, however, and of the school to which he belonged, is the invention of dialectics; not of that species of dialectics, says M. Cousin, of which some faint traces are discoverable in the reasonings of Xenophanes and Parmenides, but of dialectics considered as a system and an art, with its rules and forms, and the apparatus and authority of a positive method. This honour all authors consent to allow him. The manner in which he employed this terrible instrument which he had discovered, may be conjectured from the subtleties with which he overwhelmed those who, admitting the infinite divisibility of matter, believe at the same time in the existence of motion. His arguments have been re-produced, perhaps with additional subtility, by Bayle, and their nature may be gathered from the following specimen:— "Did motion * exist, the thing moved must pass from one place to another; for all motion includes two extremities, *terminum à quo*, *terminum ad quem*, the point of departure, and the point of arrival. Now, these two points are separated by a space containing an infinite number of parts, seeing that matter is divisible to infinity; it is therefore impossible that the thing moved should ever pass from one of these points to the other. The intervening space is composed of an infinite number of parts, which must be successively passed over one after another, without its being possible ever to reach the portion of matter which lies before, at the same time with that behind; so that to pass from one extremity to the other of a foot of matter, I

* 'What motion is no man has yet been able to define: the old definition of the schools given by Locke. "The art of being in power, as far forth as in power," is as he terms it, "exquisite jargon;" nor is the definition of the atomists much better; for in saying that motion is the passage of a thing from one place to another, what, as he observes, "do they do more than put one synonymous word for another? For what is passage other than motion? And if they were asked what passage was, how could they better define it than by motion? For is it not at least as proper and significant to say, passage is a motion from one place to another, as to say motion is a passage, &c. * * * Nor will the successive application of the superfices of one body to those of another, which the Cartesians give us, prove a much better definition of motion, when well examined."—*Essay on the Human Understanding*, vol. i. p. 456.'

mean, to move from the first inch to the last, would require an infinite length of time; for the parts over which it would be necessary to pass, being infinite in number, it is evident that they could not be travelled over in less than an infinite number of moments." *

Upon this and similar arguments Bayle remarks, that he would not affirm that Zeno was convinced by his own reasoning against motion; he might still entertain the common opinion, although he were persuaded that no person could refute his arguments, or elude their force. "If," says Bayle, "I might judge of him by myself, I should say that he believed as others do, in motion and extension; for, although I feel myself perfectly incapable to resolve all the difficulties which have been stated, and that all the philosophical replies that can be made to them are quite futile, I nevertheless follow the common opinion." Nicolle, in his "Art of Thinking," observes that, although a knowledge of these subtleties is barren enough in itself, it may be useful in other points of view; for example, in teaching us the limits of our understanding, and proving that many things exist we know not how or wherefore.

Zeno added nothing to the system of his master Parmenides, which was that of the most perfect idealism that can be conceived. He merely set himself up as the champion of his school, and, as such, he fulfilled his design in the most perfect manner; for his dialectics were as an invincible spear and impenetrable shield, with which he overthrew every rival system, and extended an adamantine defence before his own. His reasoning, though too little according with modern taste to induce us to enter more at length into the development of it, was undoubtedly the most close, compact, and severe, that man has ever given birth to; and we can conceive no exercise more likely to confer depth, solidity, and acuteness, than an attentive and assiduous examination of his dialectics, as they are preserved in Aristotle and Bayle. M. Cousin, likewise, who has carefully studied the remains of this philosopher, existing in fragments scattered through the writings of numerous authors, may be consulted with advantage; for though he is a little too much disposed to accommodate the bold notions of the ancients to the prevailing taste, he appears to have formed a just idea of the character and mission of Zeno. 'Zeno,' says he, 'in his philosophical character, is to be found wholly in that polemical system which he invented to overwhelm the doctrine of plurality and empiricism. This is the only point respecting him which is entirely established. In his philosophical career, as well as in his life, Zeno is the ἀνὴρ πρακτικός of the Eleatic school. As a man, he mingles with the political events of his times, undertakes the defence of his country and the laws, and perishes in the attempt; as a philosopher he descends from the summits of absolute unity into the contradictions of plurality, of the relative and the apparent,

* 'Dictionaire Historique et Critique; Art. Zenon, remarque F.'

and exhausts in the struggle all the powers of his genius. This genius was purely dialectic: in this consists the originality of the part of Zeno, and his historical character: for this he takes his place in the Eleatic school, in Greek philosophy, and in the history of the human mind. Idealism, still feeble and undecided in Xenophanes, acquired strength, unity, and strictness in Parmenides, who systematically explained and developed it; whilst in the hands of Xenophanes, as Aristotle has very justly remarked, it is less a system than a fertile presentiment and sublime intention. The unity of Xenophanes still included, to a certain point, and in a species of uncertain harmony, both unity and plurality—spirit and matter, God and the world, theism and pantheism, something, in short, of the Dorian spirit mingled with the spirit of Ionia. But Parmenides is exclusively Dorian, theistical, idealistic, and unitarian. With him every trace of dualism disappears in the abyss of absolute unity. Absolute unity loses all relation to any thing but itself; for by its very nature it excludes whatever is not a portion of itself: consequently, even in itself, it excludes all difference, all distinction, all relation.' M. Cousin goes on to describe what he terms 'the systematic perfection of the Eleatic school;' but his words lose all pretence to meaning, and very much resemble the "exquisite jargon," as Locke terms it, by which the scholastics endeavoured to define motion. We therefore copy the original, "par conséquent même en elle, elle exclut toute différence, toute distinction, par conséquent encore tout rapport d' elle-même à elle-même, identité et indivisibilité sans puissance différentielle, unité sans nombre, eternité sans temps, immensité sans forme, intelligence sans pensee, pure essence sans qualité et sans contenu."

With the other articles contained in the volume, we shall not at present meddle. They principally relate to the philosophy of the latter Platonists, and are curious and interesting, particularly the article on the "Lives of the Sophists, by Eunapius."

ART. V.—*History of Russia and Peter the Great.* By General Count Philip de Segur. Author of "The History of Napoleon's Expedition to Russia. 8vo. London: Treuttel and Würtz. 1829.

WERE the history of nations proportionate in interest to the extent of their territory, that of Russia would compete with the most renowned of either ancient or modern times. But in this respect, as in many others, it is with countries as with individuals; it is not always the widest extended power that is contemplated with the greatest curiosity, or which furnishes the most abundant materials for thought. The wars of one barbarous chieftain with another, or the establishment of thrones, which wait not even the usual process of time and fate for their overthrow, are subjects which, generally speaking, add as little to our knowledge of human nature, as they

do to our admiration of its qualities. Looking as we do on the early history of nations at too great a distance to discover the true and really effective causes of events, the rapid and blood-stained succession of dynasties is the least important object to be contemplated in our researches. Human society has undergone the changes of the material world from a chaos to a universe of order and beauty. There has been a period in which the rude and unformed masses of which nations were composed, either hung loosely together, or were driven against each other in ruinous confusion. One look at such a scene would be sufficient to satisfy curiosity, and, unless we could watch the change so as to see by what process the chaos became organized, it would be equally sufficient for the purpose of inquiry.

Till within a very few centuries back, the Russian chronicles were those of a people wanting the fierce grandeur of an uncivilized nation, and the multiplying energies of one proceeding towards refinement. The territory which they inhabited was, to a great degree, a wild and sterile wilderness. Their religion was a strange and unimpressive medley of rites, and superstitious opinions, and Christian doctrine. The virtues which belong to a warlike nation, were cultivated by them, but instead of tending, as they have done in other countries, to the establishment of chivalrous or other similar institutions, they appear to have kept their possessors almost stationary in the more than half barbarity of a military despotism. Unlike other nations, therefore, Russia for many ages presented few or no appearances of progressive improvement; and when it began to hold a place in the aristocracy of states and empires, it owed its respectability, not to its previous and gradual increase of strength and knowledge, but to the superlative genius of a single ruler.

The early history, consequently, of this immense empire, rarely presents any passages of interest. A few pages are sufficient to record almost every thing of importance in the general story of its rise and progress towards its present condition of strength and authority. Here and there we meet with characters of which we should be glad to know more, or with the slight mention of men who seem to have been endowed with talents, which in more enlightened states, would have made them the conspicuous benefactors of their country; but situated as they were, they could never escape the harassing effects of continual warfare. In one period also, we see civilization ready to spring forth out of some fortunate series of circumstances, and in another, the whole country overwhelmed with returning darkness. Revolutions, in fact, were brought on by all the variety of causes to which such a state of society gives birth, and prevented the permanent foundation of any useful institution; truth had no chance of finding votaries among a people who had no means of persuasion but the sword, and knowledge was of little value in a country where force only was known, and the slowly increasing energies of power were despised. The

extent of territory which the empire gradually acquired by the result of conquest, or the union of different states, does not add to the interest of its early history; and the only matter of curiosity is, how such a vast and ill-formed Colossus held so long together. Without arts, or either external or internal means of improvement, it offered the spectacle of an inhabited waste—a desert where men had only ceased from being savage, to become the slaves of an autocrat! Its efficient preservation it owed to a set of circumstances which operate with almost equal force, whatever be the internal condition of a country—the divisions or weakness of neighbouring states enabling the worst constituted government to preserve itself secure.

The most important circumstance in the early history of Russia, is its connexion with that of the declining empire of the Greeks. The approach which its barbaric rulers frequently made to the walls of Constantinople, was a repetition of the scenes which preceded the downfal of ancient Rome; and it is far more than probable, that if they had possessed a land force as well disciplined for attack as their rude, but adventurous navy, they would have firmly established themselves on the throne of the Eastern emperors. In less than two hundred years they four times attacked Constantinople, sometimes bringing against it a fleet of more than a thousand vessels, and more than once succeeding in compelling the pusillanimous Greeks to bribe them with precious presents to depart the coast. The first of these enterprises occurred, according to Gibbon, about the year 865. On this occasion they took advantage of the absence of the emperor, and had already gained possession of the port, when he suddenly returned, and having offered up his vows, had the satisfaction of seeing his enemies dispersed by a violent tempest. At this, and for a long subsequent period, the Russians appear to have been little better than half civilized barbarians, and the terror with which they inspired the objects of their attack, was constantly kept up by the fierceness and cruelty with which they fought.

But notwithstanding the many centuries of savage war and internal revolutions which kept back the healthy growth of this vast empire, there were at a comparatively early period of its existence, many favourable appearances in its condition. It was protected against the resentment of its enemies by the nature of its climate and its situation. It had an established traffic with Greece, which supplied it in exchange for its furs, hides, &c., with the necessaries and some of the luxuries of more sunny climates; and before the eleventh century, one of its capitals had become adorned with a considerable degree of modern magnificence. The handy and adventurous disposition of the people also was highly favourable to the establishment of a great empire on the most solid foundations; and as far as valour can carry a nation, they appear to have succeeded in their attempts. Advantages, however, of this kind, to whatever extent they may be possessed, are only of temporary

value. The rivalry of the members of a reigning family, a single unsuccessful war, or one feeble monarch, may destroy them all, or throw back the nation which depends upon them for support, into anarchy and barbarism. And this was the case with the country of which we are speaking. While other nations, with far less opportunities of improvement, proceeded rapidly in the march of civilization, this stood still for centuries, or almost immediately after making a single step towards a better social system, passed back into its former condition. But we must endeavour to give a brief view of the wide field of inquiry over which its chronicles lead us.

The ancient history of the Russians, is considered as coming down as far as the ninth century. Over this portion of their annals hangs an almost impenetrable cloud of doubt and mystery. They are universally acknowledged to be of Sclavonian origin, but little is known of them till their piratical hordes became united under Rurik, one of their chieftains, who established an authority which his descendants maintained for several hundred years. The foundation of this dynasty took place in the year 862, at which early period it is supposed that this prodigious empire, mighty in its very birth, had for its boundaries, the Vistula and the Carpathian mountains on the one side, and the Volga on the other; while its remaining limits were formed by the White sea and the Baltic at one extremity, and the Black Sea and the Caspian on the opposite. The spirit which had been breathed into the new monarchy by its founder, was continued by the successor to his authority. Oleg is mentioned by historians as a man of the fiercest dispositions, but of a powerful and determined mind,—a real type, as it appears to us, of the modern founder of the empire, and possessed of many of the most requisite qualifications for his situation. The power which this family continued to possess was of the most absolute nature, and the influence which the firm attachment of the people to their leaders had at this time, must have been of the greatest consequence to the establishment of the state. So great was their loyalty, that the common war-cry of the captains was, "Let us die for our prince!" On one occasion, the Regent left the country and embraced a new religion, without the slightest convulsion being the result; and on another, when a new code of laws was published, the sovereign dared to say, "Behold your laws, for such is my will." In alluding to the causes which chiefly contributed to the rapid rise of the Russian empire, it is also observed, that their religion, at its commencement, was of a character which strongly tended to nourish the highest of warlike qualities; and though the diffusion of Christianity might afterwards introduce a somewhat milder system of belief, it had little real effect in softening the temper of the people. To the above also may be added the two other important circumstances, that they possessed excellent swords and cutlasses, which

were furnished from the iron mines of Sweden, and that their army consisted of well armed infantry.

It would be little interesting to follow the catalogue of kings who reigned through the succeeding centuries, till the monarchy assumed a more settled appearance. No petty African state ever exhibited a more deplorable picture of tyranny, in the princes towards the people, or of cruelty and hatred of princes among each other, than did Russia for many successive generations. The frightful state of anarchy to which the country was thus subjected may be easily conceived, when it is said that during the long period of a hundred and eighty years, that is, from 1054 to 1236, the empire was made the mere prey of the warring members of the family of Rurik. Till the commencement of this era, every thing had appeared to favour the prosperity and rapid improvement of the people. It had begun, as most of the nations who have made any figure in the history of the world, with war, and the exercise of military strength. Before Christianity had given a different appearance to the face of the civilized world, this was the surest and the most direct way for a people to establish themselves in a country. The habit of war taught them the practices most useful for a newly-settled colony, enabled the different members of the community to support hardships, and exercise all the self-denial which their situation might require, and kept both the mind and body in full activity. History, we think, will bear us out in saying, that the nations which have owed their origin to bands of warriors, have been the most firm in their establishment, and remained longest unshaken by the influence of destructive corruptions. Since the introduction of a divine religion, an infinitely more powerful protection is given to the social band, whether it encircle a new colony or an ancient empire. But it was not thus in times anterior to the free currency of Christianity; and the bold, free and enterprising soldier, was the only founder of states who seemed perfectly qualified for such an undertaking.

But when once the nation was firmly settled, something else was required to secure the permanent happiness of the people. War is a game which must always offer a splendid stake to make men willing long to undergo the hardships and peril it involves, and though they may be satisfied to their very hearts content, while fighting their way for a home, they would be very wretched, or very degraded, if they could long continue their bloody calling, after the first great object was obtained. We see, therefore, that after a few years of settlement, the most warlike tribes gradually lose some of their fierceness of character, and either turn themselves to the cultivation of the necessary and useful arts of life, or, which is the only alternative, either degenerate into downright savageness of character, or become weak and divided, and immediately afterwards, the prey of the first invader who chooses to

attack their possessions. The latter was partly the case with Russia. All had been done for it which war could do. The time was come when the occupation of the soldier ought to cease, and to give way to that of the artizan and the labourer; and had the arts of social life been then introduced and cultivated with success—had the natural energies of the people been directed into the proper channel, a glorious peace would have been the consequence, and Europe would have seen the great queen of the North crowned with a diadem, rivalling in splendor those of the East, and in firmness that of a mountain chieftain. But it was not thus. Some reverses of fortune, united with a latent but growing disgust for conflicts, which were carried on by the dark ambition of the monarch, weakened the spirit of the nation, when it had no other principle of activity to move and excite its energies. From 1054, therefore, to 1236, we see nothing but barbarous wars, which had no other effect than that of reducing the nation below its original condition. During this period, also, a dismemberment of the empire took place, which not only diminished its strength, but introduced into its bosom the most destructive evils. After mentioning some of the causes which had promoted the growth of civilization among the Russians, our author thus reflects on their sudden reversion into barbarism.

'But how was it possible to civilize barbarians surrounded by barbarians? Olga was not listened to; her son Sviatoslaf even resisted her. When, on her return, after having been baptized at Byzantium, by Constantine Porphyrogenitus, she endeavoured to convert the young warrior, his reply to her was, "I cannot singly embrace this new religion; my companions would laugh at me." A singular remark, which seems to prove that, at all times, ridicule has been the most powerful of anti-religious weapons.

'This weapon was too weak against Vladimir; but he undertook too late his own reformation, and the reformation of others.

'There existed other obstacles to the civilization of the Russians; they are to be found in the antipathy with which the despised Greeks and their new religion inspired the minds of the people, against the arts, the sciences, and the manners introduced by these foreigners.

'We may believe, also, that the generation which was going off the stage, had the selfishness to wish that it might not be so much surpassed by that which was to replace it. Can those who have declined into the vale of years, bear to hear it asserted, that every thing which has occupied their whole life is but ignorance, barbarism, triviality, and clownishness? Are thus to be lost the rights derived from experience, the sole benefit, and that so dearly bought, which remains to the aged?

'Add to this, that, in those barbarous times, the want of a system of tactics, and the nature of the weapons, gave all the advantage to mere physical strength; a circumstance which conferred on the exercises of the body a precedence over those of the mind.

'The various sackings of Kief, also, from the time when the partitions of the empire commenced, destroyed to the very root the entire labours of Olga, of Vladimir, and of Yaroslaf.

'Against a voluntary and general barbarism, the means of instruction are so feeble, that, far from dividing in order to spread them, the prince is compelled to unite them under his protection: it is necessary that he should first call round him the rising generation, that they may come to seek that instruction, which cannot seek them: this is the reason of civilization being so long confined within the limits of a single city.

'Now, we shall see, in this second period of the Russian history, that Kief, taken in 980 by the Varangians of Vladimir, burned in 1015 by those of Yaroslaf, and plundered in 1018 by the Poles, was captured and re-captured by them in 1069 and 1077; and, lastly, that, after having passed violently from hand to hand for more than a century, it was completely sacked in 1169, and nearly destroyed in 1201.

'In the downfal of Kief, of that mother of all the Russian cities, would have been comprehended that of civilization, were not the human mind so adapted to the seeds of it, that, when once they are sown there, they become indestructible.

'The Grand-Princedom, however, passed from Kief to Vladimir; the navigation of the Borysthenes, more and more impeded by the Polovtzy Tartars, and others, was forgotten. The Grand-Princes thus withdrew from their civilizers, the Greeks; while, on the other hand, the Greeks withdrew from them, repelled by the civil commotions of Russia.

'This is the reason why, about the middle of the twelfth century, (1168) the date of the fall of the second Russian capital, manners became more fierce, or, rather, manners were wholly changed; they were no longer those of Kief, softened by Byzantium, but those of central Russia, still pagan and barbarous, whither the seat of government had recoiled. Judicial combats were then added to the fire and water ordeals; political assassinations and civil wars were multiplied; and to all these elements of confusion was added a singular order of succession. Thus torn to pieces, the empire was laid open to the Poles, to the Hungarians, and, especially to the Polovtzy Tartars, who assisted the Russian princes to devastate it: at length appeared the Mongol Tartars; split into fractions, the state resisted without concentrating its efforts, and was destroyed.

'Then, while it was plunged in this abyss, and for several ages, the Tartar invasion poured forth on it the profuse stores of its barbarism, its treacheries, and all the vices of slavery. Robbery, "like a contagious disease, attacked every kind of property." * Oppression, with its hideous train of hatred, stratagems, dissimulation, gloomy and stern manners, poisonings, mutilations, and horrible executions, established its sway: it extended over the whole country; it penetrated into every heart, which it withered and brutalized during two centuries.

'Such a horrible tyranny rendered legitimate all means of escaping from it; then, every thing was confounded: the distinction of good and evil ceased to exist; crime lost its shame, and punishment its infamy. The very name of honour vanished; fear alone held absolute dominion!

'In the second period, upon which we are now entering, at the commencement of the twelfth century, Vladimir Monomachus, that Christian hero, could yet say, "Put not even the guilty to death, for the life of a Christian is sacred." But, at the close of the fourteenth century, when

* 'Karamsin.'

his spirit again revived in the great Dmitry Donskoy, we find that worthy descendant of the Christian hero of the Russians, under the necessity of re-establishing capital punishments. Very soon, the justice of his successors became more ferocious, either from the Tartar manners having become predominant, or from necessity, in order to render punishment commensurate with crime.'—pp. 51—54.

The only monarchs who, during the above period, deserved to be exempted from the general obloquy of their race, were Vladimir Monomachus, who flourished about the year 1114, and Andrew, who reigned about the year 1157. The former of these princes was far more enlightened than the generality of his contemporaries, and distinguished himself by the establishment of many laws and institutions, which tended greatly to soften the superstitious and savage character of the times. On his death-bed, he assembled his children round him, and gave them advice which proved the greatness of his mind, and the superior intelligence with which he was gifted! The document which contains this address is of so curious a nature that we are tempted to extract it.

'"My dear children," said he, "praise God, love men; for it is neither fasting, nor solitude, nor monastic vows, that can give you eternal life, it is beneficence alone.

'"Be fathers to the orphan; be yourselves judges for the widow. Put to death neither the innocent nor the guilty, for nothing is more sacred than the life and soul of a Christian.

'"Keep not the priests at a distance from you; do good to them, that they may offer up prayers to God for you.

'"Violate not the oath which you have sworn on the cross. My brothers said to me, 'Assist us to expel the sons of Rotislaf, and seize upon their provinces, or renounce our alliance.' But I answered, 'I cannot forget that I have kissed the cross.'

'"Bear in mind that a man ought to be always employed: look carefully into your domestic concerns, and fly from drunkenness and debauchery.

'"Love your wives, but do not suffer them to have any power over you.

'"Endeavour constantly to obtain knowledge. Without having quitted his palace, my father spoke five languages; a thing which captivates for us the admiration of foreigners.

'"In war, be vigilant; be an example to your vaiwodes: never retire to rest without having posted your guards: never take off your arms while you are within the enemy's reach; and, to avoid ever being surprised, be early on horseback.

'"When you travel through your provinces, do not allow your attendants to do the least injury to the inhabitants; entertain always, at your own expense, the master of the house in which you take up your abode.

'"If you find yourself affected by some ailment, make three prostrations down to the ground before the Lord; and let the sun never find you in bed. As soon as the first gleams of day appeared, my father, and all the virtuous men by whom he was surrounded, did thus—they glorified the Lord; they then seated themselves to deliberate, or to administer justice to the people, or they went to the chase, and in the middle of the

day they slept; which God permits to man, as well as to the beasts and the birds.

"For my part, I accustomed myself to do every thing that I might have ordered my servants to do: night and day, summer and winter, I was perpetually moving about; I wished to see every thing with my own eyes. Never did I abandon the poor or the widow to the oppressions of the powerful. I made it my duty to inspect the churches and the sacred ceremonies of religion, as well as the management of my property, my stables, and the vultures and hawks of my hunting establishment.

"I have made eighty-three campaigns and many expeditions; I concluded nineteen treaties with the Polovtzy; I took captive a hundred of their princes, whom I set free again; and I put two hundred to death by throwing them into rivers.

"No one has ever travelled more rapidly than I have done. Setting out in the morning from Tchernigof, I arrived at Kief before the hour of vespers.

"In my youth, what falls from my horse did I not experience! wounding my feet and my hands, and breaking my head against the trees; but the Lord watched over me.

"In hunting, amidst the thickest forests, how many times have I myself caught wild horses, and bound them together! How many times have I been thrown down by buffaloes, wounded by the antlers of stags, and trodden under the feet of elks! A furious wild boar rent my sword from my baldrick; my saddle was torn to pieces by a bear; this terrible beast rushed upon my courser, which he threw upon me; but the Lord protected me.

"O my children, fear neither death nor wild beasts; trust in Providence; it far surpasses all human precautions."

The reign of this monarch was followed by others which quickly obliterated the beneficial effects which had followed from his just and humane conduct. But towards the middle of the twelfth century, another benefactor of the nation appeared in the person of Andrew of Snydal, who abandoned Kief, and made Vladimir the capital of the empire. He founded towns, made successful war with his enemies, and introduced many important improvements into every part of the country.

In the year 1237, another era commenced with the subjection of Russia to the Tartars, who retained their authority over it for a period of two hundred and twenty-three years. The success of this invasion, followed from the genius of Jenghis Khan, who was in the complete possession of all those circumstances which give a warring nation such a mighty power over the countries it attacks. But at the conclusion of this period, that is, about the year 1462, Ivan, the third, obtained the supreme and undivided authority over the empire. The dynasty which he established lasted till 1613, and owed its continuance almost entirely to the stern valour with which he fixed his authority over both his subjects and his enemies. He destroyed the power of the princes

to whom he was tributary, and Russia thenceforth became free from its degrading subjection to the hordes of its Asiatic invaders. Occasional glimpses of a better order of things appeared during the reign of Ivan, and his successors, but the grossest barbarity still influenced both kings and people; and we find his grandson, Ivan IV., murdering his son, who had sufficient talent to have carried all the views of his grandfather into execution. The character of this man is well fitted for the drama, and the history of his youth, as well as reign, is full of strange incidents. Having been left, at a very early age, under the power of guardians, he became a victim to the most violent persecutions of the ambitious nobles. 'His treasury,' says our author, 'was plundered, his domains encroached upon; masters of his palace, the great boyards, seemed hardly to endure his presence there; they delighted in degrading him. In his clownish brutality, Schuisky was seen to stretch forth his legs, and with the unworthy weight of his feet sully the descendant of so many sovereigns.' This, however, was but a small part of the indignity with which they treated him. His orders were uniformly contradicted, his friends persecuted, even to torture, and death, and the expression of the good feelings and softness of heart which formed a portion of his natural disposition, made an occasion for fresh insults. It is no wonder that the temper of Ivan soon became that of a vindictive monster, and he was immediately taught, on the first change of his circumstances, to regard every one around him as his lawful prey, and justly doomed to suffer his resentment. The tales which are told of his actions can hardly find a parallel in any other history. His favorite occupation was to torture animals, and it was not seldom that he would trample under his horse's hoofs the old people, the women, or children, whom he met in his progress. The change, which was produced in him by the preaching of Sylvester, is too remarkable not to be noticed, and we give M. de Segur's relation of this singular event.

'Amidst this universal disorder, Sylvester, a monk, one of those inspired personages who then travelled Russia, and who, like the Jewish prophets, or the dervishes, dared to stand up even against sovereigns, appeared in the presence of the frightened young despot. He approached him, the gospel in his hand, his eye full of menace, his finger raised, and with a solemn voice, he pointed out to him, in the surrounding flames, and blood, and furious cries, and the limbs of his dismembered kinsfolk, the wrath of Heaven, which his passions had at length aroused. To these terrific menaces he added the infallible effect of certain appearances then deemed supernatural; and, thus working on this feeble mind, he became its master.

'Alexis Adascheff seconded Sylvester; they encircled the young tyrant with priests and able boyards; and, assisted by the young and virtuous Anastasia, his first and recently-married bride, they, during thirteen years, made Russia enjoy an unxpected felicity.

'Every thing was now pacified and reduced to order; regularity was

introduced into the army; the strelitz, a permanent militia of fusileers, were created; seven thousand Germans were hired and kept up; a more just and equal assessment of the military fiefs, services, and contingents, was accomplished; all proprietors of estates that required three hundred pounds weight of seed corn, were obliged to furnish a horseman completely armed, or an equivalent in money; a rate of pay for the soldiery was established, and was even doubled, to encourage such of the boyard-followers as should furnish a larger contingent than was imposed by law; and by these means the forces of the empire were so much increased, that they were thenceforth estimated at three hundred thousand men. The presence of the prince with his armies, at once re-established order in them, and stimulated to exertion. Kasan was once more reduced; the kingdom of Astracan was conquered; fortresses to keep the Tartars in check were constructed; and eighty thousand Turks, whom Selim II. had sent against Astracan, perished in the deserts by which it was surrounded. Meanwhile, the grand idea of the reign of Peter the Great—that of opening to Russia the commerce of Europe, by conquering the Ingrian and Livonian ports, was almost realized; the Don Cossacks were united with the empire; and the groundwork was laid for the conquest of Siberia of Yermak, one of those nomade people.

'So much for what relates to war; as to the rest, we see the project of enlightening Russia conceived; a hundred and twenty artists requested from Charles the Fifth; the first printing-office established; Archangel founded; and the north of the empire thrown open to the commerce of Europe.

'At the same time, the abolition of precedence among the nobility was begun to be abolished: the greediness of the clergy, in its monopolizing of all landed property, was restrained; those priests were improved in their morals, and in their observances, which were still deeply embued with paganism; and the tolerant spirit of Adascheff prohibited the cruelties with which superstition inspired them.

'To crown the whole, the laws were revised in a new code. Till then, justice had been administered by the governors, who paid themselves out of fees levied at their own discretion. In 1556, Adascheff and Sylvester abolished all these fees, caused justice to be gratuitously administered by the oldest and most eminent persons of each place, and, finally, established a general assessment, which was collected by the officers of the Exchequer.'—pp. 16—18.

The influence of the sage councils of Ivan's excellent minister, continued but thirteen years, after which he became a prey to the darkest terrors of conscience and superstition, which had only the effect of alternately transporting him with diabolical rage, or the most horrible fear, till he at length fell a victim to his distempered mind.

Fifteen years of the most fearful confusion followed the death of Ivan IV. and with his son and successor, Fœdor, ended the rule of the Rurik dynasty, after it had continued for a period of seven hundred and thirty-six years, and had numbered in its line fifty-two sovereigns. After the termination of the reign of Fœdor, Boris, an ambitious noble, and brother-in-law of the former prince,

obtained the command of the nation. He reigned but six years, and they were years of terror and confusion. From this time Russia was sunk in the most deplorable darkness, and continued in that condition till the year 1612, when the different orders of the community, nobles, governors, and clergy, determined on seeking some remedy for the intolerable evils which they suffered. The states accordingly assembled, and their election fell on Mikhail Romanoff, the son of the venerable primate of that name.

The election of this prince formed the commencement of a new era in the Russian empire, and both from his personal character, although he was still very young, and from his descent from a father of such worth, the highest hopes were entertained of the good effects of his reign. His elevation, however, was not obtained without a considerable struggle on the side of his partizans, and when they had succeeded, he was obliged to take the following oath, which argues great prudence and foresight in the men who had the power to raise him to the empire. He swore 'that he would protect religion; that he would pardon all that had been done to his father; that he would make no laws, nor alter the old; and that, in important causes, he would decide nothing by himself, but that every thing should be had according to law, and the usual form of trial; that he would not, at his own pleasure, make either war or peace with his neighbours; and that, to avoid all suits with individuals, he would resign his estates to his family, or incorporate them with the crown domains.' M. de Segur sensibly remarks on this oath, that it is, with many others of the same nature, a remarkable proof how naturally averse men are to despotism, when, even in times and places the most favourable to its support, such resistances are opposed to its progress; sometimes, indeed, only as formalities, but at all times indicating the national feeling on the subject.

The most beneficial effects followed from the elevation of Mikhail Romanoff. The evils which had been allowed to exist during the last fifteen years, and those, indeed, of many centuries, began to disappear; the various enemies of the nation, who prowled like wolves round its limits, to seize, on the first opportunity, upon the crown, now saw themselves left without a hope of success, and the empire every where presented a better prospect of becoming speedily settled, and placed in the proper condition for assuming its station among the other countries of Europe. Our author thus reflects upon this commencement of the Romanoff dynasty:

'Behold, then, the dynasty of barbaric origin, of divine right, of the right of conquest, the inheritor of Tartar manners and violence; behold it replaced by a dynasty which a nation, purified by misfortune, chose freely from among all that it possessed that was most patriotic, most virtuous, most sacred, and bearing the least resemblance to the tyrants who were recently its oppressors.

'In fact, the source of this dynasty was pure. It was from the very heart of the nation that it sprung. What imports it, that an obscure

Prussian, who settled in Russia about 1350, was the head of this family; and that thus the primary root of this second dynasty was foreign?* For two centuries had it not been covered by Russian earth and native laurels?

'In Mikhail Romanoff, Russia chose a name which was lustrous with two hundred and fifty years of conspicuousness; the descendant of the Cleremetefs, a family equally beloved and illustrious; the son of that martyr of the country, who again endured for it heroic sufferings; lastly, one allied to the Ruriks, † who is said to have been designated as his successor by the last Prince of that dynasty. The persecution of the Romanoffs by the regicide Boris, gave weight to this popular report: the hatred of the usurper pointed out this family to the love of the nation.

'What could be more natural than that, disgusted with tyranny, that nation should, in Mikhail, have chosen one of its victims; that, weary of all kinds of war, it should have proclaimed the son of a minister of peace; that in a liberating revolution, for which it was indebted particularly to its priests, it should be the offspring of a priest, the pupil of a convent, whom it selected for its sovereign! For here, every thing was in unison; the interests of various classes, the love of the people, patriotism, the want of repose, and the hope of a mild and pacific reign.

'Another great citizen, the vaiwode Pojarsky, rose, it is true, to an equal elevation with the primate Romanoff: there might have been room for hesitating which of them deserved the preference; but it was the general himself who elected the son of the primate, either from disinterestedness, or from the deference which the Russians then felt for those families which had long been more conspicuous than others, or from respect for the character of the martyr, and docility to the influence of the priests, who must, of course, prefer the son of a priest, in the hope of reigning through his father.

The virtues of the primate Romanoff were, therefore, the deeply-seated roots of that dynasty; they penetrated into the hearts of the Russians; they bore their fruit; and, as it often happens, the solid cause of entering upon possession became that of its duration.

'In reality, either from ability, or from the force of circumstances, or from the influence of origin, the first descendants of that victim of tyranny, that martyr of independence, ‡ seems to have inherited the virtues of their ancestor. Their government, down to the period of Peter the Great, had somewhat of strength, of virtue, and of that mildness which is natural to strength.

'Revolts again broke out; they were suppressed; and, for the first time, during a long series of years, the justice of the prince was not an act of vengeance.

'European military officers were invited; but the great effort which they directed against Smolensk was frustrated by the national jealousy, and Mikhail was obliged to renounce the glory of arms.

'Moderation, a love of peace, resignation even, and yet the creation of a more regular warrior army, which restored internal tranquillity, and

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* 'Navikof, Levesque, Leclerc, &c.

† 'Nephew of the mother of Fœdor, the last tzar of that dynasty.

‡ 'See Leclerc, page 73.'

prepared the way for indispensable conquests; this is the share of merit which, in the establishment of this dynasty, must be assigned to the first of its princes!*

'That of the second is, to have been a formidable warrior, who recovered from Poland, Smolensk, Kief, and the major part of the provinces which had been wrested from Russia, and endeavoured to give more regularity to his army: to have been a legislator, who strove to ameliorate his codes; a ruler, who knew how to discover and repair his faults; who invited foreign arts, founded manufactures, caused to be worked the copper and iron mines, which are the riches of the Russian soil, and constructed the two first Russian vessels, the sight of which inspired the genius of his third son, Peter the Great. To have been also a moderate conqueror, who manifested respect for his nation, by calling his States-general to decide on great questions of public interest; and, lastly, to have been a clement and religious prince. We see him faithful to his pledged word, even when given to the robber Stenko Raxin, a revolted Cossack, the devastator of the south-east of Russia, the Pugatchef of that age.'—pp. 229—231.

Mikhail was succeeded, after a reign of thirty-two years, by his son, Alexis, a man of great energy, but amiable character, and whose moderation towards his enemies was equal to his valour; he reigned thirty-one years, and left his crown to his son, Fœdor, a prince of feeble mind and constitution, who, at his death, left the empire to be successively under the rule of his brothers and his sister. Ivan, the second son of Alexis, was of too imbecile a constitution to be permitted to rule, and Peter, the first, was chosen by the nobles to supply his place. The consequences of this, however, were the most serious disturbances. The ambitious Sophia, hoping to retain the authority in her own hands, could she get Ivan placed on the throne, promoted a powerful opposition to the elevation of the young prince, and it was with difficulty that Peter was preserved from destruction. But it was owing, as it would seem, to these circumstances, that the man who was shortly to have such influence over the Russian empire, became so well qualified for his station. Obliged to be kept at a distance from the court, and brought up amid danger, and in comparative hardship, Peter early acquired the habits of self-denial, and of determined daring, which were necessary to his situation. Never, perhaps, did a great man owe more of his greatness to education, or to the manner in which his youth was trained, than this celebrated monarch. The anecdotes which are told of his early years, are among the most interesting which history contains. Thus, on one occasion, after having been made acquainted with some of the sciences, on being informed of the barbarism of his nation, he cried over the

* 'Mikhail, from 1613 to 1645. Alexei, his son, from 1645 to 1676. Fœdor, the eldest son of Alexei, from 1676 to 1682. Sophia, Ivan, and Peter, from 1682 to 1689. Peter and Ivan till 1696. Peter alone, till 1725.'

miseries which it then suffered. Nothing, in fact, was able to subdue the genius with which nature had endowed him, and the means which were taken to keep him in obscurity failing of their intended aim, only served to strengthen him, and urge him forward in his career. Notwithstanding all the arts of his sister, Sophia, he was secretly preparing himself for assuming the authority, which, from the condition of Ivan, he had a right to enjoy; and which, had it not been for an usurping ambition, he would have already possessed.

But at length his talents obtained the complete ascendancy. Sophia was thrown from her illegal elevation, and, in 1689, Peter began his useful and illustrious reign. The first occurrence with which it was marked, served, like the education of his youth, to mature and strengthen his mind. His war with the Turks supplied him with an experience which other men would not have acquired in a period twice the length of its continuance, and the manner in which he turned every circumstance to his improvement, laid the foundation of much of that practical wisdom for which he was distinguished. It was during this war that he became so strongly convinced of the absolute necessity of a naval force, and, at the siege of Asoph, he formed the resolution of making the possession of one a principal object of his exertions.

It was not, however, the determination only which was thus taken, for which he deserves the praise of consummate ability. The manner which he chose for putting it into execution, and the personal fatigue which he thereby imposed upon himself, are still more worthy of admiration. Resolving to see, with his own eyes, the prodigies which he had been informed science and civilization had effected in other countries, he departed on his memorable journey of observation, in 1697, and visited, as is well known, all the most celebrated states of Europe. The perseverance with which he pursued his journey, was an admirable instance of what a king, truly bent upon the reformation of his country, will undergo; and the history of fabulous antiquity can hardly present a nobler spectacle than this young northern monarch proceeding from one kingdom to another, conversing at one time with their rulers, and at another with the humblest peasants, and turning from no obstacle which either labour or patience could overcome.

Not content with merely witnessing himself the objects of his inquiry, or of gaining the knowledge which was to civilize the country of his birth, he adopted that other admirable measure, of sending four hundred young Russians to be educated in the most enlightened states, while he carried back with him seven hundred foreigners, to diffuse, by their example, the most useful arts and sciences through his empire. Much as has already been said upon these noble instances of wisdom which Peter displayed, it is a subject of which reflection can scarcely grow tired. Under every view which we take of it, it is alike worthy of the deepest

interest. Considered in its political tendencies, it was one of the finest strokes of policy which ever entered into the mind of the most enlightened statesman. Regarded in a moral point of view, it was one of the most striking instances of greatness of character which there is on record; for Peter was a man of the most violent passions, unaccustomed to the splendour of refined courts and cities, and of an age at which pleasure is most powerfully alluring; but temptation, no more than difficulty, stopped him on his route, and half-barbarian as he was, he conquered where philosophy could hardly have kept its footing.

In a nation situated of Russia, at the period of which we are speaking, and for many centuries previous to it, the despotic authority of a man of high genius, and interested in its improvement, was an object to be devoutly desired. The evils which existed would have been eradicated long before, had the most powerful of the warlike monarchs been possessed of Peter's inclination for science, or had those who were more inclined to peace, enjoyed his firmness and resolution. Bad, therefore, as his despotic disposition was in itself, it was of the greatest benefit to the country, and it was owing to the firm hand with which he grasped his sceptre, that Russia now exists as an important part of civilized Europe. M. de Segur's remarks on this subject are well worthy of being perused.

'And what other instrument than despotism could he use among a people trebly slaves, by the conquest under the first Russians, by the domination of the Tartars, and by the concentration of power which released them from the Tartar yoke; a people among whom children were the slaves of their fathers, and wives of their husbands; where, in a word, all were at once masters and slaves: two situations, one of which is amply sufficient to pervert human beings?

'In that country, then the abode of barbarism, even those who had the largest share of learning, had no other mode of reckoning than by strings of balls; their priests, Greeks by religion, were ignorant of Greek and Latin, scarcely knew how to read, and wallowed in perpetual drunkenness; a typographical correction made in the clumsy editions of their Bible, was looked upon by them as a horrible sacrilege; they were a people truly idolatrous, by their excessive adoration of the saints, each individual having the image of his own, which his fellow-countrymen could not pray to without being prosecuted and sentenced to damages, for having stolen favours from an image which another had ruined himself to enrich and adorn.

'They were men, a great part of whom were so thoroughly brutified by wretchedness, as to believe that heaven was not made for them, but only for their princes and boyards; for those very grandees who, nevertheless, were publickly scourged for theft, without their being degraded, without believing their rank to be disgraced, either by the shame of the crime, or the shame of the punishment.

'They were, in a word, the same people of whom, by a single nod, the Ivans had transported thousands of proprietors from the south to the north,

and from the north to the south, of their empire; who, without a murmur, had suffered bears to be let loose upon them, for diversion, in the streets of the capital; whose nobles returned thanks to the prince, when, at a banquet, he beat or mutilated them for his sport. A barbarous country, where, in the numerous butcheries of pretended state criminals, the grand-princes and his courtiers themselves played the part of executioners upon the principal conspirators; a government so ill-constructed and absurd, that civil and military functions were confounded in the same hands; a national mass so mis-shapen and so unhealthy, that it was scarcely able to repulse a remnant of Tartars; and which, had it continued in the state that Peter found it in, Charles XII. would, perhaps, have conquered as easily as Siberia had been conquered by itself, and America by Europe.

'And yet, nobles, priests, people, every one, even to the first wife and son of the reformer, clung to these boorish manners, and to this benighted ignorance; obstinately determined to live over again the life of their fathers; perpetually re-commencing instead of making progress.

'The nobles, who had been discontented since the time of Ivan IV., and especially since the destruction, by Fœdor, of their exclusive titles to the ranks and places held by their ancestors, refused to obey; they abhorred the new system which Peter sought to introduce, where it was necessary to begin by obeying, where every thing required to be learned, and where rank depended on merit.

'The priests, superstitious from their calling, fanatical from ignorance, from interest, and from the pride inspired by their influence over a people still more ignorant than themselves; the priests, whose patriarchal throne, since the accession of the second race, had stood so close to the regal throne; they, beforehand, poured forth their maledictions upon all innovation, and especially when brought from countries where a dreaded sect was triumphant. By them, the first printing-office, which Alexis endeavoured to establish, had been burned. Thus did they repel all improvements, as abominable acts of sacrilege; and to this they were prompted either by a fanatical spirit, or by the instinct of immutability, which, in fact, is indispensable to the existence of all power that is built upon error and superstition.

'As to the people, the example of the two other classes, and the influence which they exercised over them, were sufficient to harden them in their barbarous manners; even independent of the force or habit, which operated powerfully on all classes, and which is generally strong in proportion to the worthlessness of the custom from which it has originated.

'But Peter had formed a correct estimate of the three elements on which he wished to act: he knew that the state, such as his genius conceived it, was entirely concentrated in himself. He was aware that the clergy were not likely to become a dangerous power. It is true, that, having constantly increased their numbers and their privileges since the time of Vladimir the Great,* we find them, in 1700, the persons first consulted on all important affairs, exercising the right of sentencing to death without appeal, and possessing one half of the property of the empire. Yet, notwithstanding all this, traditionary feelings, interest, and weakness, had always retained them in obedience.

* 'About the year 1000.'

'The causes of this constant submission to the head of the government have always been assigned; the most prominent cause has been stated to be, the obligation which the priests were under of being married,—a custom which introduced into their corporations the most heterogeneous parts; which weakened the corporate spirit, by the mixture of contrary interests with it; which linked them with civil life by rendering them as much citizens as priests; and lastly, which occasioned them to be less respected by their flocks, in consequence of their too near approach to the multitude in point of situation.'—pp. 250—253.

It may be easily understood, even from this short passage, what was the state of the society of which Peter was the ruling member, and how difficult a task it must have been to introduce order, where every thing so strongly favoured the continuance of anarchy. The means which Peter employed were those which the most absolute tyranny suggested, and they were successful in introducing a reformation which a few years before would have been considered very far distant. But, necessary as it was to rule with sternness, to be in appearance, and in the absoluteness of his command, a despot, this retrieves nothing of the obloquy which attaches to his name for the cruelty which tarnished the glory of his best and noblest actions.

The remaining history of Russia, is too well known to need our alluding to any of its details, and we cannot do better than permit our author to give the observations with which he terminates the history of Peter:—

'Historians of the nineteenth century, while we detest the violent acts of this prince, why should we be astonished at his despotism? Who was there who could then teach him, that to be truly liberal or moral is the same thing? But of what consequence is it, that he was ignorant that morality calls for the establishment of liberty, as being the best possible means of securing the general welfare? All that he did for that welfare, or, in other words, for the glory, the instruction, and the prosperity of his empire, was it not beneficial to that liberty, of which neither himself nor his people were yet worthy? Thus, without being aware of it, Peter the Great did more for liberty than all the dreams of liberalism have since fancied that he ought to have done! His people are indebted to him for their first and most difficult step towards their future emancipation. What matters, then, his abhorrence to the word, when he laboured so much for the thing? Since despotism was necessary there, how could he better employ it?

'If he carried matters too far, if he often deemed it just to inflict on his enemies all the evil which they wished to him, and to treat his country like a conquest in order to conquer it to civilization; in a word, if he overcame in his Russians their barbarous manners by dint of the barbarism which still remained in himself; the fault must be attributed to his education, to the age in which he lived, and to the circumstance of a degree of power being requisite here which has never been found to exist in man without being pushed to excess.

'It was in this hyperborean land, where a freezing temperature is adverse to social intercourse, by confining each individual within his own limits; in these humid and cold regions, where every kind of strength and

superiority seems as though it ought to exert itself only to escape from them, to conquer a milder climate under a distant sky; it was here that this citizen despot, so familiar, so accessible, so enamoured of truth—full of the pride of noble actions, and endowed with admirable sagacity, with boundless zeal, and sleepless activity, devoted himself, in order to transform this barbarous and desolating nature into an enlightened and productive nature.

'Let thanks be paid to him, since he changed into a source of light that source of ignorance, whence the barbarism of the middle age had flowed in torrents over the face of Europe, ingulphing the civilization of ancient times. Never again will burst forth from those countries the Attilas, the Hermanrics, "the scourges of God and of mankind!" Peter the Great has called forth there the lustre of the Scheremetefs, the Apraxins, the Mentzikofs, the Tolstoys, the Schuvalofs, the Ostermanns, the Rumianzofs, and the numerous band of other names, till then unknown, but of which, since that epoch, the European aristocracy has been proud.

'In that great creation, as at the period of that of the world, we seem to behold all these men of Russian civilization included in one man! they seem as though they sprung from him, to civilize the empire with that of unity, that order, that concordant motion, which manifests one common origin! He himself discerned, trained, or guided them. For, like the major part of the greatest men, he knew how to choose those who were suitable to his purpose; like them, too, he persisted in his choice, and in his friendships; either from the tenacity which is natural to all noble hearts in their feelings as well as in their projects, or, rather, from the correctness of their first glance, their superior genius being able instantly to recognize and to draw to them these subordinate geniuses! For what great man has ever yet been seen unsurrounded by great talents? as though, in virtue of an universal law, similar minds had a tendency to unite in the moral order of things, as atoms of the same nature have in the physical order.'—pp. 430—432.

The Count de Segur's volume is compiled with ability, from the most respectable writers on the History of Russia. It is written in a pleasant and unaffected style, and contains all the information which a general reader would desire to possess respecting the foundation and progress of the great northern empire.

ART. VI.—*The Miscellaneous Works of Sir Philip Sidney, Knt. With a Life of the Author, and illustrative notes.* By William Gray, Esq. of Magdalen College, and the Inner Temple. 12mo. pp. 329. Hurst & Co.: London. 1829.

THE meeting unexpectedly with a favourite author of the olden-time—such an author as Sir Philip Sidney—the flower of English chivalry, and of English literature, in the very summer of our golden age, always awakens within us the same delightful feelings as the associations of our early childhood with the dawn of spring, when touched from their sleep by the budding of the hedge-rows,—the redolence of unseen violets,—the music of the song-thrush and the

sweet nightingale,—or by the vision of the woodland butterfly floating about the bushes like an animated primrose, or a feather from an angel's wing. We pause to admire the fresh green of the half-expanded leaves, as we pause over the youthful pages of Sidney's Arcadia, where every thought appears embowered in verdure and redolent of rural flowers;—we pause to admire the singing of the early birds, when 'the voice of the turtle is heard in the land,' as we pause over the charming periods of the "*Defence of Poesie,*" which come to us "with words set in delightful proportion—the well-enchanting skill of music—taking the ears prisoners by the loveliness of the song;" and we love to watch, or to pursue the flight of the butterfly, as we love to wander amidst the beauties of the songs and sonnets in this pretty volume, which lead us on, from page to page, with the same bewitchment as the butterfly was wont, in our boyhood, to lead us from field to field, in eccentric, but unwearied and unweariable chace.

These are the works of that Sidney, whom Providence, (to use the words of Camden) "seems to have sent into the world to give the present age a specimen of the ancients; and did, on a sudden recal him, and snatch him from us, as more worthy of heaven than earth: thus where virtue comes to perfection, it is gone in a trice, and the best things are never lasting. Rest then in peace, O, Sidney, (if I may be allowed this address) we will not celebrate your memory with tears, but admiration; whatever we loved in you,—as the best of authors [Tacitus] speaks of that best governor of Britain [Agricola]—whatever we admired in you, still continues, and will continue in the memories of men, the revolutions of ages, and the annals of time. Many, as inglorious and ignoble, are buried in oblivion; but Sidney shall live to all posterity. For, as the Grecian poet has it, 'virtue's beyond the reach of fate.'" Thus far the venerable Camden, and with him the whole literary world, with scarcely a dissentient voice, warmly agree in considering the life of Sir Philip Sidney, as one of the most faultless and splendid that illuminates the pages of our history. His accomplishments as a gentleman and a scholar, his taste and talents as a man of unquestionable genius, his illustrious descent from two of the most ancient and distinguished families, his death on the battle-field, in the very morning of his fame—but, above all, his spotless integrity, his high principles of honour, and his truly English spirit of independence, which would not brook to be schooled by royalty itself—and even ventured to give bold but judicious counsel, to the haughty Elizabeth—all united to encircle his name with a coronal of glory, which seems to shine with a brilliancy, increasing in brightness as the hazy atmosphere of time darkens around it. Poets and philosophers, critics and historians, soldiers and statesmen, those who flutter through the court circle, prankt in all the appliances of the highest refinement, and

those who, "far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife," give themselves up to the pastoral pleasures of rural seclusion:

> "Such as Arcadian song
> Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
> When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
> But free to follow nature was the mode;"—

all concur in looking up to Sir Philip Sidney as a model which they ought earnestly to study and to imitate, but can rarely hope to rival, and may well think it impossible to excel.

From his very boyhood, Sidney never appeared as a boy, nor "other than a man,"—to use the words of his playmate and friend, Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke—"Such staidness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above greater years; his talk, ever of knowledge, and his very play tending to enrich his mind, so as even his teachers found something in him to observe and learn above that which they had usually read or taught." His thirst for knowledge indeed was so universal, that he was not content with cultivating only one branch, but the whole circle of arts and sciences—his capacious and comprehensive mind, aspiring to pre-eminence in every part of knowledge attainable by human industry or genius.

His friend, Lord Brooke, in the scarce and curious volume from which we have already quoted, farther corroborates the correctness of those lineaments of his character, as we have attempted to sketch them, when he tells us, that he was "a true model of worth, a man fit for conquest, plantation, reformation, or what action soever is greatest and hardest amongst men,—being withal such a lover of mankind and goodness, that whosoever had any real parts, in him found comfort, pacification, and protection, to the uttermost of his power; like Zephyrus, he giving life where he blew. The universities, abroad and at home, accounted him a general Mecænas of learning; dedicated their books to him, and communicated every invention, or improvement of knowledge, with him. Soldiers honored him, and were so honored by him, as no man thought he marched under the true banner of Mars, that had not obtained Sir Philip Sidney's approbation. Men of affairs, in most parts of Christendom, entertained correspondence with him. But what speak I of these, with whom his own ways and ends did concur? Since, to descend, his heart and capacity were so large, that there was not a cunning painter, a skilful engineer, an excellent musician, or any other artificer of extraordinary fame, that made not himself known to this famous spirit, and found him his true friend, without hire, and the common rendezvous of worth in his time. Besides the ingenuity of his nature did spread itself so freely abroad, or who lives that can say he ever did him harm; whereas, there be many living that may thankfully acknowledge he did them good. Neither was this in him a private, but a public

affection, his chief ends being not friends, wife, children, and himself, but, above all things, the honor of his Maker, and the service of his prince, or country." It was in consequence of such accomplishments and high character, that Fuller describes him to have been "so essential to the English court, that it seemed maimed without his company, being a complete master both of matter and language."

The chief incidents in the life of Sir Philip Sidney are well known, and are given with great effect in the luminous narrative and erudite researches of Mr. Gray. After going through the usual preliminaries of learning at the grammar school of Shrewsbury, he studied first at Oxford, and then at Cambridge, and at the age of eighteen he went to the Continent, in the train of the Earl of Lincoln, ambassador-extraordinary to the court of France, having obtained her Majesty's licence to travel beyond the seas for two years, that he might perfect his knowledge of the continental tongues. A stronger testimony of the superior elegance of his deportment could not be given, than the fact of his having attracted the notice of the king of France in so marked a manner, that he appointed him one of the gentlemen in ordinary of his chamber. But the savage massacre of St. Bartholomew, from which he narrowly escaped, and the infuriated misrule which followed, induced him to hasten from France towards less perilous lands; and he travelled successively in Germany, Hungary, Italy, and the Low Countries, where, among other distinguished men, he became acquainted with Melancthon and Hubert Languet, the latter of whom, as Lord Brooke informs us, actually gave up all his avocations for the purpose of becoming "a nurse of knowledge to this hopeful young gentleman," and that, without prospect of hire and reward. At Padua again, where he resumed his university studies of geometry and astronomy, he became acquainted, according to certain accounts, with the poet Tasso, who was then employed in completing the "Gierusalemme Liberata," but doubts have been thrown upon this incident by the sceptical scrutiny of criticism. Languet being afraid of danger to his religious principles, dissuaded him from visiting Rome, and he returned to England after having been absent for three years.

Queen Elizabeth was so pleased with him, that if we may credit Dr. Zouch, she was accustomed to call him "My Philip," 'in opposition, it is alleged, to Philip of Spain, her sister's husband.' Young as he was, therefore, he was not many months in England when he was honoured with the appointment of ambassador to the court of Vienna. After his return, he appeared little in public life, but devoted himself to domestic privacy and literary study. The accusation, by his enemies, of his father, Sir Henry Sidney, then Lord Deputy of Ireland, roused his filial affection into a spirited defence, which was successful in convincing her majesty, and discomfiting the detractors who had poisoned her ear.

The next prominent incident which occurs to our notice, places our youthful hero in the bold position of a monitor to the queen, upon a point of the utmost delicacy, though his opinion was altogether unsolicited. It was proposed, by Catherine de Medicis, to form an alliance between England and France, by a marriage between Elizabeth and the Duke of Anjou, her son. This match was strenuously opposed by the Protestant party in England, and amongst others, by Sir Philip Sidney, who addressed the Queen on the subject, in a letter replete with eloquent and spirited remonstrance, strong in style, skilful in logic, and breathing throughout both of affectionate loyalty, and of courageous and unbending independence. This extraordinary production has received unqualified praise from writers of all parties, as shewing (to use the words of Strype) the mature judgment of the writer, his wisdom in council, his skill in politics, his acquaintance with Roman history, his knowledge of foreign states and kingdoms, and observations thence couched in many brief, but bright sentences. The preamble of the letter is quite admirable.

' " *Most feared and beloved—most sweet and gracious Sovereign,*

' " To seek out excuses of this my boldness, and to arm the acknowledging of a fault with reasons for it, might better show I knew I did amiss, than any way diminish the attempt, especially in your judgment, who being able to discern lively into the nature of the thing done, it were folly to hope, by laying on better colours, to make it more acceptable. Therefore, carrying no other olive branch of intercession, than the laying of myself at your feet; nor no other insinuation, either for attention or pardon, but the true vowed sacrifice of unfeigned love; I will, in simple and direct terms (as hoping they shall only come to your merciful eyes) set down the overflowing of my mind in this most important matter, importing, as I think, the continuance of your safety: and, as I know, the joys of my life. And because my words (I confess shallow, but coming from the deep well-spring of most loyal affection) have delivered to your most gracious ear, what is the general sum of my travelling thoughts therein; I will now not only declare what be the reasons that make me think that the marriage with Monsieur will be unprofitable unto you; then will I answer the objection of those fears which might procure so violent a refuge."'

As we cannot spare room for the whole letter, we would willingly make an abstract of the substance of it, did we not feel that this would be almost impossible; for as Miss Lucy Aikin justly remarks, it is so condensed in style, so skilfully compacted as to matter, that it must lose materially, either by abridgment or omission. But without maiming the chain of arguments which comprehends every view of the subject, we may be permitted to give his fine conclusion:

' " I do with most humble heart say unto your majesty (having assayed this dangerous help) for standing alone, you must take it for a singular honour God hath done you, to be indeed the only protector of his church; and yet in worldly respects, your kingdom very sufficient so to do, if you

make that religion upon which you stand, to carry the only strength, and have abroad those that still maintain the same course; who, as long a they may be kept from utter falling, your majesty is sure enough from your mightiest enemies. As for this man, as long as he is but Monsieur in might, and a papist in profession, he neither can nor will, greatly shield you; and if he get once to be king, his defence will be like Ajax's shield, which rather weighed them down, than defended those that bore it. Again, at contempt, if there be any, which I will never believe, let your excellent virtues of piety, justice, and liberality, daily, if it be possible, more and more shine. Let such particular actions be poured out (which be easy as I think to be done) by which you may gratify all the hearts of your people; let those in whom you find trust, and to whom you have committed trust in your weighty affairs, be held up in the eyes of your subjects; lastly, doing as you do, you shall be, as you be, the example of princes, the ornament of this age, and the most excellent fruit of your progenitors, and the perfect mirror of your posterity. Your majesty's faithful, humble, and obedient subject, P. SYDNEY."'

We are informed by Strype, in the "Annals of the Reformation," that this letter, abounding with such close application of arguments, seems to have swayed the queen to decline the proposed alliance. Whether it was that the success of his letter in influencing the queen, gave him fresh confidence in his own strength, we know not; but not long after we find him expostulating, *vivâ voce*, in the same spirited manner with her majesty, respecting his own rights of independence as an English commoner. This arose out of a dispute which he had with the haughty Earl of Oxford, who had some years previously become the husband of the destined bride of Sir Philip. The following account is from the pen of Lord Brooke:

'Sidney being one day at tennis, a peer of this realm, born great, greater by alliance, and superlative in the prince's favour, abruptly came into the tennis court, and, speaking out of these three paramount authorities, he forgot to entreat that which he could not legally command. When, by the encounter of a steady object, finding unrespectiveness in himself, (though a great lord) not respected by this princely spirit, he grew to expostulate more roughly. The returns of which style coming still from an understanding heart, that knew what was due to itself and what owed others, seemed, (through the mist of my lord's passions, swollen with the wind of his faction then reigning) to provoke in yielding. Whereby the less amazement or confusion of thoughts, he stirred up in Sir Philip Sidney, the mere shadows this great lord's mind was possessed with; till at last with rage, (which is ever ill-disciplined) he commands them to depart the court. To this, Sir Philip, temperately answers, that if his lordship had been pleased to express desire in milder characters, perchance he might have led out those that he should now find that would not be driven out with any scourge of fury. This answer, (like a bellows) blowing up sparks of excess already kindled, made my lord scornfully call Sir Philip by the name of puppy. In which progress of heat, as the tempest grew more vehement within, so did their hearts breathe out their perturbations in more loud and shrill accent. The French commissioners, unfortunately, had that day audience in those private galleries, whose

windows looked into the tennis-court. They instantly drew all to this tumult, every sort of quarrels sorting well with their humours, especially this, which Sir Philip perceiving, and rising with inward strength, by the prospect of a mighty faction against him, asked my lord, with a loud voice, that which he heard clearly enough before, who (like an echo that still multiplies by reflections) repeated this epithet puppy the second time. Sir Philip resolving in one answer to conclude both the attentive hearers and passionate actor, gave my lord a lie impossible (as he averred) to be retorted: in respect all the world knows puppies are gotten by dogs, and children by men. Hereupon those glorious inequalities of fortune in his lordship were put to a kind of pause, by a precious inequality of nature in this gentleman: so that they both stood silent awhile, like a dumb show in a tragedy, till Sir Philip, sensible of his own wrong, the foreign and factious spirits that attended, and yet, even in this question between him and his superior, tender to his country's honour, with some words of sharp accent, led the way abruptly out of the tennis-court, as if so unexpected an accident were not fit to be decided any further in that place. Whereof the greater lord, making another sense, continues his play without any advantage of reputation, as by the standard of humours in those times it was conceived. A day Sir Philip remains in suspense, when hearing nothing of, or from the lord, he sends a gentleman of worth to awake him out of his trance; wherein the French world assuredly think any pause, if not death, yet a lethargy of true honour in both. This stirred a resolution in his lordship to send Sir Philip a challenge. Notwithstanding, these thoughts in the great lord wandered so long between glory, anger, and inequality of state, that the lords of her Majesty's council took notice of the differences, commanded peace, and laboured a reconciliation between them. But needlessly in one respect, and bootlessly in another. The great lord being (as it should seem) either not hasty to adventure many inequalities! against one, or inwardly satisfied with the progress of his own acts; Sir Philip on the other side, confident he neither had nor would lose or let fall any thing of his right. Which her Majesty's council quickly perceiving, recommended this work to herself. The Queen, who saw that by the loss or disgrace of either she could gain nothing, presently undertakes Sir Philip, and like an excellent monarch lays before him the difference in degree between earls and gentlemen, the respect inferiors owe to their superiors, and the necessity in princes to maintain their own creations, as the degrees descending between the people's licentiousness and the anointed sovereignty of crowns; how the gentleman's neglect of the nobility taught the peasants to insult both. Whereunto Sir Philip, with such reverence as became him, replied, first, that place was never intended for privilege to wrong: witness herself, who, how sovereign soever she were by throne, birth, education, and nature, yet was she content to cast her own affections into the same mould her subjects did, and govern all her rights by their laws. Again he besought her majesty to consider, that although he (Oxford) were a great lord by birth, alliance and grace, yet he was no lord over him (Sir Philip,) and, therefore, the difference of degrees between freemen could not challenge any other homage than precedency. And by her father's act (to make a princely wisdom become the more familiar,) he did instance the Government of King Henry VIII., who gave the gentry free and unreserved appeal to his feet, against the oppression of the grandees;

and found it wisdom, by the stronger corporation in number, to keep down the greater in power; inferring else, that if they should smite, the overgrown might be tempted, by still coveting more, to fall, as the angels did, by affecting equality with their Maker.'—p. 20.

Her majesty was not offended, it is said, at the boldness of these remarks, but he did not choose to obey her commands, and retired to Wilton, where he wrote his Arcadia, on loose sheets of paper, mostly in presence of his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, who published it after his death, though it is reported that not long before he expired, he requested it to be committed to the flames,—a sentence it by no means deserved. This celebrated production, the "charm of ages," as Young calls it, was cast after the model of pastoral romance, intermingled with something of the heroic, exhibiting along with evident imitations, much that is original and worthy of the bright spring-tide of English literature, then just beginning to flow in copious currents. His friend, Lord Brooke, however, is of opinion that he by no means put forth the strength of his genius in the 'Arcadia,' which he thinks scarcely worthy of his high talents. "Those that knew him well," says his lordship, "will truly confess it to be, both in form and matter much inferior to that unbounded spirit of his, as the industry and images of other men's works are many times raised above the writer's capacities; and besides acknowledge, that however he could not choose but give them aspersions of spirit and learning from the father, yet that they were scribbled, rather as pamphlets for the entertainment of time and friends, than any account of himself to the world: because, if his purpose had been to leave his memory in books, I am confident, in the right use of logic, philosophy, history, and poesie, nay, even in the most ingenious of mechanical arts, he would have shewed such tracts of a searching and judicious spirit, as the professors of every faculty would have striven no less for him than the seven cities did to have Homer of their sept; but the truth is, his end was not writing, even while he wrote, nor his knowledge moulded for tables and schools,—but both his wit and understanding bent upon his heart, to make himself and others, not in words or opinion, but in life and action, good and great." This estimate of the 'Arcadia,' however, seems to us much below its merits, even though we do admit that its comic humour is deficient in piquancy, and that its poetry abounds with affectations, conceits, and extravagant experiments in hexameter versification, appearing, as Spenser says, "either like a lame gosling that draweth one leg after her, or like a lame dog that holdeth one leg up." A humourous writer of the same period,—the celebrated Tom Nash, gave a just description of such English hexameter, when he says, "I grant it to be a gentleman of an ancient house—so is many an English beggar—yet this clime of ours he cannot thrive in, our speech is too craggy for him to set his plough in,—he goes twisting and hopping, in our language, like a man running upon

quagmires;—up the hill in one syllable, and down the dale in another, retaining no part of that stately, smooth gait, with which he vaunts himself amongst the Greek and Latins." Had Southey appreciated the correctness of this humorous description, we think he would not have ventured to travel in the same path where so elegant a scholar as Sir Philip Sidney could not avoid stumbling.

'The Arcadia,' says Mr. Gray, in a fine passage, 'with all the imperfections which can be laid to its charge, is a rich mint of deep feeling and of varied excellence. It displays a fancy, it is true, which often run riot amid the diversity of its creations, and a taste that sometimes erred from the infinite seductions to which it was exposed. But the work invariably makes atonement by the stately eloquence of its descriptions, and by the delicious incense which it offered up to the cause of virtue and true heroism.'—p. 26.

Sometime after the period to which we have just alluded, Sir Philip appeared again in public, taking part with Sir Walter Raleigh, and others, in the splendid military spectacle, exhibited to the matrimonial envoys of the Duke of Anjou, who had renewed his suit to the queen. He also accompanied the Duke on his return to the continent by the special command of her majesty. On his re-arrival in England, he again betook himself to retirement and study, the fruits of which, says Mr. Gray, was his much celebrated 'Defence of Poesy,'—one of the noblest tributes ever offered to the allurements of the muse. 'It belongs,' continues Mr. Gray, 'to the small number of those happy creations which he alone could either have produced or devised, who has been touched and purified with the sacred fire of true genius. Originally designed as an answer to certain diatribes of the Puritans—a sect which was then springing rapidly into notice, and beginning to signalize itself by an austere and fierce aversion to all the elegant recreations of society and of mind—it remains an imperishable monument of the digested learning of its author, and of the engaging facility with which he could turn his talents to account.' It has been aptly described in his own words, as the 'sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge,' as the out-pouring and register of those 'high-erected thoughts' which are solely to be found seated in their purity 'in a heart of courtesy.' At the same time, it contains few of those mannerisms and studied affectations of his day, with which, it must be confessed, his larger work is often deformed. This is, on the contrary, a plain and practical treatise, seeking above all things to carry conviction by its illustrations and its arguments, and making fancy and ornament entirely subservient to the cause of persuasion and of truth. Yet the imaginative genius of the author, frequently bursts forth in all its splendour, and strews his didactic path with a galaxy of the most brilliant conceptions. He seems here to follow religiously the memorable advice with which his muse favoured him on another occasion—"look in thy heart and write." A more just and eloquent eulogy

could not, we think, he penned than the above fine passage of Mr. Gray.

The author of this memoir is no less felicitous in narrative than in criticism, as we shall presently exemplify. He gives a most interesting account of Sir Philip engaging in arrangements for undertaking a secret expedition of discovery, conjointly with Sir Francis Drake, and others; but the queen, receiving intelligence of his intentions, laid upon him a peremptory injunction not to leave the kingdom, under pain of her displeasure, promising him, at the same time, employment under his uncle, in the Low Countries. Now she certainly did owe him some distinguished appointment, if it be true, as it is reported, that she also prevented him from being elected king of Poland, for which he was put in nomination upon the death of Stephen Bathoni, and had good chance of success. She accordingly appointed him governor of Flushing, and promoted him to the rank of general of the horse, under his uncle, the Earl of Leicester. As the first of his exploits, he surprised the town of Axell by escalade, without the loss of a single man; but his brilliant career was now near a close, though he had yet only reached the age of thirty-two. The following is Mr. Gray's well-written narrative of the circumstances attending his death:

'On the twenty-scond of the succeeding September, a small detachment of the English, consisting of a little more than five hundred men, encountered a convoy of the enemy, amounting to three thousand troops, who were on their march to relieve Zutphens, a town in Guelderland, situated on the banks of the river Isrel. A fierce and obstinate engagement, under the very walls of this fortress, was the result. The English, notwithstanding their great disparity in point of numbers, were completely victorious; but they considered their triumph was dearly purchased by the death of Sir Philip Sidney, the most distinguished hero of that hard-fought field. Early in the battle he had a horse killed under him, and had mounted another; he had, with daring intrepidity, rescued Lord Willoughby from the most imminent peril, and gallantly charged his opponents three times in one skirmish, when he received a musket shot from the trenches, a little above his left knee, which "brake and rifted the bone, and so entered the thigh upwards, as the bullet could not be found before the body was opened." An eccentric feeling of emulation, caused by his having met the marshal of the camp only lightly armed, had induced Sir Philip to throw off his cuirasses before going into action, and thus to leave exposed the parts of his frame which they protected, and where the ball from which he suffered unhappily took effect.'

'While he was retiring from the place of combat, a circumstance occurred that strongly evinced the natural excellence of his disposition, and which the late president, West, made the subject of a celebrated historical painting. It is recorded, as follows, by the affectionate pen of Lord Brooke: "The horse he rode upon," he says, "was rather furiously choleric, than bravely proud, and so forced him to forsake the field, but not his back, as the noblest and fittest bier to carry a martial commander to his grave, in which his uncle, the general, was; and being thirsty with

excess of bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought him, but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along, who had eaten his last at the same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle; which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head, before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man with these words, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine."'

'The Earl of Leicester's grief, on account of the catastrophe which had befallen his nephew, was of the most passionate description. A letter of his to Sir Thomas Heneage, dated 23d of September, the day after the engagement, has been preserved and printed in the noble lord's memoirs, prefixed to the Sidney papers. In it he details the mode in which our author received his fatal injury, and then proceeds to declare, that this young man was his greatest comfort, next her majesty, of all the world; and, that if he could buy his life with all he had, to his shirt, he would give it. "How God will dispose of him," he continues, "I know not, but fear, I must needs, greatly the worst; the blow is in so dangerous a place, and so great, yet did I never hear of any man that did abide the dressing and setting his bones better than he did; and he was carried afterwards in my barge to Arnheim, and I hear this day, he is still of good heart, and comforteth all about him, as much as may be. God, of his mercy, grant him his life, which I cannot but doubt of greatly. I was abroad that time in the field, giving some order to supply that business, which did endure almost two hours in continual fight, and meeting Philip coming on horseback, not a little to my grief. But I would you had stood by to hear his most loyal speeches to her majesty, his constant mind to the cause, his loving care over me, and his most resolute determination for death, not a jot appalled by his blow, which is the most grievous that ever I saw, with such a bullet; riding so long, a mile and a half, upon his horse, ere he came to the camp; not ceasing to speak still of her majesty, being glad if his hurt and death might any way honour her; for her's he was whilst he lived, and God's he was sure to be if he died: prayed all men to think that the cause was as well her majesty's as the country's, and not to be discouraged, 'for you have seen such success as may encourage us all, and this my hurt is the ordinance of God, by the hap of war.' Well, I pray God, if it be his will, save me his life; even as well for her majesty's service sake, as for mine own comfort."'

'His lordship's affectionate entreaties to the throne of mercy were unavailing. It is supposed that the bullet from which Sidney suffered had been poisoned. After lingering sixteen days in severe and unceasing pain, which he endured with all the fortitude and resignation of a Christian, symptoms of mortification, the certain forerunner of death, at length appeared, and Sir Philip then prepared, with undiminished and cheerful serenity, for his approaching dissolution. Though he was himself the first to perceive the fatal indications, which the seat of his disease had begun to exhibit, he was able to amuse his sick-bed by composing an ode, unfortunately now lost, on the nature of his wound, which he caused to be sung to solemn music, as an entertainment that might soothe and divert his mind from his torments. Every thing was done for him that medical skill could suggest, or the solicitude of his friends, and the tenderness of his amiable wife, who had accompanied him into Zealand, could supply; but on the 16th day of October, his complaints reached their crisis,

and his gentle spirit took its flight to a world more worthy of its virtues. He breathed his last sigh in the arms of one whom he had long loved, his faithful secretary and bosom companion, Mr. William Temple.

'His address to his brother when he bade him a final adieu, is a noble out-pouring of the heart, and is characterized by those many amiable sentiments and qualities which had dignified his conduct through life, and endeared him to society wherever it had been his fortune to wander. "Love my memory," he said, "cherish my friends, their faith to me may assure you they are honest. But above all, govern your will and affections by the will and the word of your Creator; in me beholding the end of this world with all her vanities."

'Thus perished, in the very prime of his days, and the zenith of his hopes, the man who was above all others the idol of his times,—"the soldier's, scholar's, courtier's, eye, tongue, sword." He was in many respects at once the Marcellus and the Mecœnas of the English nation. He was the intimate friend and most liberal benefactor of Spenser; and that pre-eminent bard repaid his debt of gratitude, and affection, by composing a pathetic elegy, wherein he bewailed his patron, under Sidney's favourite and celebrated appellation of Astrophel. The two universities also, poured forth three volumes of learned lamentations, on account of the loss of him whom they considered as being their brightest ornament; and indeed, so far was the public regret on this occasion carried, that, for the first time in the case of a private individual, the whole kingdom went into mourning, and no gentleman of quality, during several months, ventured to appear in a light-coloured or gaudy dress, either in the resorts of business or of fashion. Certainly public affliction never did honour to a more amiable object, nor did the muses ever shed their tears over the hearse of one who was more fervently devoted to their service; for his whole life, as it has been beautifully remarked by Campbell, was poetry put into action.'—p. 58.

After so eloquent and just a tribute to the youthful hero, we require not to add a word in recommending Mr. Gray's delightful volume to all who cherish an admiration for the brightest name in the annals of English chivalry.

Art. VII.—*Die Deutsche Literatur* (*German Literature*) von Wolfgang Menzel, 2 vols. 12mo. Stuttgard. 1828.

After a moderate computation, the number of volumes annually printed in Germany, may be taken at ten millions. As every semi-annual catalogue introduces above a thousand German authors, we may assume, that there are living at the present period in Germany, fifty thousand persons, each of whom has written at least one book. So says our author. Need we therefore wonder at the number of works on literature, which are constantly appearing in Germany? for how is an individual to find his way through such a labyrinth of literature, without the aid of some kind Ariadne, who will lend him a clue to guide himself through its intricate mazes? It is true, that most of the literary guide-books are little more than

dry catalogues—not always *raisonnés*—for the geniuses are but few who could raise themselves to that mental height, from which alone a comprehensive view of such a dense mass of letters could be obtained, and an intelligible conception of its various phrases conveyed to the bewildered reader; and among these, many are either unwilling to engage in the labour consequent on such an undertaking, or are incapacitated by party spirit, personal hostilities, and other causes, for doing justice to so vast and important a subject. Histories of literature, such as those of Eichorn Bouterweck, and others, are of the utmost utility, although they inform us more of the quantity than of the quality, of literature; more of the titles of books, than of their contents; yet they save the scholar a world of trouble, by acquainting him with the works which are in existence; as the sources which at least offer him a chance of obtaining the information of which he may be in search. Indeed it is impossible, without the aid of their works, to comprehend such outlines as are presented to us in the present work. Mr. Menzel is a man of great information, considerable genius, and exhibits a freedom from scholastic prejudices, rarely to be met with. He is able and willing to render justice to almost every party in literature, ancient or modern, foreign or national; and for these reasons, perhaps, better capacitated for making a literary survey than many others, if his mind were not obscured by a notion of that grandeur and perfection of the middle ages, and an idea of mysticism, which on many occasions warp his judgment. He tells us, that true mysticism is the comprehension of the idea of God through the senses, the sentiment and the intellect; and that that idea was realized (although rudely) in the middle ages alone. That subsequently, sensuality (or as Coleridge more properly expresses it) sensuousness, obtained the superiority, and preserved it, till the intellect, at the Reformation, re-asserted its supremacy. From that period this faculty alone has been cultivated, almost to the total exclusion of the two others, except among the pietist sectarians of Protestantism, who exclusively cultivate the sentiment. Thus then, according to him, the elements of the great idea are now dispersed among the Catholics, with whom sensuousness is still predominant, the intellectual Protestants, and the sentimental sectarians; and their union, which he prophecies will sooner or later be effected, is with him the acme of perfection to which the human race may attain; superior to that of the middle ages, inasmuch as each of the three elements separately, will have received a more perfect cultivation. He conceives that Schelling, Steffens, Oken, and above all, Görres, have outrun their age, and have realized "the idea" in themselves, for which the world has yet to be matured. Indeed, Görres is with him the *beau-ideal* of all that is great and perfect in man: he is the greatest historian, the greatest philosopher, the greatest poet, of the age—yea, is a prophet! what more can be wished? There are so few individuals who do even *pretend* to under-

stand the rhapsodies of M. Görres, that we need not blush in confessing that we are not one of those happy few; and as he confessedly writes for ages to come, we must in the mean time be content to award the palm of greatness to those writers who are understood by our own.

We sincerely regret this partiality, and to make use of a Germanism, this *onesidedness*, in a man whose generally sound judgment, knowledge of the world, moral strength, and constitutional fearlessness, evidently fitted him to exercise a paramount influence on German literature, and clear it of many excrescences by which it is disfigured. The clearness, for example, with which he points out the defectiveness of several branches of the literature of his nation, the earnestness with which he reprobates the unworthy scurrility displayed in the literary and scientific feuds of his countrymen, and stigmatizes the dishonesty, levity, and partiality, often practised in their *Reviews*; and, above all, the virtuous indignation with which he lashes the ricketty sentimentality and base sensuality of the age, and points out the great share taken by Göthe, in favouring and encouraging this general worthlessness, have raised for him an imperishable monument in every honourable breast. For these acts, we are inclined to pardon his admiration of Görres, and to mitigate our indignation at his unworthy treatment of Voss,—the more unworthy, as it was evidently directed from party hate.

The divisions of the work are as follows:—1. The mass of literature; 2. Nationality; 3. Influence of scholasticism; 4. Influence of foreign literature; 5. Book-trade; 6. Religion; 7. Philosophy; 8. History; 9. Politics; 10. Education; 11. Natural studies; 12. Art; 13. Criticism.

It is evident, from this simple enumeration, that Mr. Menzel is not a mere compiler, or a narrow-minded critic, who views the literature of a nation as a collector would view a plant, merely in itself, and without any reference to the rest of the creation. On the contrary, he considers literature as a part of life itself, almost as its highest emanation, or sublimation, but still connected with, and often subordinate to it. Indeed, who can pretend to comprehend the literature of any people, without having studied the history, the religion, the philosophy, nay, even the trade of the nation? They are all closely connected with each other, and one can only be explained through the other. Can it, for instance, be denied, that the temporary success of many of our late fashionable novels, has been owing to the activity of a bookseller, and to the influence of newspaper paragraphs? So again, those who write among us, or even among the French, must endeavour either to amuse us, or to teach us something useful; or, at least, immediately tangible, because both ourselves and our Gallic neighbours are practical nations. We have manufactures and commercial activity, while the Germans, almost entirely shut out from maritime commerce, with an inland trade, crippled by innumerable custom-house limits

and vexatious laws, split into small communities, without great interests to contend for, or public institutions to call for a practical activity of the mind, are inclined to lose themselves in the fields of theory and speculation, and to give way to a sentimentality by which they may beguile their hours of comparative idleness, and of dull monotonous existence. It is this want of outward expansion, and of life on an extensive scale, which has driven the Germans to turn their mental activity upon themselves, and their own minds; which has forced almost all their men of genius,—who in England and France display their greatness in the senate, in the cabinet, and in the various fields of commercial and mechanical industry,—into the retirement of the closet, and to the stage of authorship. Hence, no doubt, in a great measure, the immense quantity of lyric poetry, the endless variety of theories of the mind, and of the universe, which have issued from the German press; the small number of good German dramas and novels, and the want of truth and keeping, in the great mass of such of their productions; the general heaviness of their prose style; the obscure involution of sentences, but also the depth and freshness of feeling; the boldness and sublimity of conception; in short, all the good and bad qualities of German literature.

We have mentioned before, that our author is a great admirer of the middle-ages. Overpowered by the grandeur of the architectural productions of that period, and captivated by the depth of religious sentiment, the strength and mildness which pervade both the history and poetry of that period, he views it as through a poetical mist, and mounting a sort of fantastical pegasus, he often soars beyond the limits even of history, and speaks of facts which are no where to be met with but in his own imagination, and that of the members of his own school. Nevertheless, whenever he lights again upon our present world, he is generally just, and his views of modern literature are in most cases correct. Comparing the most ancient religious poetry of cosmogonies and mythologies with architecture; the classical poetry of the Greeks and Romans with sculpture; the lyric poetry with the Germanic nations, previous to the best times of the middle-ages, with music; and that of the romantic middle ages with painting; he justly names modern poetry theatrical.

'We enter into poetry,' he observes, 'as we enter a play-house, to deceive and amuse ourselves in a pleasant manner. Poetry no longer is connected with life, and its highest blossom, but stands opposed to it, like dreaming to the state of waking. It is no longer a thing of necessity, of an involuntary growth, no longer an out-pouring of the holy spirit, which comes from within, or the creation of a natural and irresistible impulse. But it has become a talent which is used at pleasure, and a mere play-thing for our amusement. It no longer springs up, it is made; it *is* not, it only *seems*; it no longer has faith in itself, it only wants to deceive. . . . . The poet no longer creates after a dark impulse. He sits

down and reflects on what he is to do, and how he is to do it to amuse his readers. The same talent which formerly appeared of itself, as soon as the poet felt himself inspired, now timidly obeys the understanding. Formerly, poets had no object in view, they uttered their sentiments, as the fountain springs from the rock, as the bird warbles his songs. They were greater than others, as mountains overtop hills. But now, their object being to amuse, they strive for effect; and no longer obeying the inner impulse alone, they labour for glory, and walk on stilts, in order to rise one above the other.'

From this sweeping, but just, censure, he exempts the greater poets, whom he admits to possess and to obey that genius which alone is capable of producing great works.

'*Universality*,' he continues, 'is the characteristic of this age. We are all in all. We transport ourselves into all times and countries; we imitate every thing. The images of the remotest world, of the strongest nature, are daily mixed among the images of the present. We travel in one day through all zones, through all ages, and our chamber becomes the cave of Mythra, against which the world and the heavens are reflected. The older poets never went beyond their national sphere; Shakspeare, it is true, pictured the whole world in his numerous compositions, but it always bore the stamp of his own nation, and of his individual character. But our modern poets adopt with their foreign objects also foreign views; they not only create for themselves Greece in the northern forests, but also a Greek manner of thinking in their northern minds. The same German fidelity with which our old painters copied nature, distinguishes our poets when they paint what is distant in time or space. If their desire drives them to ancient Hellas, they wish to be entirely Greeks, so as to be able to stand before Plato, and not to be laughed at by Aristophanes. If they are attracted by the middle ages, not a strap on the harness, or a cross by the road side remains unnoticed. No people can so readily enter into the spirit of another, as the German. Our poets carry on a kind of devotion with this change of parts. It is a new polytheism: we make every thing an object of poetical adoration, and completely resemble the old heathens, who in their tolerance adopted every divinity as their own, as soon as it had passed their boundaries.

'No conquest was ever greater than that which is undertaken by our present poets. They search every nook of nature and history, and embody their spoils in the immense realm of fancy, of which literature traces innumerable charts. But in this universal direction, poetry only obeys the understanding, by which it has been preceded. Modern poetry is intimately connected with modern science. It receives its character from it, as the poetry of the middle-ages was characterized by religion. At that time it was the sentiment which prevailed; now it is the understanding. Fancy, ever incapable of becoming independent, followed then chiefly the impulse of sentiment, while now it chiefly follows that of the intellect. Then it turned dispositions and feelings into images and words; now it does the same with ideas and thoughts. The sentiment turns more within; by a mysterious sympathy, it draws the world inwardly; but the intellect turns more outwardly, and thoughts become wings, which carry man through every age and every clime. Formerly, all light was concen-

trated into one full glowing sun; now it is scattered abroad in innumerable scintillations, to penetrate and people the realms of infinity.'

Still, with all this striving after universality, we find a great diversity in poets. They differ in the choice of their objects, in the forms they adopt, but above all, in the spirit in which they view the world. But here again is such a mixture, as to render it difficult to form them into classes. The mass and variety of knowledge which men accumulate in their minds, become so identified with their nature, that they find it almost impossible to produce any thing of one cast. However a poet, for instance, may strive to be natural, the reminiscences of his philological studies, biblical, classical, and romantic, will crowd upon his mind, with forms, and images, and thoughts belonging to other ages and climates; while the writer who affects the Hebrew, the Roman, the Greek, or the Troubadour of the middle-ages, can never entirely divest himself of the character, feelings, and, above all, the philosophy of our time. We must, therefore, distinguish poets, or rather poems—as many poets have assumed different characters by turns —according to the more or less of any particular age or form which they present; and thus we see, in the first instance, two great divisions; that of learned poems, in which learned allusions are so prevalent, as to render them unintelligible to the mass of the public; and that of the natural poets, who, both in substance and manner, chiefly keep to the present time.

Ever since the decay of the Minnesong of the middle-ages, German poetry has partaken of these characteristics. Even the stiff rhymes of the Minnersingers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are more or less tinctured with allegories, borrowed from ancient mythology, which must have been unintelligible to the vulgar. After the thirty years' war, the taste for antique poetry became universally prevalent. All poetical recollections of the past, had perished among the German people, in the calamitous struggles which had so long distracted it; the Germans had ceased to be a nation; and the country, broken up into innumerable petty sovereignties, and moreover, divided into several religious confessions, allowed no scope for a national or poetical spirit. The scholar, therefore, looked abroad, and thenceforward placed his highest glory in the successful imitation of foreign models. The study of the ancients naturally led to the cultivation of the muses. But these muses did not arrive direct from Pindus and Parnassus; they had taken their way through France and Holland; and thence Opitz and his *Silesian school*, introduced them into Germany, with the flowing wigs, hoops, and fiddles, with which they had been endowed in those countries. It was a courtly kind of poetry, and therefore chiefly confined to courts. Nevertheless, it kept its ground, with very little modification; brought about by the infusion of the manners, or rather the mannerisms, of the Italian and Spanish schools of the period, and by the influences of Parisian

fashion, till about the middle of the eighteenth century. Klopstock then introduced the pure Greek, and the former cool Gallomania was succeeded by an ardent Græcomania, which received a little variety from the Bardism, of which Klopstock was also the Coripheus. We must, in some measure, regret that a man of his great mind should have so much insisted on the mere imitation of foreign forms; yet it had the effect of imparting greater flexibility and a higher dignity to the language, which was still more improved by the subsequent labours of Voss, in his translation of Homer, and other ancient writers. Klopstock also infused a higher spirit into German poetry: on the one hand he sang the mysteries of religion, and on the other, he recalled the great recollections of the nation; and the two ideas of religion and country, became the vivifying principles of modern German poetry.

It is thus that Mr. Menzel reviews the history of German literature; passing entirely over those authors who have had no influence on its general progress, he dwells more fully upon those who have effected it, whether for good or evil, connecting them at the same time with the great inner or outward causes that may have stimulated their minds, and made them follow the directions they have severally taken. We cannot pursue him through the whole of his small, but important work. But we cannot quit this part of our subject, without saying something on the romantic writers of Germany, and the great influence ascribed by Mr. Menzel to the "Great Magician of the North," on modern literature.

The general character of the romantic, is described by Mr. M. as consisting 'of something *wonderful* and mysterious, opposed both to the clear intelligibleness of the ancient poetry and to the modern. This wonderfulness is of a religious origin. It is based on the *belief* in the supernatural, supersensual, and is therefore intimately connected with Christianity. Ancient poetry drew even the wonderful in religion within the sphere of the natural; the romantic poetry made something wonderful and religious even of the natural.'

He then observes, that there has been a fivefold development of the romantic taste in modern time. The first seeks the wonderful in the *event*, in the effects of obscure romantic powers on the fortunes of men. Man merely appears in it as the puppet of a superior power, which on its part is nothing but a *deus ex machina*. Mr. M. calls this the coarsest kind of the romantic; it arose after the Reformation, when the religious wonder had vanished from life, and had become profane, and was introduced into magic operas, fairy tales, romances of chivalry, &c. To these were subsequently added ghost stories, Werner's phantastic poems, Hoffman's *diableries*, and the fate-tragedies of Müllner and others.

The second is of a somewhat later date. It seeks the wonderful in man, in great characters, whom the strength of the inner wonder of sentiment raises gigantically above the reality of our species.

The third, he considers to be the poetical view of the universe, such as was attempted by Jacob Behmen, and in modern times by Shelling, and his disciples—principally by Görres, Steffens, and Novalis.

The fourth, he calls the Catholic poetry, or the re-production of the poetry of the middle-ages, at the head of which stands Tieck. Confining its views to the perception of an age long gone by, and although less ancient, seeming more foreign to us than the classic antiquity of Rome and Greece, it is, as Mr. M. confesses, limited to a very small circle of elect.

The fifth seeks the wonderful in the character of nations—it is the historical romance.

We have already mentioned the kind of compositions which Mr. M. ranks under the first class of romantic, and who are the authors that have chiefly distinguished themselves in it. At the head of those of the second, he places Schiller.

'The greatest among poetical idealists was Schiller. He, like Göthe, carried back the ideal to nature, but, at the same time, he elevated nature to the ideal. His heroes were, in the romantic sense, entirely that which the gods in Greek sculpture were in the antique sense,—godlike men, human gods.'

As writers of the same school, although at an immense distance from their prototype, may be mentioned Körner, Raupach, Collin, Klingemann, and Oehenschläger.

Among the poems of the universe, he mentions Göthe's Faust, as being one of the first. The characteristic he gives both of the poem and of its celebrated author, is so striking, that we cannot resist the temptation to translate it.

'We always find Göthe intimately identified with nature. All his poems are triumphs which nature celebrates over the liberty of man. It is true, that he always seeks and finds men in nature, but it is man *only* in nature, in the indissoluble fetters of the spirit of the elements. The bold liberty by which man raises himself to God, seemed to him criminality and foolishness. In the supernatural elevation of man, he saw only an unnatural aberration, nay a degradation. To adapt closely every thing human to all the folds of nature, has been the great idea of his life and activity. As he himself, deeply rooted with every nerve and vein in earthly existence, penetrated nature to its inmost recesses, and enjoyed it in all its fulness, he has made himself the type of humanity, and therefore drawn it entirely within the bounds of nature. But well knowing the contrast between the ideal and nature, he has described this ideal as the deceiving phantasmagoria of human arrogance, and absolutely condemned the seeking after it, as an unnatural effort, only leading unto death. It is in this sense he has composed his Faust, his greatest poem, as it embraces the greatest object, and shews the peculiarity of the poet in a strong contrast with others. On account of this very contrast, the poem is entirely of a negative kind, a parody on all efforts of human liberty, since the beginning of the world, the greatest and best satire which has ever been made against man. One is tempted to think that the spirit of the earth

has composed this poem for his amusement, and in scorn of man, who strives after the things unseen.'

His observations on the fourth class, especially on the old northern traditions, and on the labours of Tieck, Uhland, de la Motte Fouqué, are very interesting. But we pass on to the fifth. It is Herder who, in Germany, first called public attention to the poetical depth in the life of nations. The whole of the literary life of this great man, was directed to the promotion of humanity in its highest and noblest sense. His *ideas towards a philosophy of the history of mankind*,* are more an outline of an universal poem than a philosophical essay; and all his other works are so many fragments to complete that great composition. 'Herder,' says our author, 'was a man in the purest sense of the word; he was a citizen, a philosopher, and a poet;' and Jean Paul Richter, in his own quaint manner, says of him: "He was rather a poem than a poet." He saw in the whole phenomenon of life a perpetual development and evolution, a tendency towards perfection; individuals and nations were, in his view, the mere matter; and all scenes of life, and all institutions, the forms in which these evolutions were realized. Nationality appeared to his eye as the cradle of a still higher perfection, and, therefore, worthy of the most serious study, and capable of a highly poetical delineation. In this point of view, he selected the most beautiful and most expressive national songs from different regions, and different ages, and presented them under the significant name of "Voices of Nations."† Such powerful hints (for as such they must be regarded,) could not be thrown away on a people like the Germans: every country, every age, was now ransacked for their treasures of characteristic poetry; the productions of the middle ages were drawn forth from their long slumber, and every new work of literature, which appeared from that time forward, bore testimony of the vivifying influence which was produced by the accumulation of this mass of poetical stores. 'Sir Walter Scott,' says Mr. Menzel, has the merit of having founded a new species of poetry in the historical romance, although he has not brought it to the highest perfection. There were, indeed, historical romances, before him, but their tendency was very different. History was in them a mere vehicle for philosophical or moral ideas; history was made use of as a medium or back ground for the presentation of ideal characters, groups of heroes and families. Romance assumed an historic garb; but no one had observed that history itself is a romance. There were historical romances, as there were romances of private, rural, and family life; but there was no romantic history. The hero of the romance was a historical person, and might

* 'Ideen zur Philosophie Geschichte der Menschheit; 2 vols. 8vo. but lately translated into French.

† 'Stimmen der Völker.'

as well have been an ideal one, as the object only was to present an ideal through him. Wonderful events of the real world were described, but only because they offered an opportunity for a moral lesson. History was made to serve higher purposes; and not treated by the poet independently, and purely for its own sake, it was searched for materials which were animated by a foreign spirit, and not its own. The painting of history was in the manner of the Italian school, and only idealized. History lay spread like a large wild garden before the poets; but they only sought for the fair flowers of innocence and virtue, the salutary herbs of moral instruction, or the gigantic trees of great characters. It was reserved to a landscape-painter, to enter it innocently and artlessly, and take a delight in all which the great wilderness produced,—and this was Sir Walter. He was the first who turned his sentimental eye from the principal groups of history to its more insignificant recesses, seeing nothing in particular, but taking all as he found it, and lo! it was poetical . . . . . .

'In the drama, history has been used merely as a means of trying human strength, and as a foil of the ideal. In the epic, a divine Providence is assumed to stand above history, and the prose of reality is refreshed and animated by miracles from above. There man stood by himself out of history and opposed to it; and here the divinity produced history by outward agencies, and treated it as a dead matter. But very different from these is the historical romance, as treated by Sir Walter Scott. Here man is only a product of history, a blossom grown out of its centre, nourished by its juices and supported by its secret strength. Yet the divinity is not separated from the spirit of nature, which silently rules in history; it soars not above life, but is life itself; does no wonders from above distinct from the common life below, but operates them all within, and all which it does, or nothing, is a wonder.'

Mr. M. calls this modern species of poetry, inasmuch as it extends itself over the whole life of nations, a kind of pantheism; and inasmuch as its organs, instead of being single heroes or groups, are taken from the mass of the people, often from its very dregs, it appears democratic. 'Thence it is that the heroes of the romances in the manner of Sir Walter Scott, are never ideals, but plain men, representatives of a whole species, and in as far as such a hero seems to be predominant through a whole romance, he only serves as a thread on which the pictures of countries, people, and manners, are strung.'

'Man,' he continues, 'was always the theme of poetry, and also the modern poetry of romance cannot renounce it; but it embraces man more in the species, whilst before it was more the individual which was characterized. Its hero, therefore, is no longer the individual man, but the people. But by this circumstance it is closely tied to nature and real history, for the species unalterably follows the silent course of nature, while the individual only may bear himself away from it, and strive after an ideal. Of the individual, a poet may make what he pleases, but he

must take a people as it is. His only resource is to see the poetry which lies in the reality, not to create it arbitrarily.'

'One more extract on this great topic, and we shall proceed to another.

'No one can doubt that the direction of the present age is essentially practical and political. This must necessarily influence poetry, and who can mistake it in the historical romance? It is an error to suppose that the practical direction of the age is diametrically opposed to poetry; it only hurries poetry along with itself as it does all other things. Although we can no longer continue in this active political age the old poetical diversions with the same leisure and delight as before, we find others which are more befitting our own time. When every thing around us was quiet and peaceable, we could, as it were, lead a family life with our poetry. Now it is different. As we ourselves have been hurried out of the bosom of our families and of peace, on the great political stage, poetry also has enlarged its sphere. The tender couple, which till now was the pivot of almost all poetry, has grown up into a nation. Our poetical heroes have been swallowed up by the people, like those of real life. If all the great men of the age, even the greatest of them, have sunk under the national giants that are rising from their slumber, how could poetry avoid bending to this spirit of nations? We have seen with our own eyes this spirit striding over the stage of the world, revolutions, migrations of nations, wonderful changes, astounding deeds and sufferings, have passed in our presence: how little, then, must appear to us all that we have dreamt and fancied, in our former narrow family circle! If, then, poetry is not to hide itself with disgrace, it must emulate history, and do homage to the spirit of the age; it must embrace the historical element, as, in the last century, it took up the philosophical. So, then, the historical romance is the genuine offspring of the age.'

There are many other branches of German literature, in which we should like to enter; but there is one which has a paramount interest with us, and of which we wish to give as plain an outline as the narrow limits of our space will permit. It is a branch of intellectual emanation, which at the same time forms the strength and the weakness of German literature: a branch often spoken of in this country, often sneered at, and rarely understood—need we say it? we mean German philosophy!

'We live in an age of science,' says Mr. M. 'For the last three centuries intellect has borne the sway. At the Reformation, it emancipated itself, and in the philosophy of the eighteenth century it established its throne. If a people once begin to think, it will begin to seek the laws of thought; if its curiosity is collecting a great variety of facts, it will wish to know its causes; if it has cultivated different sciences, it will try to find their inner connection. Reflection, whatever be the object it first embraces, will ever lead to philosophy. Whatever belongs to the sphere of science is tied to a radius, and leads to the centre. This is the course the intellect must necessarily take in its progress. But, although the thinker sees no other term to his labours but a perfect philosophy; although he can have no other object but a perfect knowledge of all things, to reach,

as it were, the intellect of the divinity itself, it is, nevertheless, true, that the attainment of this perfection, of this height of intellect is impossible, and the contradiction is not only in our manner of philosophizing, but in the act itself;—indeed, the effort alone must be our aim. There are many philosophies, because there is no philosophy, *i. e.* one that is absolute, and all philosophies are only methods of seeking truth, being limited, not by the object itself, but by the path leading to that object.'

From a man entertaining tolerant notions like these, justice towards all sects may be expected; and although we find him partial to the sect of the mystic philosophers, he is so without disguise, and with sufficient confidence in its superiority to allow him to give a fair statement of the doctrines of the other sects, past and present. We shall therefore follow him with the greater confidence, as we believe his statements to be correct.

The scholastic philosophy of the middle ages, and of the Catholic world, till the time of the Reformation, was pretty nearly the same in every country. The first attempts at a change in Germany, were made on the Aristotelian principle, that there was an inward consistency, a mathematical necessity of truth, besides the truth revealed through the church. But the questions remained theological, and philosophy continued in the hands of the clergy. The great discoveries in geography, astronomy, and physics, made during the fifteenth century, gave it a new direction. Efforts were now made to unite the principle of mental life with that of nature; the natural powers of astronomy and chemistry, were mystically identified with the powers of the human soul; the object of all research was the philosopher's stone, which was to furnish the key to the great mystery of life. Theophrastus Paracelsus examined natural history, and subsequently, Jacob Behmen, psychology in this point of view. Mr. M. affirms, that sufficient justice has not been rendered to these two individuals, who, he thinks only wanted the practical experience which has been accumulated since their time, to have been very great men. In the same light he views Spinoza, whose system of pantheism, as it is well known, has found of late years great favour in Germany. He admits, however, that astrology, alchymy, and chiromancy, with other superstitions, were too prevalent at that period to prevent absurdities, even in the works of the greatest men, and that consequently their natural philosophy necessarily fell into disrepute. They, however, prepared the way to empirical research, which although it was continued unphilosophically, provided materials for modern philosophy to work upon.

In proportion, however, as physics were separated from philosophy, mathematics were closely united with it. Nothing could be more suitable to the cold understanding which, in the time of Leibnitz, Wolf, and Baumgarten, bore so absolute a sway. All feeling, all sentiment was denied, and nothing allowed to be true which could not be demonstrated as clearly as any problem of

Euclid. This philosophy was very favourable to the cultivation of logic, which science was again applied to morals, which were then the peculiar province of the Protestant clergy. But, generally speaking, they founded them on the Holy Scriptures, while the more critical theologians and the philosophers based all moral obligation on dry mathematical deductions.

By degrees, the influence of art, called forth questions on the beautiful and sublime, which in Germany are comprised under the word æsthetics; music was brought to its highest degree of perfection, sentimentality gained ground both in poetry and religion; produced all circumstances which called for a closer investigation of the feelings, and which necessarily drove the dry mathematical philosophy of the seventeenth century from the field. Mendelssohn, Reimarus, Platner, Abt, Sulzer and others, collected every experience of psychology, and advanced a variety of systems respecting the operations of the soul, which ultimately enabled Kant to build up his own system, which has formed so great an epoch in German philosophy.

'Kant,' says our author, 'as great through his mind as through his high position on the pyramidal elevation of all former philosophers, became the founder of that great epoch of German philosophy, from which the last century is dignified by the appellation of the philosophical. Kant builds his philosophy on the nature of man. He examined the human organs by which he receives his perceptions; and showed that we can not inquire what the world *is*, but only in what manner we *perceive it*. His philosophy was criticism of pure reason.'

Kant met with much opposition: many, alarmed by his new terminology, asserted that he had done nothing more than give new names to well known philosophical positions; while others again opposed his doctrines of æsthetics and morals, or even attacked the basis of his philosophy. The latter was particularly the case with some of those who had been at first his most ardent disciples. The position, that all our knowledge must ever be relative, seemed too great a tie to those ardent minds, who, notwithstanding the experience of ages, cannot persuade themselves that absolute knowledge is unattainable by man. Kant, in demonstrating that all our conceptions of the world are subjective, or *in the soul*, did not, like Berkley, deny the existence of the objects themselves. All we know of them, he says, is the sensations they produce in us; they are the primary cause of these sensations, but what they are besides, we shall never learn, unless we obtain the faculty of transporting ourselves out of our being. Therefore, those who sought for absolute knowledge, separated themselves. Some went absolutely to deny the existence of any thing out of the soul, while others made the conceptions of the soul dependent on the essence of the outward object; whlle others, again, assumed an absolute identity between soul and matter, the perception and the object perceived. Kant viewed all the organs of the human soul as the emanation of

one great capacity, and rendered equal justice to all; while others have each taken up some separate organ for their peculiar study and development. One took more interest in nature, another in morals, a third in logic, on each of which he built his separate system.

'The most important result of these party views,' says Mr. M. 'is the consistency which Kant has brought into them. All philosophies are connected with his, as either springing from, or being opposed to it. All which divides the parties, is founded on the contrasts of conditional and absolute knowledge, the subjective consciousness, and the objective world, and again, on those of the individual organs of consciousness, and the corresponding series in the objective world.'

There are, however, many who, having remained faithful to the principles of Kant, have continued, and continue still, to investigate and criticise the mental faculties and their perceptions; and while others dogmatically explain what the world is, they modestly continue to inquire, how do we perceive the world? On which our author beautifully observes, 'No doubt both tend to promote science. Absolutism is an eternal evolution of the mental faculties, through genius; criticism insures their harmony. When the critics demonstrate to what limit the human mind may penetrate; it is well that the absolutists do penetrate to it. Although every philosopher should be obliged at the end of his career to exclaim; with Socrates, that it is the greatest wisdom to know that we know nothing! no one will become a philosopher who believes in this axiom.'

The greatest of those who, rejecting the relation between the soul and matter, and who reduced the whole of philosophy to the absolutism of the mind, was Fichte. His system was a triumph of the intellect too flattering to human vanity not to have had many enthusiastic adherents. It required, however, no uncommon skill of logic, to defend such an extravagant position as this for any length of time; nor has there ever been a philosopher who displayed greater powers of the intellect, and a more gigantic strength of will, than Fichte. Mr. M. justly calls him 'a brave spirit.' His whole sysem tended to establish an absolute morality, springing from the omnipotence of the will, independent of every external motive, even that of religion.

It was, however, impossible to keep long in this extreme of idealism. It had been favoured by the spirit of abstract reasoning, so prevalent in Europe during the age of the French encyclopædists. But this age was succeeded by that of natural inquiry. The discoveries made in the organization of matter, again revived the doctrine of a spiritual principle of pantheism in nature, and the absolute dominion of the understanding lost its sway. Besides the enthusiasm for art and beauty, which, encouraged by the writings of Winkelmann, Göthe, Schiller and others, began to predominate about the same time, awakened the gentler feelings, and added still farther to the love of nature and its more intimate study.

Schelling again took up the relation between subject and object, and raised them to absolute identity. Having, in the first instance, to contend against the rationalism of Fichte, he exerted himself to demonstrate the organism in nature, and vindicate its spirituality, which made him appear to many as a mere natural philosopher. Schelling's doctrine, however, seems to be founded on a dualistic identity of matter and spirit, both appearing to him mere emanations or phenomena of the divinity. He therefore shows no predilection for either spirit or nature, but reviews them in a parallel course, and binds them up into one general mass. In both spirit and matter, he sees but the agency of two principles: that of organization, and that of destruction; and through these he endeavours to demonstrate the great enigma of the world.

Schelling's school, again, has been split into two parts, according to its elements. Oken, the greatest naturalist Germany perhaps ever produced, places the identity of spirit and nature in the spiritual character of nature, while Hegel considers nature as a mere reflection of the material character of the spirit.

Schelling and the whole of his school are mystic, that is to say, they endeavour to abstract the divine idea, not by the strict arguments of logic, but by a mysterious combination of spirit and matter, as they may reflect themselves in a poetical mind, but as they can never be demonstrated. Indeed, their style is more apodictical than argumentative; they present their feelings as absolute truths; and the poetical obscurity, or dazzling rhetoric of their diction; and still more, the vast knowledge of nature they generally display, have procured them a very extensive influence.

Kant, by his deep investigations; his close analysis, coupled with the utmost urbanity and tolerance, made an impression on science and literature never to be effaced. By the impulse he gave, the sciences were studied more systematically, and with greater application; criticism of every kind became more enlightened and elevated; and the psychological studies, to which his anthropological system gave rise, gave to that host of sentimental novels, pastorals, domestic plays, satires, &c.—which were first called into existence through the imitation of French and English works of the same class—that turn of originality, which, in both their faults and excellencies, gives them a national character.

Fichte stood too high; his system was too absurd to be extensively felt in its effects. It is true, that the dream of moral regeneration, which, proceeding from France, then agitated all the enthusiasts in the civilized world, induced many historians, politicians, and instructors, to embrace the sublime doctrine of this philosopher. But it *was* but a dream, from which most of them were roused by the horrid effects of the French revolution. Schiller, and as far as we are able to understand him, Novalis (Hardenberg) seem to have been the only poets of distinction who followed Fichte.

'Both,' (Fichte and Schiller) says Mr. Menzel, 'dived into their proud hearts, and challenged the human will to the combat with the sensuality and weakness of the age; both contended chivalrously for freedom, honour, and virtue, and both have sunk early in the stream against which they struggled.'

But Schelling's philosophy, corresponding so fully with the misty darkness of the modern romantic school, has found many adherents among the poets of this class,—such as Tieck, the two Schlegels (especially the late Frederic), Arnim, and Brentano. As regards natural philosophy, there is a contest between the experimentalists and mere collectors of facts, and the philosophers. The former are content to arrange and analyse all natural productions, as far as they are perceptible to the human senses; while the philosophers endeavour to penetrate to the essense of substances, and find out the general cause of all phenomena, the centre from which they justly suppose all natural appearances to diverge. The effort is praiseworthy, as it is at least a noble exercise of the mind; besides, it will, like the seeking of the philosopher's stone, undoubtedly lead to discoveries at which our merely practical men would never arrive. And although it should not—if in our own bustling and practical country, we have neither the inclination nor the leisure to enter into vague speculations—let us, at least, not scoff at men, who, whether from living under different circumstances, or from a natural bent of their minds, employ their mental faculties in such high and disinterested pursuits. Our men of science know that the Germans have not been idle in the accumulation of facts; but, as Mr. M. observes, 'Germany will never be a mere lumber-room for all sorts of knowledge.'

ART. VIII.—*Missionary Journal of the Rev. J. Wolff, Missionary to the Jews.* Vol. III. London: Duncan. 1829.

THERE is a touch of chivalry in the character of the missionary Wolff, which interests, in spite of themselves, even those who are opposed to his style of preaching. He enters upon a mission like a knight of old, dashing proudly into the midst of a tournament, ready to break a spear with all comers; one only idea engrossing his thoughts, one only hope animating his heart. He turns not to the right nor to the left; he allows no mingling of other thoughts, no interruption of the *oneness* of that hallowed purpose which is the beginning and the end of his labours, even by such considerations of policy and prudence, as might eventually promote its success. He laughs at any thought of utility, which is not a direct utility; he despises, we believe, St. Paul himself for working occasionally at his trade of tent-making, instead of labouring, in season and out of season, at his apostolical vocation. On the occasion of a miserable luke-warm creature, who was neither hot nor cold in the

cause, telling him that a missionary ought to learn a little medicine, for the purpose of enabling him to gain a livelihood, he quotes the saying of Schiller, respecting science:—"To some she is the sublime and heavenly goddess; to others, a fat cow, who procures butter for them." Religion, adds he, is to pater Isaiah nothing else than a milch-cow.

The abruptness of his speech, and the paucity of the words in which he conveys a gigantic meaning, are in excellent keeping with the rapidity of his movements—the natural mercurialism of his constitution.

> "Tramp, tramp, across the land he speeds,
> Splash, splash across the sea"—

appearing like a spirit in the path of the infidel, to "shew his eyes, and grieve his heart," for a single moment; carrying the news of the gospel like a highland clansman transmitting at full speed the fiery cross which is to gather the mountaineers to the rendezvous of war. "Who is Jesus?" asks the astonished Jew. "Jesus is the Christ," replies the missionary. "And what do you say to our Talmud?"—"Your Talmud is an infernal lie." "For what purpose do you come? to tell us of the building up again of the temple, of the gathering together of the remnant of Israel?"—"No." "To intercede for us with our taskmasters—to disarm them of their rod of iron, and their rod of scorpions—to deliver us out of the land of Egypt, and out of the house of bondage?"—"No, no, no." "To teach us, then, the moral virtues, which will enable us to endure our sufferings, and deserve redemption from them?—"Nothing of the sort. I come to preach Christ, and Him crucified!" His preaching of Christ, however, is simply a declaring of the gospel; as he leaves to God himself the task of proving its authenticity. His sermon to the wretched Jews of Borrasgoon, was about as much adapted to his purpose, considering his audience, as if it had been preached in Welsh.

'*W.* Jesus of Nazareth, of the descendants of David, according to the prediction of the Scriptures, and the Son of God, according to the prediction of the Scriptures, whom our ancestors have slain; He is the only one, who is able to send redemption to Israel; He is the Messiah, the long expected Messiah, who will put on your head a crown of glory; and He designs you to become a kingdom of priests, a kingdom of true believers; and then you shall live in peace with your adversaries, who will see and understand, that they have to learn the will of the Lord from the children of Zion, and the word of the Lord from the children of Jerusalem. There will be no crying among you, and your tears shall be wiped away; and then you shall see that Jesus Christ, who was in former times despised and rejected of our brethren—despised and rejected of Israel, whose brother He was. He will be the King of Kings, and the Lord of Lords. He will say to you, "My people!" and ye shall say to Him, "My God!"'—p. 23.

It would be gross injustice, however, not to acknowledge that

occasionally he displays much readiness and acuteness of mind, and every willingness to produce his reasons for the faith that is in him. At Shiraz, his argument with the Mohammedans was managed with temper and skill.

'"*W.* Who is, in your opinion, a true prophet—he, who persuades men of the truth of the doctrine he proclaims by the force of the sword, or he, who does it by persuading the mind?"

'"*M. A. A.* One general takes a city by persuading the inhabitants to deliver the town—another takes it by force; both are generals. And thus both Jesus, who gained the world by persuasion, and Muhammed, who applied the sword, have been prophets.

'"*W.* As belief is entirely a matter of the understanding and the heart, the only means, the only arms of a person, who tries to bring one over to his faith, can be nothing else but an appeal to both, to the understanding and the heart. A city which is corporeal, can be taken by corporeal instruments; but not thus the understanding and heart of man: and as God has given us both understanding and heart, to convince both of the truth he intends to proclaim to us, reason tells us that he will use such means to convince both understanding and heart of the truth of his word."

'"*M. A. A.* At Shiraz, Kasseroon, and Aleppo have been earthquakes, which killed thousands of our fellow creatures—from whom were those earthquakes sent?"

'"*W.* From God."

'"*M. A. A.* And the sword of Muhammed is from God?"

'"*W.* I admit it to be from God: but neither earthquakes nor swords are arguments for the truth of some doctrines proclaimed. Reason tells us only, that those events are sent from God as chastisements for our sins. The sword of Muhammed has been sent as a chastisement for those Christians who have deviated from the true spirit of the Gospel; of the truth of which they have been persuaded by its internal and external evidences, and not by the sword. The sword will only make hypocrites.'"

While we are on the subject of his sermons, we cannot refrain from quoting one which he delivered at Odessa, in which the reverend missionary (a young man, of twenty-nine,) displayed much more zeal than gallantry.

'*January* 6.— I preached in the church from Isaiah lx. 1: "Arise, shine." I then addressed the ladies, and asked them, Whether they were meant by that text, on account of their fine and beautiful dress? and Whether such a shining was acceptable to the Lord? To prove to them the contrary, I read to them Isaiah iii. 16: "Moreover the Lord saith, because the daughters of Zion, or of Odessa, are haughty and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinckling with their feet; therefore the Lord will smite with a scab the crown of the head of the daughters of Zion, *i. e.* the ladies of Odessa, and the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinckling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon; the chains and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the

tinnets, and the ornaments of the legs; and the head bands, and the tablets, and the ear rings, the rings, and nose jewels; the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils. And it shall come to pass, that instead of sweet smell there shall be stink; and instead of a girdle, a rent; and instead of well set hair, baldness; and instead of a stomacher, a girding of sackcloth; and burning instead of beauty,"' &c.—pp. 275—276.

It is probable that this sermon was not so successful as it was well intended; for many of the Christian ladies Mr. Wolff heard, said, Fi donc! The only other passage in the volume, in which the fair sex are directly concerned, relates to a night adventure, which is told in so quaint and serious a manner as to be exceedingly amusing; although there is no doubt that, with less caution on the part of Mr. Wolff, it might have terminated in throwing much odium, not only on him personally, but on the Missionary character.

'I cannot send away this journal, without mentioning to you a circumstance, by which you may perceive how the Lord watched over me in a moment when I might have brought the cause of the Mission, and the cause of God into disgrace, with the greatest innocence on my part, although every one would have most probably condemned me as guilty; but, blessed be the Lord, that he has watched over me in that moment, in a most wonderful way.

'I must here only observe, that there is a custom among the country people in Wirtemberg, in Germany, that husband and wife sleep in the same room together, in which other people sleep; they do this in the greatest simplicity of heart; but as it is now ten years that I have not seen Germany, I have almost forgotten the German manners.

'I arrived at Annafeld, the German colony in Georgia, in the morning after a two days' and two nights' journey from Teflis, and having scarcely been above one hour in the place, all the Germans crowded around me, and brought me to church, where I preached the Gospel, in the German and Persian tongues; at one o'clock in the afternoon I preached again, and gave the whole service in German; at six o'clock in the evening I preached again, in the church; you may therefore easily imagine that I have been exceedingly tired in the evening, and desired therefore in the evening at nine o'clock that the bed should be prepared for me. I lodged in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Roofner, who are pious and to God devoted people, in whose house my Missionary brethren, Zaremba, Dietrich, and Hohnacker, always live when they visit Annafeld.

'Mrs. Roofner prepared both beds; the bed of Boerlin, the converted Jew, (who is with Mr. Saltet, the Missionary at Teflis, and who accompanied me to Shushan) on one side of the room, and my bed on the other side of the room. It must be observed that they, Mr. and Mrs. Roofner, desired me, before they prepared my bed on the ground, that I should make use of their large bed, in which they themselves used to sleep, but as I did not like to sleep in a large bed, I desired them rather to put only a simple under bed on the ground for me, and I covered myself with a mantle. I then laid down, and slept till twelve o'clock, at which time I

was so much vexed by the fleas, that I awoke, and although exceedingly tired, I was not able to sleep any more; the candle was burning in the room, I looked to the large bed which stood opposite me, and I observed that nobody was sleeping in it; as they had offered to me this bed, before they had prepared another bed for me on the ground, I concluded that Mr. and Mrs. Roofner slept, for propriety's sake, in some other place; I determined, therefore, to try in that large bed, whether I might not be able to sleep, and was already determined to get out of my bed, and to make use of the large bed opposite mine; in the moment I was determined to get up, some horror, which overpowered me, kept me back, and I said to myself, I must first convince me better, whether any body was sleeping in that large bed, and I cried therefore several times, Boerlin! Boerlin! Boerlin!

'Boerlin awoke, and asked me what I wanted?

'*W.* Is nobody in this large bed?

'Mrs. Roofner, who was likewise awaked by my calling Boerlin, replied, Yes, Sir. I immediately kneeled down and praised the Lord for having preserved me in such a wonderful manner from giving scandal. The reason for my having seen nobody in the large bed was, that Mr. Roofner was gone to the stable some minutes before my awaking out of sleep, and being myself short-sighted, and Mrs. Roofner a little woman, I was not able to see her. If I had not called for Boerlin, and would have only gone near the bed, I might have disgraced the cause of God, and the enemy of the Gospel would have triumphed, and perhaps nobody would have believed me that I was innocent, although no bad thought was in my mind.'—pp. 212—214.

'But praised be the Lord,' adds Mr. Wolff, 'that he has guided me; and I feel no delicacy in communicating this gracious providence of God to you, and to the public in England.'

The following are examples of that noble as well as pious enthusiasm which buoys up our missionary in the midst of danger, and sends him dancing over the waves of wrath and contention, with a light heart, and a gallant spirit.

'"We went then to the Jewish College, called Mehasek Hattora, which signifies, "Established in the Law;" several Rabbies, surrounded by their disciples, about fifteen in number, were present; they received us coolly, and they looked suspicious. I intended not to enter with them into conversation, and we went away, but the Rabbies called us back, and entering again the room, they said: "We wish to hear of you words of wisdom."

'"*W.* You are disciples of the wise men, I shall therefore ask you questions. Of whom did the Prophet Isaiah speak in the fifty-third Chapter?"

'"*Rabbies.* Looking at it, they replied: "This is too mysterious for us."

'"*W.* David, king and prophet in Israel said: "The Lord said to my Lord,"—Who was the lord of David?"

'"*Rabbies.* Jehovah was the Lord of David."

'"*W.* David speaks here of two Lords!"

'"*Rabbies.* We know not."

'"*W.* That Lord was the Messiah!"

'"*Rabbies.* How can the Messiah have been that Lord, the Messiah being the Son of David, the branch of David?"

'"*W.* But that branch was the Lord our Righteousness."

'"*Rabbies.* But the Messiah is still to come."

'"*W.* This is another question, but I tell you that the Messiah has already come."

'"*Rabbies.* (In the greatest fury) Are you a Jew?"

'"*W.* A Jew!"

'"*Rabbies.* You are an apostate, your name shall be blotted out of the book of life; and to this they added blasphemies."

'"*W.* Hold your tongue this very moment, I command you, hold your tongue; the names of all the compilers of the Talmud are cursed for ever—and you have now betrayed your ignorance, in the presence of your disciples. And then I said, All ye children of Israel hear: Jesus of Nazareth is the very Christ—Jesus of Nazareth is the Son of God!"'—pp. 294, 295.

* * * * *

'*May* 1.—I saw crowds of Jews and Armenians in the open field, near a place called Agiasma (holy water). I entered in the midst the Jews, there were about five hundred; I said, I know that you intend to kill me; now I am among you, kill me if you like to do so, but one thing you must hear, before you commit that horrible act,—you must hear again of me that Jesus of Nazareth is the Son of God, the King in Israel. A holy silence prevailed among them—they heard me for half-an-hour, and then I began to distribute among them tracts; the Rabbi came, and drove them away with a whip.

'"*W.* Why do you beat your flock, and treat them so harshly?"

'"*Rabbi.* Why do we not beat you?" and thus he went away.'—p. 314.

The fate of the extraordinary people, from whom the missionary is himself descended, and to whom he has been sent, forms one of the most remarkable passages in the history of the world. Here there is no room for argument—no need for an appeal to tradition. The phenomenon is not buried in the darkness of ages; the story is wafted to us neither on the breath of rumour, nor on the goose-quills of lying travellers. It is a matter of our own knowledge, and of our every day experience; it is a living and standing miracle, carried down from age to age, a continued epocha presented to all times and all countries. We cannot pass along our streets without reading the tale in some dark, smooth face, seen flitting among the familiar faces of our countrymen, like one among them, but not of them. We cannot pause for a moment to divide into its component parts that mighty hum which fills the atmosphere of this metropolis, without recognizing in a nasal, monotonous cry, associated with every idea of meanness, dishonesty, and degradation, the story of the scattered remnant of Israel. We see in the fortunes of this vagabond race, the effort of that mightiest of all political engines,—a legislative religion; but we see still more distinctly the decrees of God, declared many ages ago by the prophets

of the Jews themselves. It is not sufficient to say, as in other cases, that the prophecy has fulfilled itself: for the Jews are persecuted where the Bible is unknown. But even if this argument were powerless with the infidel, what is to be said to the infatuated obstinacy with which, unassisted by any principle of religion, by any strength of character, by any loftiness of purpose, they still cling, in the midst of misery and contempt, to their institutions, and still refuse to mingle the blood of their accursed and degraded race with that of the other families of mankind?

It is not surprising that in a career of woe and terror like theirs, they should have lost all the finer features which distinguished the family of Jacob; and that the mean, the base, the sordid, the cowardly, and the cruel, should alone remain to verify the prediction of their sire. Where are the lofty, the noble, and the proud —those of the lion-heart and the eagle-eye—the children of the tribe of Judah? Where is the fruitful Joseph—the blessed with the blessings of heaven above, and of the deep that lieth under, and of the breasts and of the womb? Alas! in these latter days, we meet only with the weak and irresolute Reuben, "unstable as water;" with the heavy-laden Issachar, couching down like an ass between two burthens; with the treacherous Dan, "a serpent by the way, an adder in the path;" with Simeon and Levi, the bloody and the base—"Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce, and their wrath, for it was cruel!"—and with the robber Benjamin, who "ravins as a wolf," a miracle of iniquity—a monster of lust.

Mr Wolff's character of the brethren of his nation in London, is given in a few words: 'They wish only to sell old clothes—and some of them are good boxers.' He ought to have added, that a very considerable proportion of them are thieves, stock-jobbers, swindlers, receivers of stolen goods, and panders. It will not be uninstructive, and we trust not unentertaining, to follow him in his account of the remnant in other countries. In some parts of Persia, their condition is truly deplorable. A rabbi of Ispahan, gave the missionary the following almost inconceivable account of their state of bondage.

'O, what we suffer in Persia cannot be described: the father goes daily with fear on the market-place; for he is always in fear that, whilst he is buying bread for his family, the prince or the governor has ravished his daughter for the harem, or his little son, to make him an eunuch. There have been taken at Shiraz, not long ago, eight Jewish girls, by express order of the Shah. At Ispahan have been taken five daughters of Israel, for the harem of the governor: they are lost to their parents for ever; for we cannot go and say, Give us back our daughter. Oh that we could more read in the Bible—we could see the arrival of the Messiah more nearly revealed than we do now: but we must run about for our daily bread. We would like all to fly to India: but they do not suffer us to go away.'—vol. iii. pp. 10, 11.

At Shiraz, their degradation is as complete; and there is some-

thing at once revolting and affecting in their humiliation and despair.

'*December* 13.—I went to see the street which the Jews of Shiraz inhabit, and I think that I could not give you a better and a more exact description of the state of the Jews at Shiraz, than by telling you the description which Sheik Ahmed Abu Khamees, a Persian Mussulman, from Shiraz, gave to me, when I met him on the banks of the Haffar, the country of the Chaab Sheik, when I was there with Captain Taylor, the British resident at Bussorah.

'Sheikh Ahmed called one evening on Captain Taylor, and drank tea with us; I asked him about the state of the Jews at Shiraz? he said:—

'"1. Every house at Shiraz, with a low narrow entrance, is a Jew's.

'"2. Every man, with a dirty woollen, or dirty camel-hair turban, is a Jew.

'"3. Every coat much torn, and mended about the back, with worn sleeves, is a Jew's.

'"4. Every one picking up old broken glass, is a Jew.

'"5. Every one searching dirty robes, and asking for old shoes and sandels, is a Jew.

'"6. That house into which no quadruped but a goat will enter, is a Jew's."

'In giving you this description, given to me by that Muhammedan, I wish you to know that I do not joke about the misery of my brethren—but really this is exactly the condition of the Jews at Shiraz! On my entering the Jewish quarter at Shiraz, I saw old and young men, and old and young women, sitting in the street, and begging; their heads were bowed to the ground, and fainting,—and stretching out their hands, they cried after me, with a fainting voice:—"Only one pool (penny), only one pool—I am a poor Israale— I am a poor Israale!" I distributed some trifle among them, and several of the Jews said to me:—"Are you arrived; we have heard that you are a son of Israel, and have brought with you the Gospel in Hebrew—give us the Gospel!" I told them that I intended to visit them in their houses. And whilst I was speaking with them, I heard the poor Jews and Jewesses crying—"I am an Israale—I am a poor Israale—one pool (penny), only one pool—I am a poor Israale!" And others sat in the street, and ate onions, and begged bread, and exclaimed, "Only one pool—I am a poor Israale!"

'I went home, and said to myself, What have I seen! and, with tears, I repeated the words of my brethren: "Only one pool—I am a poor Israale!"

'At Bussorah and Bagdad, where the Jews are not so much oppressed, they are fine and tall men, and their daughters are handsome and beautiful; but here at Shiraz they are pale, yellow, and of little stature. They are indeed *poor, poor Israale*, and from their daughters all beauty is gone; they are a poor Israale. I wonder not that the harp is silent and mute among them; and their only song is now, "Only one pool—I am a poor Israale!" Their daughters hang down their heads and cry, "Only one pool—I am a poor Israale!"

'The swooning mother hath her swooning babe in her hand and cries, "Only one pool—I am a poor Israale!"'—vol. iii. pp. 36, 37,

The high-priest of this place, poor as he may be supposed to be,

is sometimes compelled to pay a sum of money to the Shah-Zadeh or prince. They have a proverb in Scotland, which says, that it is "ill (difficult) to tak the breeks aff a hielan'man,"—(who wears none) but in Persia there is practised a magical operation, which extorts rupees even from the *poor Israale* of Shiraz. When the high-priest is invited to pay from fifteen or twenty thousand rupees into the treasury of the prince, he is soundly bastinadoed. This, of course, could not be attended with any immediate effect; for no one man in Shiraz possesses so large a sum of money: but the Shah-Zadeh, foreseeing the difficulty to which the holy man would be reduced, benevolently grants him permission to adopt the same course with his own flock; the bastinado goes round through the whole Jewish population, and the rupees, somehow or other, come forth.

In Georgia, the state of the Jews is deplorable. The following are the melancholy statistics given by Mr. Wolff.

'They live in the following towns of Georgia:—

'1. Karel, where they are the property, with their body, wife, children, and every thing they have in their house, of their Russian Prince Zizianoff, for whom they must labour, and who may sell them as slaves, like the other Georgians.

'2. At Beret, where they are likewise the slaves of the Georgian Prince, who resides there.

'3. At Zinwal, where they are likewise slaves.

'4. Sooram. There they are not slaves, but subjects of the Emperor, and protected by him.—They have there a high-priest called Daniel Ben David; his father David loved his nation, and tried to redeem his sons from the captivity, and especially one of his own daughters, who was taken by the Circassians: he traversed the land down to the river Don, but in vain.

> "The trembling father along the shore returned,
> And in the anguish of a father mourned;
> Till, safe at a distance, to his God he prays,
> The God who darts around the world his rays."

His daughter was restored. Old David said finally, If the slavery of my flock does not cease, I go to Petersburg, and fall down upon my knees before Alexander Pawlowitsh, Emperor of Russia. And thus he set out for his journey several years ago, but died on the road.

'5. At Kiatayesh, where they are slaves of the Georgian Prince, who is residing there.

'6. Meretea, where they are likewise slaves.

'7. Khalzikh, where they are likewise slaves.

'I have received this account from a Georgian Jew himself, who called on me; and he told me that he would have told many things to me if he was not afraid of the government. They are dressed like Georgians, and speak the Georgian and Hebrew tongues. Their Rabbi, Daniel, is considered to be a very learned man. They do not intermarry with the Polish Jews, and if the case should happen that a Georgian should give his daughter in marriage to a Polish Jew, the daughter must be divorced

again, for she is not allowed to leave Georgia. Although Rabbinites, the Talmud is still very little known among the Georgian Jews, but they seem to be more honest than the Polish Jews.'—pp. 197, 198.

We should say that the King of Persia is by no means so intolerant as the subordinate princes. This worthy monarch requires nothing from his subjects but money; and if they only gratify this reasonable desire, Jew, Christian, Mohammedan, and Guebre, are alike to him.

'The state of of the Jews at Teheran is not so bad as the state of the Jews in other parts of Persia. The reason is, that the King is here, and he is tolerant towards all sects. He only wants peace, and if they give him money, they may profess what religion they like. His Majesty counts his jewels, and lives in peace with every body. He is said to be very fond of money and jewels. This accounts in some degree for his leaving the Jews in peace at Teheran. He allows them to make money, and to give it to him: and when they bring him a Peishkesh, *i. e.* a present, as they sometimes do, his majesty is exceedingly pleased. Send him even a pound sterling, and he will thank you for it.'—107.

The Jews of Teflis exhibit very prominently the leading feature in the moral character of that people; but we are pleased to find that they want at least one of the bad qualities of the human heart. They have all the vices of men and Jews in perfection, except hypocrisy.

'The first day of my arrival at Teflis I heard the sound of musical instruments in the quarter opposite the house in which I lived. And the following song was continually heard:—

"The voice of joy, the voice of mirth,
The voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride!'

'"Two literal children of Zion were joined together by the bonds of marriage. It was a wedding-day among the Jews at Teflis. I sent for some of them. Rabbi Pinehas Boblosky fram Krimenzug, and Moses Nathan Mitprinz came.

'"*Jews.* Why have you sent for us, can you give us something to gain? we are taylors, and seek our parnassa, (livelihoood)."

'"*W.* I shall give you something to gain."

'"*Jews.* We know you already—this is not what we want, what you will give us to gain we might have had already by the Missionaries at Odessa, and Astrachan; we are Jews, who care only for our daily bread."

'"*W.* Do you not care for heaven, and for the riches of heaven?"

'"*Jews.* About this we have no time for conversing now, for we have to do in our shop—a gentleman is there, who wants a coat. Georgian Jews are here, who are quite of different customs and habits from us Polish Jews, they perhaps will talk with you about the subject you like."

'With such an ignominy was I received, or rather the word of God. They invited me to attend one of their wedding-days; for, they said, Here are many wedding-days, for Yermaloff the governor protects us, and we gain our livelihood with the labour of our hands.

'The Polish Jews here, I learn, are for certain reasons highly protected by government; they can be made use of for every thing. They do not want to go to Jerusalem—I asked them about it—they say, No, but we give money to those Jews who come from Jerusalem, in order that they may sit down quietly in the holy city and read, and dig, and dig in the Talmud.'—pp. 196, 197.

The missionary adds, that the character of the Polish Jews at Teflis, is very bad—'They are made use of for every thing with money.'

In other places, however, the virtue of sincerity, for which we have given them credit, is overcome by fear, as the following anecdote (scene Ooromea) will testify.

'Haji Mullah Youssuf Ali, one of the chief Mullahs of this place, and beside him several Chaldeans and Jews called on me. I had a long conversation about the divinity of Jesus Christ, with the above-mentioned Mullah.

'After the conversation was over, the Mullah asked one of the Jews, how many prophets they believed to have been in the world? The Jews, knowing that the Muhammedans believe that there have been one hundred and twenty-four thousand prophets, said, that they believe that there have been one hundred and twenty-four thousand prophets in the world. I said to the Jews, in the presence of the Muhammedan Mullah, You lie like your Talmud, if you say that you believe the existence of one hundred and twenty-four thousand prophets: you know that Haji Mullah Youssuf Ali, here present, believes that there have been one hundred and twenty-four thousand prophets, and on account of the fear of men, you set aside the fear of God; and you speak here against your own conviction, for you acknowledge only those as prophets, who are mentioned in the scripture, and no more.

'Haji Mullah Youssuf Ali said to me, I know the Jews; they are a hypocritical people; but as you are present, I shall just ask them another question, for the Jew present told me, that Muhammed our prophet was to be found in their scripture, and predicted as a prophet. He then asked them in my presence again, whether Muhammed was to be found in their scripture? He said with great hesitation (for he was now afraid of the Mussulman and of me) yes. I took the Hebrew Bible, and told him that he should show it to me; he brought forward Genesis xvii. 20.'—(and brought the numbers contained in the letters to the amount contained in the name Muhammed:)—

'I showed to the Mullah, (not to the Jew, for he himself did not believe his own interpretation) the absurdity of that interpretation. The Mullah observed, He (the Jew) himself does not believe it. I said then to the Jew, If you do not repent of your hypocrisy, God shall smite you. The Mullah said then to them, If you believe, as we do, the existence of one hundred and twenty-four thousand prophets, and the Ibn Abd Allah (the comfort and peace of God upon him) has been predicted in your book, why do you not accept him, and why do you not turn

Mussulmans? They became white like snow:—The Mullah could not have used a better argument against them!'—p. 163.

Mr. Wolff obtained some information at second hand, with regard to the black Jews of Abyssinia; but the reader would perhaps be disposed to receive with caution the statements of his informant, when he hears one of them, which is, that the towns-people of Beniaklab have faces and tails like dogs. *Credat Judæus*! exclaims our missionary.

It is not the least interesting part of the volume before us, which refers to Prince Alexander Hohenlohe, a personage who has made some noise in the world. As the account which the missionary gives of his highness, besides being curious in itself, is important as throwing light on the history of religious imposture, we are tempted to throw the substance of the story into our pages. In the year 1814, Mr. Wolff had the honour of becoming acquainted with this celebrated man. The prince spoke like a saint, and made of course, a corresponding impression. He dwelt with unction on the corruption and decay of the Austrian clergy—on his lectures to the potentates assembled at Vienna—and on his visits to the rich in the hospitals. He spoke also of his canonry of Olmitz; and, finally, invited Mr. Wolff to attend him every day at his lodging, to instruct him in the Hebrew tongue. One day when Mr. Wolff called on him as usual—Prince Alexander was drunk. And he was not only drunk, but anti-papal—and not only anti-papal, but blasphemous—not to talk of his exhibiting in conversation a degree of lasciviousness, which the missionary thinks it would be improper to describe to the public.

After this strange scene, Mr. Wolff very properly conceived it to be his duty to go to father Hoffbauer, the gentleman in whose house he had met Prince Alexander, to warn him against such an acquaintance. The ecclesiastic, however, confessed candidly, that he had already discovered his highness to be an enormous liar. Dorothea Shlegel, the daughter of Moses Mendelsohn, threw still more light upon his character; Frederick Schlegel (himself a Catholic) asserted that he never had any confidence in Prince Hohenlohe; and the celebrated canon, Johannes John, said roundly, that his highness was a liar, inasmuch as he was not canon of Olmitz, having been rejected by the emperor when he was proposed for the office. The archbishop of Vienna, however, Count of Hohenwart, was still more decisive. He told Mr. Wolff that Prince Hohenlhoe was with him one day for an hour and a half, during which time every word he spoke was a lie. The archbishop added very sensibly, that he felt extreme astonishment that a man should not have been able to speak one word of truth in an hour and a half. Among the princely lies told on this occasion, was one, that his highness had voluntarily left the seminary of Zyonan on account of the heretical doctrines which were taught there—the story-teller little thinking that his auditor was aware of his having

been *expelled* from the said seminary, on account of the gross immorality of his conduct. "After all, however," said Frederick Werner, "Alexander Hohenlohe is a man of extraordinary prudence, and besides, he is a prince; and Baron Penkler, although allowing the "inconsistencies" of his highness' conduct, still believed that he had sometimes moments of pious enthusiasm.

Sometime after receiving this illumination, Mr. Wolff fell in again with the prince, who had by this time acquired the reputation of preaching like St. Bernard. The sanctity of his look, and the propriety of his language, according to the worthy missionary's account, compelled him to believe that his highness was now completely regenerated; and he listened therefore with interest to an account of his religious progress. He saw him one day composing a sermon in his usual fashion, viz. reading what he should write in the face of an image of our Saviour, and then committing the holy words to the paper before him. The same sermon he heard him preach, and was no doubt considerably surprised to find it to be verbatim the same as one which had been published sometime before by Michael Sailer. The next day Prince Hohenlohe was drunk; and his conversation, as on the former occasion, obscene. Soon after, his highness was ordained priest; and on the same day, a collection having been made for the purpose of building a new church for the Catholics in Zurich, the contributions were given into the custody of the prince. The curate at Zurich, Mr. Meyer, understanding this, wrote to his highness for the money; but his highness replied, that he had paid it to the president of the Catholic consistory at Stuttgard. The president, in reply to a letter from Mr. Myer, stated, that he had never received any thing of the kind; and that Prince Alexander Hohenlohe was a liar, a wretch, and something else.

Mr. Wolff, also, accuses the prince of stealing a silver cup, and a mass-cloth, and of breaking open his (the missionary's) letters.

'I hear that since that time Hohenlohe performs miracles, and has become a Latin author. I think that his becoming a Latin author is the greatest miracle he has wrought, for I am most confident that Prince Alexander Hohenlohe does neither write German correctly, nor is he capable of writing Latin.

'During his stay at Rome he published a Latin poem, which he himself confessed to me was made by one of the Jesuists, in whose convent he lodged during his stay at Rome.'—p. 179.

Mr. Wolff's motives for making these disclosures, are thus described:

'I heard already at Alexandria, four years ago, that Prince Alexander Hohenlohe Shillingsfuerst, performs miracles, and by his prayers the sick and deaf, in France, Germany, England and Ireland, are healed. I paid no attention to that report, for I could not conceive that the imposture practised by a young man like Prince Alexander Hohenlohe Shillingsfuerst,

would remain veiled for a considerable time; a man who is known as an infamous liar and a hypocrite, not only in Germany, but declared to be such a one by the members of the court of Rome themselves. I paid, therefore, no attention to the report; but the fame of the pretended miracles of Prince Alexander Hohenlohe have reached the walls of Bagdad, and been proclaimed there as truth by Monsignor Pierre Coupery, the Archbishop of Babylon, and the miracles of that man are supported by the bigoted editor of the journal of 'Ami du Roi et de la Religion;' I can, therefore, no longer hold my peace.'—p. 173.

In closing this very interesting volume, we recur to its main topic, the state of the scattered remnant of Israel, and conclude our extracts and article, with the impressive reflections of the author, on the destitute condition of his brethren.

'Children of Abraham, in what condition do I find you every where! why would you not hear your prophets of old? Moses came and called to witness heaven and earth, and laid before you blessings and curses, and desired you to hear the prophet like unto him. And the lyre of David sang upon Nehiloth and Shemimth; and upon Aijeleth Shahar, the mournful tunes which were uttered after him by the Son and his Lord: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" And Isaiah came, and told you of that Son, which was born to us—and sang the song of the well beloved; and showed to you that Lord, who came from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah; and who was travelling in the greatness of his strength,—and he mentioned to you the loving-kindness of the Lord, and the praises of the Lord, and the great goodness toward the house of Israel! And Jeremiah came, and announced to them the days which were to come, that he would make a new covenant with them, not according to the covenant he made with them, when he brought them out of Egypt; and he announced to them that branch of David, who was the Lord our righteousness; and Daniel told them what he understood of the books, and informed them of that which the flying angel Gabriel informed him of the Messiah the Prince, and the time when he was to be cut off. And the herdman, and the gatherer of Sycamore fruit—the herdman of Tekoa cried; Though no prophet, no prophet's son, for the lion had roared, the trumpet had blown! The herdman of Tekoa cried, and prophecied: The virgin of Israel is fallen; she shall no more rise; she is forsaken upon her land; there is none to raise her up! The herdman of Tekoa prophecied, though no prophet, though no prophet's son, for the lion had roared, the trumpet had blown:

'That in the day that I shall visit the transgressions of Israel upon him! I will also visit the altars of Bethel; and the horns of the altar shall be cut off.

'And the angels in heaven sung near the cradle of the holy child of Bethlehem, "Glory to the Highest, and good will towards man!" and the Shepherds adored, but alas ye would not hear, even when ye saw that the hour was come, the hour of the anguish of his soul; and it breaks my heart to reflect how from year to year the holy land of promise decayed.'—pp. 199, 200.

ART IX.—1. *The Village Patriarch*: a Poem. London: Bull. 1829.

2. *Poems, Original, Lyrical, and Satirical, containing Indian Reminiscences of the late Sir Toby Rendry, M. R. S.* London: Boyle. 1829.

3. *Glastonbury Abbey*: a Poem. Longman. 1828.

4. *The Harp of Innisfail.* By D. S. L. London: Robins. 1829.

5. *The Age*: a Poem. In Eight Books. London: Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1829.

A MAN who appears on the stage, without being able to act, gets hissed, and is at once rewarded with his proper share of ridicule; a man who goes into a society, in which he only hopes to pass muster by mimicking the actions of his superiors, is, without much courtesy, immediately pushed out; a painter, whose vanity makes him believe some miserable daub worthy of public exhibition, is cured of his insanity by seeing every body laugh at his performance; and, lastly, a man who offers bad articles for sale at the same price for which good ones may be purchased, is, or deserves to be, whipped. Now, the three first of these personages could not be punished by any statute law in any nation of Europe, and their punishment, consequently, has to be measured and justified by different principles than those employed in judging other offences. But the consequence of this is, that a vast deal of confusion has been introduced, and offenders of the above class have to be punished over and over again, before they can be made to understand their criminality, or acknowledge the authority of the court which condemns them. Certain it is, however, that a country would little deserve to be termed civilized, if it had no critics; and most surely would a people sink fast back into barbarism, if they had not spirit enough to show their scorn of all corrupters of their stage, their manners, or their arts. Besides this, which is a kind of patriotic duty, it is exceedingly proper that the public should always stand on the strictest etiquette with those who desire its patronage, for being, as is well known, the best patron in existence, it is greatly derogatory to its dignity to suffer the absurd solicitations of imbecile vanity, without an expression of its anger or disgust.

We have not yet mentioned bad poets, but it is on them, we believe, the wrath of the offended public most properly falls; for they alone, in the generality of cases, are impelled by mere naked vanity to intrude themselves on its notice. From time out of mind has this unfortunate, and, as it would seem, foredoomed race of miserable mortals, been warned, both by precept and example, to avoid their ruinous temptation, but all to no purpose, and even to the present day of improved taste and knowledge, they continue their wittol-headed employment with as much stupid obstinacy as ever. Unlike other people, who offend from

want of good sense or taste, nothing short of death can make them sensible of their mistake, and while a single round of hisses is amply sufficient to drive an unfortunate player, mortified and abashed from the stage, a maudlin poet, whom we should imagine, by his professions, to be endued with, at least, equal modesty, will stand the ridicule of friends and foes, without any abridgment to his assurance. Were there a possibility of effecting a cure in these brain-sick people, it would have been done long ago. But while alchymists, astrologers, diviners, and all the sublimer species of folly-stricken students have been cured or killed, these spawn of idiot vanity have withstood every attempt at improvement, and have as great assurance in appearing before the public, as if they had as much common sense as other people.

We have not here taken into account the positive mischief which is occasioned by the misemployment of time, and the utter perversion of all the little sense with which the pseudo poet may be endowed. But this is a very serious subject of consideration, and one which, even if the public were ready to forgive the insult offered it, should attract the attention of all sober-minded and benevolent men. The making of verses is certainly a very harmless thing in itself, but, in nine instances out of ten, it makes the writer a *felo de se* in his intellect, and, if he have any, a bankrupt in his fortune. We solemnly, therefore, exhort all parents and guardians to thoroughly weed out such a vice at its first appearance in their family, and we hope his majesty's ministers will take into their wise consideration, to issue an order to put down all schools and colleges, royal or otherwise, in which the mischievous custom of verse-making is encouraged. We hope by this means, and our occasional assistance, the evil will be prevented from again coming to such a head, as it did in the time of our predecessors, whose just anger was so often excited by the frequent offences of this kind, to which they were witness.

We have said thus much to satisfy our conscience, and prevent the occurrence of any evil from the indulgence we may show to some of the verses before us; but having done this, we are ready to confess our belief, that, notwithstanding the miserable absurdities which have come forth under the shape of minor poetry, critics have not always behaved with due discretion in judging its merits. By one of those vulgar dogmas, as common almost among philosophers as among the illiterate, it has been laid down as a maxim, that nothing short of the most perfect excellence can make a poem worth reading; that there can be no composition which, if it give not the highest degree of pleasure, can afford any, and that no man is a poet who does not possess the divinest faculties of the soul in full harmony and perfection. Now it is one thing to treat of the excellence of an art, of the honor which belongs to its best masters, or of the noble qualities of mind and being, required to attain the highest expression of its spiritual beauty; it is one thing to do this, and to decide

respecting the degree of enjoyment its productions are to afford us, or whether there be any fixed quantum of delight which attaches to only one degree of excellence, and a failure in fully producing which, completely renders a production intolerable. Such, however, is the confused manner in which critics have been accustomed to judge of poetry, that the distinction here made has seldom seemed to enter their minds, and the consequence has been, that they have frequently shown themselves insensible to many real beauties in the lower species of poetry; have indiscriminately condemned, where a more careful judgment might have discovered something to approve; and scorned to acknowledge themselves pleased, when pleasure was not converted into rapture. We shall not stop here to enter into any lengthened remarks on the subject, as it is our intention, on a very early occasion, to offer our opinions on the present state of poetry in general. But we cannot help observing, that an injudicious severity of criticism, in respect to poetry, may, to cure an evil, destroy some of our most humanizing pleasures. The cultivation of a true poetical talent, even if it be far below excellence, can hardly fail to produce much enjoyment to its possessors; and if it be the result of a generous and fine nature, will endanger neither their common sense nor daily prudence. It is only where poetry is the production of aping vanity or affectation, that it makes a man idle or ridiculous. The perception of beauty, a deep delight in its enjoyment, and an ardent wish to communicate the pleasure to others, all of which are among the elements of a poetical mind, can never produce any injury to the heart and understanding; and if they be not united with the high and mysterious faculty of imagination, though they may miss much of their perfection, they are still worthy of cultivation, and may be made fruitful in musical and gentle thought. It would be a noble thing for society, could its very spirit be bathed in these elements of poetry, and so far are we from wishing to discourage the production of even its lightest and simplest species, that we require an author only to prove himself master of any one genuine poetical principle in his constitution, to offer him the right hand of our fellowship. Let not, however, any mere pretender to the divine art take courage from this. The one sign with which we should be satisfied, must be stamped on the heart, soul, and brain of the man, giving us not a moment's trouble to discover whether it was worked in by art, or formed there the moment the spirit of life had breathed upon his clay.

But we must now turn to the Publications before us, by noticing which we shall be paying off a debt which we have been willing to settle before proceeding to a more serious consideration of the subject of poetry. The first of the little volumes on our list, comes in the very questionable form of a versified treatise on politics and political economy,—subjects with which, of all others, we most abhor to see a poet pretend to any acquaintance. A principal

cause, we believe, of the little really good minor poetry we possess, is the injudicious choice which is usually made of subjects by those who compose it. There are a thousand sweet circumstances in nature which, described in the simplest language of poetry, would fill us with delight; and every heart that is worth any thing, has thoughts, feelings, and recollections, which require but a cloathing of the least elaborate expressions, to be a soft and natural poetry—a poetry which would make us love the poet and his art with a brother-like and religious affection. But there is an utter absence of philosophy, in the manner in which all branches of literature are at present treated in this country. No great and general objects are pursued in its higher departments, and in its lower every thing is left to chance or fashion. In the Poem of which we are now speaking, there are some thoughts which bespeak a kind and liberal heart, and others which show a feeling for the picturesque, but they are buried in a mass of unintelligible and most unpoetical discussions; and being thus mixed up, seem to have sometimes cruelly puzzled the author, before they would consent to take the form of verse. But we give the introductory stanzas as a not unfavourable specimen of the author's style:

'Through fiery haze broad glares the angry sun;
The travell'd road returns an iron sound;
Rings in the frosty air the murderous gun;
The fieldfare dies; and heavy to the ground,
Shot in weak flight, the partridge falls, his wound
Purpling with scatter'd drops the crusted snow.
Loud thumps the forge; bright burns the cottage fire,
From which the tilter's lad is loth to go;
Well pleas'd the tramper sees the smoke aspire;
High flies the swan; each wild strange bird is shyer,
And, terror-taught, suspects hill, vale, and plain.

'Our poor blind father grasps his staff again;
Oh, Heav'n, protect him on his way alone!
Of things familiar to him, what remain?
The very road is chang'd; his friend, the stone
On which he wont to sit and rest, is gone;
And ill the aged blind can spare a friend!

'How lone is he, who, blind and near his end,
Seeks old acquaintance in a stone or tree!
All feeling, and no sight! oh, let him spend
The gloaming hour in chat with memory!
Nor start from dreams, to curse reality,
And friends, more hard and cold than trees and stones!

'He takes the townward road, and inly groans
At men, whose looks he does not see, but feel—
Men, whose harsh steps have language, cruel tones,
That strike his ear and heart, as if with steel!
Where dwelt they, ere Corruption's brazen seal
Stamp'd power's hard image on such dross as their's?

'Thou meanest thing that heav'n endures and spares;
Thou upstart Dandy, with the cheek of lead!
How dar'st thou from the wall push those gray hairs?
Dwarf, if he lift a finger, thou art dead!
His thumb could fillip off thy worthless head,
His foot, uplifted, spurn thee o'er the moon.

'Some natural tears he drops, but wipes them soon;
And thinks, how chang'd his country, and his kind,
Since he, in England's and in manhood's noon,
Toil'd lightly and earn'd much; or, like the wind,
Went forth o'er flowers, with not a care behind.
And knew nor grief, nor want, nor doubt, nor fear.

'Beadle! how canst thou smite, with speech severe,
One who was reverenc'd long ere thou wast born?
No homeless, soulless beggar meets thee here,
Although that threadbare coat is patch'd and torn:
His bursting heart repels thy taunt with scorn,
But deems thee human, for thy voice is man's.

'You, too, proud Dame, whose eye so keenly scans
The king's blind subject on the king's high road;
You, who much wonder, that, with all our plans
To starve the poor, they still should crawl abroad;
Ye both are journeying to the same abode;
But, Lady, your glad eye, o'er wave and shore
And shoreless heav'n, with sightless speed may rove,
And drink resplendent joy! But he no more
Shall look on Nature's face. Rock, river, grove,
Hate's withering frown, the heart-sent blush of love,
Noon, midnight, morning, all are dark to him!

'Thou, skaiter, motion-pois'd, may'st proudly swim
In air-borne circles, o'er the glassy plain,
While beauty lauds thy graceful sweep of limb;
But to the blind, alas, her praise is pain.
It but recals his boyish days in vain,
When he, too, seen and praised, could see and praise!
To him there is no beauty, but the heart's,
No light, but that within; the solar blaze,
For him, no colour to the rose imparts;
The rainbow is a blank; and terror starts
No ghost, in darkness thicker than his own.

'Yet sweet to him, ye stream-lov'd vallies lone,
Leafless, or blossoming flagrant, sweet are ye;
For he can hear the wintry forest groan,
And feel the beauty which he cannot see,
And drink the breath of nature, blowing free!
Sweet still it is through fields and woods to stray;
And fearless wanders he the country wide,
For well old Enoch knows each ancient way;
He finds in every moss-grown tree a guide,
To every time-dark rock he seems allied,
Calls the stream, Sister, and is not disown'd.'—pp. 1-7.

There are several passages of this character scattered through the Poem, and the author is frequently happy in selecting the objects which make up the scenes described. We give one more specimen of his ability in this respect:

'Farewell, ye mountains, neighbours of the sky!
Enoch will tread your silky moss no more;
But here he breathes your freshness. Art thou nigh,
Grey moth of April, and the reedy shore?
For the last time he hears thee, circling o'er
The starry flower. Broad poplar, soon in bloom!
He listens to thy blossomy voice again,
And feels that it is vernal! but the tomb
Awaits him; and thy next year's flowers, in vain,
Will hearken for his footsteps. Shady lane,
Where Fearn, the bloody, felt his deadly arm!
Gate, which he climb'd, to cut his bow of yew
From the dark tree of ages! Upland farm,
His uncle's once; thou furzy bank, whose hue
Is of the quenchless fire; adieu, adieu,
For ever! Thy soft answer to the breeze,
Storm-strengthen'd sycamore! is music yet
To his tir'd spirit: here, thou king of trees,
His own hand did thine infant weakness set;
But thou shalt wear thy palmy coronet
Long, long, when he is clay. Lake of the Mill,
That murmurest of the days when vigour strung
His oary feet, farewell! he hears thee still,
And in his heart beholds thy banks, o'erhung
By every tree thou knew'st when he was young!
Forge!—built by him, against the ash-crown'd rock,
And now with ivy grown, a tussock'd mound—
Where oft himself, beneath the hammer's shock
Drew forth the welded steel, bright, blue, and sound!
Vale of the stream-lov'd abbey, woodland-bound
Thou forest of the druids! Oh, thou stone,
That once was worshipp'd; pillar of the past,
On which he lean'd amid the waste alone;
Scorner of change; thou listenest to the blast
Unmov'd as death! but Enoch travels fast.
Thatch'd alehouse, still yclept the Sickles cross'd;
Where died his club of poverty and age,'
Worst blow of all!—pp. 149, 150.

The author has here shewn himself perfectly aware of what objects would look well in a rural description, but evidently wants the power of putting them together, or choosing such only as are proper to appear in the same picture. Thus we hear a moth and a reedy shore, addressed in the same breath; of a poplar, and a blossomy voice, and *a feeling* that the voice is vernal. Of a *storm-strengthened* tree answering with a *soft answer*; and of an *abbey* and a *Druid forest*. Now we can hardly believe that any one with

a clear perception of what is beautiful in the mysterious world of nature and varied life, would speak in this dark and confused manner. A true feeling for what is fair or good, always inspires consistent and correct impressions.

The next poem on our list, is intended to be full of excellent humour, and the author has to some degree succeeded in giving a very lively description of Calcutta and its inhabitants. There is a too palpable imitation of "Don Juan," to let us give him much credit for originality; but his verses have a good deal of the desired doggerel ludicrousness of sound, and sometimes a scattered idea or two of a serious kind, well thrown in.

'Right thinking certainly is gained by travel;
Our Saint Helena ladies once agreed
(Nor could they otherwise the thought unravel)
That London must be very dull indeed!
Since all the fleet of China ships that day
Had with two frigates anchor'd in the Bay.*

'I mean no disrespect to Saint Helena;
But only just exemplify what is
The case with many, who have never seen a
Foreign station, or outlandish phiz:
Who cannot stomach flying bugs, and fishes,
Long-winged foxes, or fig-leaves for dishes.

'Many there are, not Saint Helena ladies,
With strange ideas form'd of foreign parts,
Who stare, and giggle at whatever shade is
New to their eye—with *La's!* and other starts†—
Ready to burst their tittering sides asunder,
Till use, and reason, fly away with wonder!

'If ignorance be bliss, as poets rhyme it,
What fool for wisdom then abroad would roam;
One's native land is far the sweetest climate,
So Saint Helena people relish home.
They've *quite enough* of hill and dale variety,‡
And when a fleet comes in, what's *called* SOCIETY!

'Yes, Saint Helena, rock amidst the ocean,
Napoleon's ashes spread far fame to thee:
He who changed empires—kingdoms put in motion,
The Hero to whom monarchs bent the knee.

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* 'The anecdote was related to me of a Saint Helena lady having expressed her concern, for the dull state London would be in during the absence of half a dozen China ships, and two men of war. The natives of Saint Helena are called "yam stocks," a *polite* term, to designate them from the European part.

† 'The reader, doubtless, has seen many such.

‡ 'Saint Helena is evidently a volcanic eruption—nothing but ups and downs—hill and dale; yet the natives, I am told, rarely wish to quit their uneven rock.'

Beneath three freestone slabs,* and willows green,
Low rests the greatest man this world has seen.

'Steep is the valley—drown'd by mountain shade,
And pure the spring that flows beside his pillow,
Green grows the sod—unknown to plough or spade,
Geraniums flourish, crown'd by weeping willow,
Here silence reigns—as if in mute contrition,
Whilst Glory seems to wail for dire ambition.'—pp. 14—16.

There is some playful satire, also, in the following verses, which show that the author has all the requisite fearlessness for such a lawless kind of rhyming:

'Near this famed Hall stands Court yclep'd "Supreme,"†
Fenc'd from the public gaze by iron railing;
Where many a briefless lawyer *sat* to dream,
On fees to come—his luckless bag bewailing.
Sore disappointments often forc'd to smother,
A large retainer's given—but to *another!*

'I cannot say I ever lov'd the law,
Although some lawyers are, I know, good fellows;
And in indictments sometimes find a flaw,
To save an honest brother from the gallows.
I've met one (after talking dead a sinner) ‡
In a grand jury room, quite *mum* at *dinner*.

'Good laws were made to keep in check bad men,
And Lord knows there's no use for any—"*but* a"—
I've seen large cities, more than nine or ten,
But no police so bad, as in *Calcutta*.
If magistrates *be fit* to fill ther station,
I blame the *climate* then, for relaxation.§

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* 'Three plain freestone slabs, without any inscription, taken from the kitchen floor of his new house.

† 'This Court is so styled from its acting independently of the Government, and its judges being appointed by the Crown. The building itself has nothing grand about it: it is among the oldest public structures in Calcutta. Some of the barristers, I fear, find the time hang heavy. Competitors are becoming numerous, and the golden age is in its wane in every department.

‡ '"Talking dead a sinner"—the unfortunate man was hanged.'

§ 'What every one says must be true, and every one agrees that the Calcutta police is its disgrace. Men who are fitted by activity and capacity to fulfil the station of magistrate, should be appointed by the Supreme Court, to whom they should be responsible. Or, perhaps, a preferable method might be, for the citizens of the higher class to elect a mayor and magistrates, subject to the authority of the judges. At present, the patronage rests solely with the Governor. As Calcutta increases in size, the present system must change. Anno 1824.'

'In London to get drunk is thought a crime,
But in Calcutta it is no such evil;
Police-men here (*good* Sirs, excuse the rhyme)
Care not for magistracy, or the D—l!
One league maintains their gain, their cast, their houses—
They care for money only, and their spouses.

'I do not say *their* spouses rule the roast,
For with our Hindoos there is no such matter;
Unlike good English wives, 'tis true they boast
Of dress, and jewels—sit cross-legg'd and chatter—
Yet, when their wedded lords but shew their faces,
They run like rabbits to their hiding places.

'I knew a reason I could tell for that,
'Tis no where to be found in Coke, or Blackstone—
Mahomud was not fond of ladies' *chat*,
Nor did old Menu,* patronize their *clackstone*.
Their laws, however wise, had ne'er been written,
Had they beheld the lovely dames of Britain.'—pp. 33—35.

The miscellaneous poems in the volume, are vastly inferior to the *jeu d'esprit* on Calcutta, and we strongly advise the author never again to write elegy. Take, for example, the following commencement of one on Sir R. R. Gillespie!!

'Bleak was the morn—deep silence reign'd,
Save where the sparkling rockets fly—
The troops awake, since 'twas ordain'd,
By signal, for the brave to die.
The word to form,
And quickly storm,
Arous'd each soldier from his pillow,
Soon shall the bold,
In death lie cold,
And o'er their grave be drooping willow.

'Now, through the gloom, the cannon's roar
Was heard to crown each vivid flash;
Quick, musquetry incessant pour,
Next sabres, shields, and spearsmen clash—
Soon friends and foes,
From earthly woes
Promiscuous lie, on Death's cold pillow,
Where cruel shot
Oft seals the lot
Of many a bride, to wear the willow.'—pp. 156, 157.

† '"Menu." The famed lawgiver of the Hindoos. Neither he nor the Mussulman Prophet appears to have placed much confidence or respect in the opinions and conversation of females. "Clackstone" is a word, which, although not to be found in Johnson, carries its meaning with it. As both Mussulman and Hindoo ladies receive no kind of education, but just to please their lords, and as very few of them can read or write, it cannot be supposed they are much fitted to combat any idea or opinion with the wise men of the East.'

'Glastonbury Abbey' has the merit, not a slight one, of sometimes reminding us of Warton, one of the best of the poets of the last age. His fine, painter-like descriptions of ancient houses, with their rich adornments of sculpture and storied windows; his varied and full flowing style, in describing rural scenes; and the stores of poetical illustrations which he possessed, render his writings highly attractive to a true lover of poetry. Our author has but a small share of Warton's grace or power, but his barely reminding us of him, is a sufficient proof that his work has some degree of merit. The following lines will give a tolerable idea of his manner:

'Here in this solitary place
'Tis sweet the sport of age to trace,
Where Art hath now her craft foregone,
And blunted stands the chisell'd stone,
Where holy Joseph's boasted fane
Moulders upon the wasted plain,
And Superstition prostrate falls
Beneath the weight of ruin'd walls—
Behold! with what expansion vast
The portal braves the northern blast,
While round the arch the sculpture leads,
How gracefully each wreath recedes,
Where Fancy hath with touch refin'd
O'er sainted heads her foliage twin'd,
With many a fabled steed between
Replenishing the circled scene—
Here peacefully the Abbot lies,
There arm'd insatiate Warriors rise,
Anon within the train are strew'd
Crown, mitre, pillow, couch, and rood,
To show with figurative pride
How Monarchs reign'd, and Patrons died—

'The adverse port, though not less chaste,
With sparer imagery trac'd,
Its tufted flow'rs and leafy bands
In one continuous curve expands—
Oh! fearful project, where beneath,
Awak'd by Heav'ns creative breath,
Man upward looks with life blood warm
Upon his Maker's awful form—
Hard by with fruit extending hands
Eve with her mate deluded stands,
In ambush at their guilty trance
The Tempter darts his joyous glance—
Fain did the Sculptor's fancy dare
To shadow forth th' attainted pair,
When in th' essay Death came between,
Nipt the ripe thought, and clos'd the scene—

Well suited seems each giant gate
Th' interior pomp to indicate,
Where fascias cast in beauty's mould
And smooth pilasters oft foretold
The brighter forms, and state immense,
Which burst upon the ravish'd sense,
Where still, though time-worn, Gothic grace
With Norman strength holds equal place,
And on the vault that yawns below
Quaint windows bickering shadows throw,
While corbel heads in high array
The changeful march of Age display—
Here, though no graven tomb appears
To gloss the tide of human years,
Lie Tenants of each chequer'd life,
Ambition, Virtue, Glory, Strife.'—pp. 1—7.

'The Harp of Innisfail' is the production of a bold, ardent, and enthusiastic mind; and of one, therefore, which offers a soil from which the seed of poetry, when properly sown, puts forth the healthiest blossoms. There are several passages in the volume, of great promise, but it is throughout a proof of the miserable effect which one or two popular poets of genius, but of taste not equal to their genius, may have in marring the natural beauty of poetry in the minds of others. Had our author never read Moore, and writers of the same school, he would have deserved much greater praise than we can now give him, for we have little doubt that the strong manner in which he feels, and the enthusiasm which he exhibits, in his love of all the beauty that he looks on, would have furnished him with language infinitely better than the false and corrupt style into which he has so frequently fallen. Writing as he has done, he has lost all the advantages of his own proper poetical feelings, and of the scenes which he describes; there being scarcely an idea, for example, in his introductory lines, which convey any notion of the circumstances which characterize Killarney scenery. Roses, and bowers, and gold-clothed skies, and fields of the blest, and all such things, are very well for an Eastern story, but they fall badly from a northern songster, whose only help is in the stronger powers of imagination, and in the more pure and clearer expression of thought.

There are, however, some pages in which our author has avoided many of the faults to which we have alluded. The following lines which introduce the account of a stag hunt, are best deserving of extract:

'Thus morning greets earth's wondering eyes!
Warm from his ray-fringed bed, the sun
Bursts on the rocks of Mangerton;
Its briered path and frowning brow,
In their effulgence gleaming now,

Are temples meet for man to raise
His voice unto his Maker's praise:
For where the sky is hung above,
And torrents round the altars roar,
Is meetest for the god of love,
When man would worship and adore.
High on its budding foliage there,
Green Tormies fills the spicy air;
And all the blasts that stir the glade,
Rush from the foam of its cascade,
Making sweet murmurs as they go,
Like harp notes to the lake below.
Glena,—ascending in her dress
Of woodland's airy loveliness,—
Smiles like a garden, where a fay
Might love to pass its sunny day;
So blandly fragrant fall the showers
Of summer, on its amaranth bowers.
And far off, in the silver cloud,
Like beauty 'mid the prostrate crowd,
Soars, in magnificence alone,
The royal eagle's highland throne.
There, where the pinion of his strength
Is wont to flap its haughty length:
There, where with bold and challenge cry,
Appalling echo in her rest,
He greets his vassals of the sky,
Is pinnacled the EAGLE'S NEST:
And as the morning clothes the hill,
It looks more bright and glorious still!

'The day is up! a splendid scene
For those who love the forest green;
And dell and glen and vale are rife
With youth's expectancy and life.
Forth, from his quiet in the wood,
The roe-buck leaves his solitude;
And bounding 'neath each spangled tree,
(Spangled and beauteous with the dew,
Which lovely nature o'er it threw,)
He walks the green sward gallantly.
The throng of men, the hunting train,
On the steep hill their course have ta'en;
While every rock and every vale,
Bear answer to the hunter's tale,
As swarming in their thousands round,
They tread along each hillock mound.'—pp.25—27.

Some smaller poems follow the 'Legend of the Lakes,' and partake of its merits and defects. We can only find room for one extract from this part of the volume.

'"Come, read me all the stars can tell,
If thou can'st read the secrets there,—
The mysteries strange and true, that dwell
Hid in the vast book of the air:
And tell me how my life shall flow,
In bliss and pleasure, or in woe?"

'Up to the starry heaven she raised
Her dark brow and her darker eye;
And then, a space, she paused and gazed
Upon the pathways of the sky,
Looking as if each orb could show
All that I wished, nor hoped to know.

'Full o'er that form her ringlets strayed,
Curtaining a neck of marble whiteness,
While her silk lashes dropped their shade
Over her eyes of rolling brightness:
Her long, tall form upraised, she stood,
Like genius of the storm and flood.

'"Oft shalt thou tread the fiercest path,
That woman's love can lead," she said;
"And ere the glow of manhood hath
Clothed with its robe thy youthful head,
A flowery maze of error will
Beguile thee into much of ill.

'"Through many a field of flitting love
Thy pleasant road of youth shall lie;
And many a maiden's breast shall prove
The falsehood of a poet's eye,
And hearts that throb and lips that burn,
From thee, their fond, sad tales shall learn."

'She ceased, and laugh'd my soul to know
The cheering fate that Gipsey told,
With her fired eye and ebon brow,
And frame of beauty's finest mould:
Truly the stars were kind that even,
When she foretold me such a heaven?—pp. 161, 162.

We should be glad if we could show equal indulgence to the author of 'The Age,' as that which we have thought it our duty to extend to the authors of the preceding works. But if a person will pretend to high things, when he can bring forth few or no credentials to prove himself capable of effecting the lowest objects of his office, he must expect to be severely chastised for his pretensions. 'The Age,' we must speak plainly, is very wretchedly designed, and for the most part very badly written; and what is worse, extends to the enormous length of two hundred and ninety-eight pages of closely printed blank verse. To enlighten this vast mass of chopped prose, there is as little imagination as a poet can possibly possess; and we

hardly know what plea the author could find for appearing before the public. He has doubtless a high sense of morality, and has desired to tread in the steps of Cowper and other writers, whose stern feelings taught them to choose their subjects from the plain book of truth; but Cowper was a man of great genius, and to him there was a deep and glowing poetry in all that was morally good. We do not say that the writer of 'The Age' is without any spark of the feeling which, if he possessed a mechanical knowledge of his art, might not look well in verse; but he at present seems to have no mastery over the language or measure of poetry, and has therefore produced a sad medley of bad verses. But we shall leave much unsaid which is at the very tip of our tongue, till he publish such another '*little Poem*,' as he terms the one before us. It would be unfair, however, not to show that we have sufficient reason for what we have already said. He thus speaks on that crying sin of the times—a love of money:

'And some there are whose pride it is to raise
A horde of gold in secret, while they boast,
Yes, positively boast of loss, and tell
A thousand falsehoods of the evil turn
Of all their fortunes and their wretched life.
The world compassionates them, and deplores
The evil tidings;—when behold! a marvel!
The man whom all thought ruined, leaves his trade
Or wherewithal his riches were procured,
And starts the man of independence,—vain,
Purse-proud, tyrannical,—the scorn or hate
Of those who know him.—Such is pride of wealth.

'One species more of universal pride.
Like as the tradesman of what rank or grade
Soever, wishes oft to make appear
His dealings, more extensive than they are;—
So, not contented with repute derived
From its true riches, with the heart of man
Strive that the world may think his purse more large,
His deeds more mighty than in fact they are;—
All to increase his little consequence,
And give his sentiments the greater weight.'—pp. 56, 57.

Thus again he speaks on the subject of education, his ideas on which would have been creditable to him, if they had been expressed in plain prose, but which, and we would have him consider this, look prodigiously simple in his verses:

'Such the prevailing error of the Age,
Regarding education;—want of full
And clear instruction in Religion's truths.
One other I will notice; which pertains

Chiefly to those who high profession make
Of Christian virtue, faith and piety
And holiness of life, and constant, due
Obedience to the righteous law of God:
The former more affects the multitude
Who to the forms and rights of godliness
Pay strict observance, caring for aught else
But little; thinking thus their duty done.
But those to whom I now allude, are men
Professedly distinguished from the world;
Separate from its votaries, called aside
By principle and turned aside in deed,
From practising its follies;—and 'tis due
To them to add,—that while are seen some tares
Among the wheat, this is predominant.

'Then would it naturally be conceived,
That thus convinced themselves of righteousness,
And temperance and judgment,—they would seek
Upon their offspring to impress the same.
Alas! too oft they fail; the reason, what?—
'Tis not indifference to what concerns
The best, the future interests of those they love
So dearly as the children of their loins.'— p. 208.

If we had not already spent too much space on this unprofitable subject, we could furnish some specimens of bathos from 'The Age,' which would serve as illustrations to many generations of critics. There is one, however, too good to be omitted:

'Like as a timid bird, that from the top
Of some small monument, regards with care
The fearful deep beneath, and *hops about*,
Musing it may be, whence it shall descend,—
So for a short-lived space the *seraph dwelt*
In silence.'—p. 24.

We now leave our authors to their fate; to not one of them have we been able to give the praise of good taste, in the choice of their subjects, or of that easy and delicate style of thought and expression, which is the first requisite, and must always be the principal charm of minor poetry.

ART. X.—*Hermes Britannicus. A Dissertation on the Celtic Deity Teutates, the Mercurius of Cæsar, in further proof and corroboration of the Origin and Designation of the Great Temple at Abury, in Wiltshire.* By the Rev. W. L. Bowles, M.A., M.R.S.L., Canon Residentiary of Sarum. London: Nichols and Son. 1828.

THERE are two classes of modern mythologists—those who follow what was formerly called the heresy of Euhemerus, who represented

the gods of antiquity as deified mortals; and those who find in them personifications of the attributes of the Creator,—the powers of nature, and the phenomena of the universe. Both these classes, as it usually happens, push their doctrines to extremes. The writers of the former school, although they little suspect it, run as much risk as their master, Euhemerus, of being suspected of atheism; for to deny that God was altogether unknown for some thousands of years, is almost equivalent, we should think, to denying his existence; while those of the latter school—so unruly a Pegasus is imagination—run almost necessarily into extravagance and enthusiasm, and instead of a sober treatise on mythology, compose a poem. The truth, as it almost always does, lies between the two extremes.

In the early ages of society, we find, by the testimony both of sacred and profane writers, the traces of a knowledge of the Almighty. The religion and rights of the Zabians, whose doctrines, both of religion and philosophy, were spread widely over the East, were precisely the same, according to the Arabian historian, Abul-Faragi, as those of the ancient Chaldeans.* The foundation of the Chaldean religion was, the belief in an eternal and omnipotent Being—the Supreme God, whose symbol was fire; and in this, the Rabbi Moses Ben Maimon informs us, was Abraham educated among his countrymen. The purity of this creed was long and firmly maintained;† nor was it confined to Chaldea, but spread over various countries of the East. In the book of Genesis, we find a Canaanitish prince, Melchisedec, King of Salem, "the Priest of the Most High God;" and Abimelech, King of Gerar, Laban the Syrian, Job the Arab, and, in later times, Jethro the Midianite, must all have professed the same belief. Whether the natural corruptness of the human heart, or the natural restlessness of the human imagination, produced the change, we know not; but we can trace, with sufficient distinctness, the steps by which religion degenerated into idolatry. The symbol gradually usurped the place of the Divinity it represented, and fire was worshipped as God; the stars, which were reverenced as the noblest of created things, became a part of the Creator himself; when men "beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness," their hearts were secretly enticed, and their mouths kissed their hands. The unity of the Godhead being thus broken, the whole fabric of religion was overthrown. The stars were not always present, even when the worshipper required most their assistance; and images, therefore, were created to represent them. These images, in turn, dethroned the objects of which they were originally only the *locum tenens;* and, in fine, the extraordinary spectacle presented itself of men grovelling in adoration at the

* 'Historia Dynast. Dynast. ix. † Shahrestan, *apud* Pocock.'

feet of "stocks and stones," which they had themselves hewn from the quarry or the forest.

A strain, however, still lingered in the ear of that solemn music, which had thrilled the hearts of the first wanderers of this mysterious world. Individuals rose among them who sung, from vague tradition, the portentous story of the birth of the universe; they described the rash, the raw, the fierce contention of the jarring principles of nature, when the awakened earth first arose out of the bosom of the waste of waters; they declared the word, the breath, the spirit which moved upon the face of the deep, reconciling or subduing all things, fixing, in their peculiar abodes, the earth, the water, the ether, and the air; and whirling into their proper spheres, the myriads of orbs which compose this glorious universe, and which we still see rolling in the same vast procession—

> "And ever singing as they shine,
> The hand that moved us is divine."

Those mysteries, however, were not to be disclosed to all. Procul este profanum, vulgus! became the motto of the sages. Their meaning was wrapped in studied obscurity; the whole story was allegorized; the principles of nature were personified; and types and symbols were invented, drawn from men and animals, and all things which come under the immediate observation of the senses. The consequence of this was, the establishment of two religions; one for the learned, and one for the ignorant. The latter class, so far from receiving any benefit from the researches of the former—if it had been possible to brutalize them more—would have been much injured; for we find idolatry becoming more disgusting and ridiculous whenever the learning of the sages is found to be more refined and abstruse. Thus the elements of the world, and the very properties of matter, came to be worshipped as divinities; beasts, birds, fishes, insects, were added to this populous heaven; the meanest reptile designed in the symbolical hieroglyphics of the initiated, crawled a god upon the altars of the vulgar. Their deceased ancestors and kings, it may be supposed, were not forgotten in this rage for god-making, particularly those who had been famous, or infamous, for any exploit or invention; and in Africa and India, in the very day in which we write, it is well known, that *living* men and women receive divine worship.

Whether the Egyptians were really, as, according to Herodotus, they pretended, "the first of mankind who built temples, reared altars, and erected statues to the gods," we do not know; but they assuredly carried idolatry to a greater pitch of extravagance, than any people we are acquainted with. When we remark, also, that Egypt was the original fountain of knowledge for the rest of the world, our proposition of the connexion between the simultaneous progress of mystic learning and idolatry, will be illustrated. In the religion of this remarkable country, as Creuzer, one of the best of

modern mythologists, remarks, there are two predominating ideas—these are Osiris and Hermes. Osiris presents the model of a perfect king, and Hermes that of a perfect priest. Osiris, moreover, is the Nile—the sun—and metaphysically, the Supreme Being. Hermes is a personification of intellectual life—of reflection—thought—even of the arts of teaching and writing. He is wisdom, intelligence, the preceptor *par excellence*, the sacred scribe. He is the spirit of spirits, the conductor of souls. He assists at the beginning and the end of the world, and of time. He is the law and the legislator identified with each other; he is acquainted with all the sciences of heaven and earth; he is a physician, judge, sacrificer, adorer, prophet, in one; he buries the dead, builds tombs and temples—in a word, he is in Hermes, and by Hermes; he comes from Hermes, and returns to Hermes; he is the Living Word.

To understand this, it will be necessary to keep in view the doctrine of emanation, which runs through the whole of the Eastern mythologies; where the divinities radiate from a common centre, like the beams of light streaming from the sun; but still, however low they descend, connected with, and forming an integral part of, the parent body. Thus Isis, the sister and wife of Osiris, was at once Egypt, the Dog-star, the whole world, all nature, the Supreme Being. M. Guigniaud, the able commentator on Creuzer, pursues the ideas of the latter with great felicity, like Brahma of India, who wrote the Vedas before the creation, the first Thoth (Hermes) was anterior to the human race, to spirits, to all things. He only among the immortals, comprised the essence of the Demiurge (the Creator); soul of soul, intelligence of intelligence, sacred principle of universal reason, he saw every thing, and comprehended every thing. What he had comprehended he was able to communicate and demonstrate; whatever he saw he wrote; and what he had written he concealed, exciting with a broken sentence the whole world to seek after the mysterious revelation. M. Champollion identifies this omniscient being with the god whom Jamblicus (*De Myst.* viii. 3) calls Eicton, superior intelligence emanated from the first intelligence, and who could only be worthily adored by silence, an idea which is probably correct, as Cicero tells us (*De Nat. Deorum*, iii. 22) that the Egyptians were forbidden to pronounce the name of Hermes. M. Champollion adds, that Hermes does not appear to have been the object of a direct worship, as on the monuments he is never seen receiving either offerings or prayers; another striking relation, as M. Guigniaud observes, between this od and the Hindoo Brahma, which it shall be our task on some ıture occasion to point out and illustrate. In a citation from the istorian Mnaseas, there are preserved the names of four gods of ıe Lemnian mysteries, one of which is said by that ancient author) be Hermes. The first is Ceres, the second Pluto, the third 'roserpine, and the fourth Hermes. We shall not trouble the ader either with the names, which it must be confessed are bar-

barous enough, or with the etymological arguments of Blackwell on the subject, (*Letters concerning Mythology*, p. 279—281); but it may be proper to remark, that that acute and elegant writer interprets them to mean "the powers and produce of fine impregnating mother-earth in the mysterious work of vegetation."

How far this deity, Thoth or Hermes, corresponds with the Hermes and Mercurius of the Greeks and Romans, we leave the reader to judge! The fact seems to be, that when Herodotus travelled into Egypt, impressed with the higher antiquity of that kingdom, he no sooner discovered certain resemblances between the gods of the country and his own, than he exclaimed, "Here is the universal Pantheon—here is the birth-place of the deities of Greece!" And in the same manner, when Cæsar went into Britain, observing some analogy between the statues and worship of Teutates, and those of Hermes, he exclaimed, "Here is our own Mercury! If there be any truth, however, in our preceding account of the early religion and idolatries of the world, their resemblances must in both quarters have been incidental to the common origin of the mythologies, although we do not deny, that from the early intercourse between Greece and Egypt, there might have arisen some intermixture of ideas previous to the visit of Herodotus. We are now to examine the pretensions of the god of the Celtic barbarians to an identity with the sublime Thoth of the Egyptians.

Mr. Bowles's position is stated in this manner.

'In a direct line towards Stonehenge, the wild ambages of the Downs terminate in a more lofty elevation, looking down as it were on the sacred scene to the north, and over a fine vale on the south, carrying the sight to another range of Downs, on which frowns in its vastness, comparatively uninjured, the rival temple of Stonehenge.

'This hill, over which the mighty rampart I have spoken of, strides, is called "*Tan-hill*," which has been supposed a corruption of St. Anne. Here, remote from dwellings, has been established, time out of mind, a *fair*. This highest projection of the Downs is, in a direct line, distant from Abury about three miles. The ground from the north gradually ascends to this elevation, the southern side being sharp and precipitous, and looking immediately down on the vale below.

'From its contiguity and apparent connection with Abury, I have considered this Fair as the remains of the assembly resorting to the "locus consecratus" of the Ζευς Βρονταιος of the Celts.

'The name of the Celtic God of Thunder, it is well known, is Taranis or Tanarus. In Lucan it is Taranis, but an inscription on an altar found in Cheshire has the remarkable words, "D. O. M. TANARO," "to the great Jupiter Tanarus." This stone remains a singular corroboration of the veracity of Lucan in his names of the Celtic gods.* The name, either Taranis or Tanarus, signifies the same deity, for Taran is Celtic for thunder, and Tan for fire, to which name originally the lightning might have given rise; and from hence was derived the name of the sacred fire called

* 'And of Cæsar also, who enumerates Jupiter.'

the Bel-tan or Baal-tine, flaming on such heights, and answering each other from hill to hill through all the consecrated precincts of the Druids. So that, if called Taranis, it is from thunder, as Tanarus is from lightning, or fire.

'In obvious connection with these facts I have supposed the original name of the hill to be derived from the Celtic deity Tanarus—Tan-hill—*not* a corruption from St. Anne, there being no ecclesiastical structure on the spot, or tradition of any. In connection also with this idea I have considered the great temple at the foot of this hill, and the vast artificial mound in front of the temple, to be the mound and temple of Mercurius (the Teutates of Lucan) the great god of the Celts, and the messenger, in Grecian * mythology, of the Thunderer.'—pp. 14—15.

His proof from Cæsar is as follows:

'When Cæsar, on inquiring the nature of the worship of the Druids in Britain, understood that there were, in a neighbouring part of the island, vast stones connected with peculiar religious rites, he would naturally have said, "En! et hic noster Mercurius." "This is our Mercury;" for in Greece, and in his own country, stones were sacred to Mercury; and where there were tumuli, and a loftier mound, in particular, he would be still more impressed that Mercury was the chief god of the Britons, when he recollected that such kinds of mounds, sacred to this god, were found also in Greece, called Ermaia, Mercuriales Acervi, whence Livy's "Mercurii tumulus."

'From having heard of these sacred stones we may presume he says, "maximè colunt Mercurium;" and further, hearing, as he must have done with a mind anxious for information, of the stones on various mounds,† &c. in this country, he would naturally add, "cujus sunt plurima simulacra," "of this god there are many images." That the two largest of these stone temples in the whole kingdom, at no great distance from the scene of his conflict, should not, upon inquiry, have come to his knowledge, is most improbable; but it is enough for me that it is far *more* probable that he should have heard of them than that he *should not*, and hearing of these monuments he would naturally say that the chief god of the Britons was Mercury. When he immediately adds the remarkable words, having spoken of Mercury as the chief object of worship, that "post hunc" they worshipped Apollinem, he would be led to the expression "*post hunc*," if he found that the greatest and most ancient temple at Abury was sacred to Mercury or Teutates, and that a "vast round temple" was dedicated to Apollo; and I confess it does appear to me most analogous to reason, that he should have used those expressions on hearing—as it seems almost impossible he should *not* have heard when the worship of the inhabitants was the first object of inquiry—of such temples as those of Abury and Stonehenge.

* 'See Diodorus Siculus, for the tradition of the early connection of Greece with the Hyperboreans.

† 'There is a tumulus near Wells with the stone still remaining. Many hills, particularly a lofty one near Stourhead, have the singular name of Kitchen. I am indebted to Mr. Miles for the suggestion that Kitchen is Kist-vaen. Most of the hills on the sea-coast, and through Dorsetshire, are still pronounced Teuts by the common people.'

'Thus, then, we may account for the three remarkable expressions of Cæsar, "Mercurium maximè colunt;" "cujus sunt plurima simulacra;' "*post hunc* colunt Apollinem;" and, comparing the monuments as they now exist, we see the greater propriety for Cæsar's enumeration of the deities in this very order. At all events he must have had some grounds for his assertion; and there cannot, I think, be conceived a more probable reason than that he actually was so induced to speak from some account he heard of the vast temples, one of which remains to this day almost entire, and the other broken, dissipated, yet magnificent in its fragments.

'Upon the basis of Cæsar's remarks I have raised the almost consequential conclusions, as they appear to me, that, as Mercury was the greatest popular god, Abury was the most august temple sacred to him, and that Silbury-hill—the mound, such as Livy called Mercurii Tumulus, was part of that temple.'*—pp. 19—21.

The *stones*, therefore, are the only witnesses for Teutates; and if their testimony be triumphant, it must prove that there is a Thoth in every barbarous nation, who is, eventually, sculptured into a Mercury by the chisel of taste. "Cœpit idolatria," says Marsham, (*Canon Chromers*, p. 57,) at impolitis columnis, rudibusque lapidibus; et simulacra deorum, quò informiora, eò vetustiora habenda sunt. Pausanius, (l. 9, p. 577,) informs us that there was a temple of Hercules at Hyetto, in Bœotia, where the image was a rude unsculptured stone; in page 581, that of the Thespian Cupid was of the same description; and in p. 600, he gives the same account of the image in the ancient temple at Orchomenios. Juno of the Argives, the Apollo of Delphi, and the Theban Bacchus, were all represented in this manner. (*Strom.* l. 1, p. 348); and the whole of the Greeks together, as we are assured by Pausanius, (l. 7, p. 441) erected at first no other images of the gods. The Phœnicians, the Megareans, and the ancient Arabs, were not farther advanced in religious taste; and, we may add, that it is not a statue which the Jews are prohibited to erect, but rather what the Greeks called ΣΤΗΛΗ (cippus, titulus) a pillar, or column, or stone set on end, as a monument, such as that which Jacob erected between him and Laban. The Egyptians themselves, used, at one time, the same simulacra; but even after the national taste had advanced beyond this its earliest era, the statues of Hermes retained their original form. Indeed, if we may believe Jablonski, (*Panth.* p. 180, and *Voc.* p. 91), the very name of Thoth, means "a column." On this subject, however, M. Champollion is undecided; and some other writers give the name an astronomical signification.

Another error, into which Mr. Bowles has fallen, is that of partly founding his theory on the coincidence of the *dog* occurring in the Bardic mythology, and the dog-star being identified

* 'It stands in the middle, and in a direct line with the two extremities of the stone-temple, which are in the form of a serpent.'

with Thoth. This mistake is the less reprehensible as Creuzer himself has fallen into it; but let Mr. Bowles consult the ancient authors who have written on the subject,—(for instance, *Apoll. Hier.* 3; *Plutarch de Iside*, p. 359), and he will find that Isis is the dog-star, and not Thoth. In an inscription, quoted by Diodorus Siculus, Isis is found saying, "I am she who rises in the dog-star,"—but it would be idle to adduce farther evidence on this head. Another symbol, to which our author attaches much weight, is the figure of a *serpent*. The serpent, however, is not at all peculiar either to Egypt or to Hermes. In Hindostan and other countries, as well as Egypt, it was the symbol of immortality; and even in Egypt itself, it is not peculiar to Hermes. The serpent is formed in the orgies of Bacchus; and it is sacred to Jupiter Sabagius, to Sol, Ceres, Proserpine, Hecate, Esculapius, and Heroes. (*Artimador. Onir.* l. 2, c. 13).

But, to abandon controversy, and come now to the more pleasant part of our vocation; let us quote the fifth chapter of the book as a piece of very agreeable reading:

'The reader who has attentively read and reflected on what has been brought together, as well as on the whole of the preceding remarks, may probably say, "we can easily trace the general connection of Egypt and Greece, and perceive how the beautiful forms of the mythology of Greece, as displayed in the ancient Etruscan vases, grew out of the dark and solemn superstitions of Egypt, and also the connection between the secret mysteries of Ceres at Eleusis and the hieroglyphics under which the Egyptian priests, in the darkness of their gigantic temples, veiled their mysterious doctrines of an eternal infinite God and the immortality of the soul: we can trace in what manner this doctrine passed into Greece, and pervaded distant countries; but what analogy is there, or what distant resemblance can be found in other points between the Celts, their buildings, their burial places, and those of the Egyptians?" None! my object only has been to show in what manner the reverence for one name, the revealer of the one great God, the object of Celtic and Druidical worship originated; that the sacred stones, consecrated to Druidical worship, grew out of the aboriginal obeliscal stone, sacred to the great archetype of Mercury in Egypt, connected with the doctrines which he derived from sacred tradition. He might be supposed the most active human means of delivering to the survivors of the world in the earliest ages after the deluge, this sacred tradition, being, in his human character, Thoth, the GRANDSON of Ham.

'The nature and character, and origin of the whole complex machinery of Druidical worship is a very different thing, and requires a separate consideration, but their secret worship of one great god is undoubted, and equally undoubted is the fact, that they taught the IMMORTALITY OF MAN. From whence those doctrines were derived I have endeavoured to trace.

'As I trace to the sacred stone of the *Thrice-great Hermes* of Egypt the sacred Druidical stones, so also to Egypt it seems to me we may trace

the songs of the Celtic bards, and the very form, as exhibited to this day in Wales, of the original Celtic harp.*

'Such as the harp is represented in the caves of Thebes, such a harp universal tradition gives to the Celts, and to these only of all nations; † such it now appears, and has appeared for centuries among the mountains of Wales and Ireland, where the descendants of the Druidical bards waked their mournful minstrelsy,

'On many a hoary precipice
That shades Ierne's dark abyss,
On many a sunless solitude
Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude.

'I am persuaded that this instrument never could have received any thing like its perfection of form, this form associated with the ideas of Druidical solemnities as we universally find it, without an origin far remote, and from one common source. This idea is, as far as I know, entirely new, but it is interesting. I trace the origin of the harp of the Druidical bards to the same source as the great Teut, and the reader has only to compare the forms copied from the ancient caverns of Thebes by Denon and Bruce. This circumstance will be found more remarkable when it is considered that, with all the refinements of Greece and her beautiful forms, and their *nine muses* each personified, and Apollo himself at their head, no such instrument is found, none of the kind—none so complete, in form and character, as the Egyptian and Celtic harp. Of the music of this harp we have specimens to this day; for who can close his ears to the melodious but melancholy tones of the harp of Ossian?

'I by no means venture to say that the poems of Ossian are original, but that much is original I am convinced; for I do not believe that any Macpherson could originate such a series of consistent objects combined with such peculiar and affecting imagery, any more than I think the naked islanders of Britain could originate the discipline of the Druids.

'I think I can see the beginnings and endings of many clumsy interweavings, which have injured the character and impeached the truth of those fragments. But that much is truly Celtic I believe, and I do not fear to say, in youth and age, and I have a far greater poet and scholar (Gray), on my side, that to me, with those abatements, these poems are most affecting. The sweet tone of melancholy interest which occasionally pervades them, far from its being contrary to the Celtic character, and brought as a proof of imposture, might readily be accounted for from the traditional recollections of the Druids' dispersion, scattered, and far from the first sacred scenes of their ancestorial residence.

'"A tale of the times of old: the deeds of days of other years. The murmur of thy streams, oh Lora, brings back the memory of the past.

† 'Plutarch informs us that, according to the Celts, the souls of the mighty, on leaving the body, rode on the winds and tempests. What an

* As also the songs of the scalds, the Teutones, or worshippers of Teut, in the north, before they also were scattered by the invaders from the shores of the Euxine.

† The Phœnician harps, probably like those of Egypt, are spoken of in Ezekiel, chap. xxvi. "The sound of the harp shall be no more heard."

unexpected corroboration of the souls of the heroes on the clouds in Ossian?

'"Dost thou not behold a rock with its head of heath? there the flower of the mountain grows, the thistle is there alone. TWO STONES, half sunk in the ground, show their heads of moss. The deer of the mountain avoids the place, for he beholds the grey ghost that guards it, for the MIGHTY lie in the narrow place of the rock."—CARTHON.

Mr. Bowles has very judiciously quoted, as he observes, the above passage without *Macphersonisms*. After remarking that though Tacitus, in his treatise on Germany, has not been so accurate as Cæsar in marking the distinction between the Celts and Germans, he has not only made use of the term Tuitos, but in speaking of the songs, applies to them the appellation, Barditus. But we proceed with his very interesting observations.

'The Celtic bard and the Celtic harp, according to these ideas, never were and never could be the offspring of the uninstructed and rude aboriginal inhabitants of this island. The Phœnicians from Tyre, and subsequently from Carthage or Cadiz, as they were the first visitors were the great instructors in Druidical discipline and solemnities, making these rites the more impressive from a mixture of oriental pomp, on the imagination and hearts of those who flocked round "the strangers of the distant land." And the harp of the bards was the harp, struck in a strange land, such as it appears in the caverns of Thebes; as to Thebes we have referred the origin of the doctrine of the Druids.

'The singular circumstance of an arrow with the *flint head* found in the grave of a Celtic chieftain, with a brass instrument of elaborate workmanship, shows, more than a thousand volumes on the subject, the destitution of knowledge and art in the native, and his regard for the strangers in the distant land, when he had this precious record of their friendship buried with him; and it shows no less the civilization of the stranger; for I hold it to be utterly incredible that the instrument of brass could be manufactured by him who had not knowledge to discover or skill to form his arrow's point out of other materials than a flint of the Downs.

'This singular discovery was made, during a thunder storm, near Woodyeat's Inn, in Dorsetshire, on the Downs, close to the Roman road, and in the immediate vicinity of the vast woody tract of Cranborne Chase.

'But in speaking of the Celtic harp, let me revert again to that most extraordinary passage in Diodorus, respecting the "round temple of Apollo," in an island, not less than Sicily, "among the hyperboreans," opposite "Celtica (the country of the Gauls)."

'"In this island there is a magnificent grove." Τεμενος, according to its aboriginal sense, means what is set apart as sacred, generally the *wooded precincts*, as wood was round ancient temples, which is exactly the case here; for Clarendon forest is not distant more than a few miles.

'Diodorus adds, there is "a remarkable temple of a round form."

'How could a Grecian have more appropriately described Stone Henge, to whom it must have appeared so "remarkable," as differing from every temple with which he was acquainted. He adds,

'"There is also a *city* sacred to the *same* god."

'We have found the Hyperborean "ISLAND,"—the "remarkable

ROUND TEMPLE to Apollo" in that island—the sacred precincts,—but where is the city of the "HARPERS" of Apollo, without which the similitude would be incomplete? Now what is the very name of Salisbury? Solis-bury, as we have before observed. So a round hill near Bath (Aqua Solis) is still called "LITTLE SALISBURY." On this hill of the harpers of Apollo, the first church, as usual, rose where stood some altar or sacred structure to this god.

'And what does Diodorus say further? "Most of the inhabitants were *harpers*, who continually play upon their harp in the temple, and sing hymns to the god."

'Here is the grove, the forest, the sacred city, the very name of that City preserved, and the *bards*.

'Thus when we come into contact with the bards and the very Celtic harp, probably such as it is now in Wales, so different from the Grecian testudo, and having its exact counterpart, and the very dress of the old Celtic bard, where? in the caverns of Thebes, the sacred country of the aboriginal Mercury, from whence, with other knowledge, the Celtic harp.

'Let us then turn to "the city" near the "round temple and woody precincts."* This is a city sacred to the same god. What god? The Sun! The temple, the city, and grove of Apollo are thus connected.

'Now, without any reference to the opinion I am about to give for the first time, I have stated that Sul, Sil, Sal, are derived from the sun. Hence many hills through the kingdom are to this day called, without any city, Salisbury: Sulisbury ab origine, unde Solisbury, unde Solsbury. I have before stated the derivation without an idea of the singular explanation, which has been or can be given of this passage, and which, considering the connection with Stonehenge, makes the application more singular and conclusive. I must beg to say, at the same time, that I never admit bare etymology, as conclusive unless corroborated with other circumstances, but I think altogether this derivation will appear satisfactory.'—pp. 66—73.

Mr. Bowles answers, in respect to the names Sorbiodunum and Sarisburiensis, that Salisbury was the first name, because standing on a flat space, and rearing its head suddenly amid the clouds, this strange eminence was most likely to attract the harpers.—In addition to which, he observes, that the first Christian temples were generally built on the sites of the Pagan ones.

'But whence are the names Sarisburiensis, Sarum, derived? This city was first called from the Celtic SUL; then Solisbury from the original name; then urbs Cæsaris, or urbs Cæsarum; and what is Saris, or Sarum, but from Cæsaris, Cæsarum, Saris and Sarum being the termination of Cæsar. Sorbiodunum may be composed of Orbis and Dunum. This is conjecture, but here is "THE CITY OF THE SUN, the woody and hallowed ground, the ROUND temple, and the sacred HILL AND CITY OF THE BARDS! The whole of this most marvellously agrees with Hecateus, who lived almost five hundred years before the Christian era, and from whom Diodorus gives the description.†

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* 'Τεμενος is derived from Τεμνω, to cut off, or set apart.'

† 'Since this was printed, I have met with an ingenious and unexpected corroboration. Diodorus in the same passage calls the bards of

'*As* to the peculiar form of the Celtic harp, and its counterpart in the caverns of Thebes, we have nothing of the kind in any part of the world.

'The common Grecian harp had *six* strings. The harp of *ten* strings is spoken of in the Psalms as if such a compass was most extraordinary; but one of the Egyptian harps in the caverns of Thebes has *thirteen*, the other *eighteen* strings. I have now to remark that the division of the monochord into its common intervals is a work of *refinement*.

'The reader, who perhaps knows the common scale by rote, will think there is nothing extraordinary in eight consecutive notes. Yes, there is. Where is the difficulty? it is this: as the eight notes are now universally given, in what is called the diatonic scale, he will find the fourth a half tone; 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8.; the 7th is a half note from the 8th, and the 4th half note from the 3rd.

'Now, all rude nations are puzzled when they come to the 4th and 7th tones; and indeed the reason is obvious, for the 4th and 7th cannot be made on the trumpet; the fourth note as blown on a trumpet, will consist of a whole tone, that is, be too sharp for the scale, and the scale so divided would bring it into execrable discord.

'The oldest Scotch tunes, such as "Tweed-side" as first composed, (and it is a peculiarity of those Scotch tunes, which are really so,) omit the 4th and 7th generally, and hence the well known idea that the black notes of a piano of themselves produce a kind of Scotch tune.

'I was never so sensible of this circumstance, which perhaps it will require a musical reader to understand, as on examining a vast number of instruments, at the Duke of Somerset's, which were brought from Java by the late lamented Sir Thomas Raffles. These were sets of cylinders of some resonant metal, struck with two pieces of wood, in the form of our common staccado, only much larger. I examined ten or fifteen sets, I believe, and found in every one of them, without a single exception, that the fourth note and the seventh were entirely omitted.

'As the doctrines of Plato were the echoes of the great knowledge of the Egyptians, so only does the Celtic harp, as it were, give the echo of the knowledge of the music in Egypt. I adduce the fact as showing how comparatively greater the knowledge of music was in Egypt, when such a harp as now in use was found exactly represented on the walls of the tombs of the most ancient kings, and in the most ancient city of the world. When Bruce first gave this representation it was considered as the romance of a lying traveller. Denon has established the veracity of Bruce. There are two harps in the caverns of Thebes. One has thirteen strings, the other eighteen; the first being the octave with the third above; and the other, the octave, a sixth above. The scale of

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the city SARONIDES, from whence the writer of "Conjectures on Stonehenge," derives Sarum from SARON, the city of the sun, or a hill. As to Cæsaris and Cæsarum, Saris and Sarum being the terminations, the case is most common. Emerita in Spain is called, hodie, Merida; Cæsar-Augusta, Sarragosta!'

Pythagoras is evidently taken from this model exactly, at the doctrines of Plato echoed the sublime knowledge of Thoth.*'—pp. 73—76.

The only observation we think it necessary to make on the above, regards the passage which treats of a flint-headed arrow being found in the grave of a Celtic chieftain. We would suggest that a Celt who (according to Mr. Bowles) extracted *tin* from the bowels of the earth, and exchanged it with the Phœnicians for brass instruments, would not be likely to content himself with "a flint of the Downs" for his arrow's head.

We shall endeavour to relieve the heaviness of this article by quoting the following verses, written on the occasion of the barrow being opened, in which the above-mentioned relics were found:

'THE CELTIC WARRIOR'S GRAVE.

'"Let me, let me sleep again!"
Thus, methought, in feeble strain,
Plain'd from its disturbed bed,
The spirit of the mighty dead:
"O'er my mouldered ashes cold
Many a century slow hath roll'd,
Many a race hath disappear'd
Since my giant form I rear'd,
Since my flinted arrow flew,
Since my battle-horn I blew,
Since my brazen dagger's pride
Glitter'd on my warlike side,
Which transported o'er the wave,
Kings of distant ocean gave.
Ne'er hath glar'd the eye of day
My death-bed secrets to betray,
Since, with mutter'd Celtic rhyme,
The white-haired Druid bard sublime,
Mid the stillness of the night,
Wak'd the sad and solemn rite,—

The rite of death, when, where I sleep,
Rose the monumental heap.

* 'Mr. Macculloch has corroborated my opinion respecting the old Scotch tunes. Scotch tunes in general are like Epsom butter, made at Brentford. One of the most affecting and beautiful, under the popular name of Auld Robin Gray, with words most singularly and happily adapted to music, was composed by Mr. Leeves, late rector of Wrington in Somersetshire. I could never get a Scotchman to believe this. The reason why the words of Robin Gray are so well adapted to music, are, that they contain not a single epithet except "auld." Epithets, generally painting to the *eye*, destroy the sentiment of the melody addressed to the *ear*. It is singular how little this is regarded, particularly by those, with one masterly exception, (Thomas Moore,) who write songs "*expressly*" *for music!*'

Passing near the hallow'd ground,*
The Roman gaz'd upon the mound,
And murmur'd with a secret sigh,
'There in the dust the mighty lie!'
Ev'n while his heart with conquest glow'd,
While the high-rais'd flinty road
Echoed to the prancing hoof,
And golden eagles flam'd aloof,
And flashing to the orient light
His banner'd legions glitter'd bright,
The victor of the world confess'd
A dark awe shivering at his breast.
Shall the sons of distant days
Unpunish'd on my relics gaze?
Hark! HESUS rushes from on high,
Loud war-sounds hurtle in the sky;
Mid darkness and descending rain,
Hark! hollow thunders rock amain!
See! TARANIS descends to save
His hero's violated grave,
And shakes, beneath the lightning's glare,
The sulphur from his blazing hair!
While stern TEUTATES darkly shrouds,
On the lone rock, his head in clouds.
Hence! yet, though my grave ye spoil,
Dark oblivion mocks your toil:
Deep the clouds of ages roll—
History drops her mould'ring scroll—
And never shall reveal the name
Of HIM who scorns her transient fame."'—pp. 120, 121.

The Phœnicians, however, could not have traded, as our author asserts they did, with the inhabitants of Britain, for tin, or any other metal of the sort, till the latter were acquainted with the art of mining, and possessed the tools necessary for such a purpose.

With regard to the etymology of the word, the sound of which seems to have misled Mr. Bowles throughout, we would trace it at once to TOT, fire. The temple, therefore, of the god who was Romanized into Teutates, as well as that at Stonehenge, was the temple of Apollo,—not the deity of the eastern mythologies, but, in plain English, the sun, the object of worship, in a barbarous state of society, to every race of mankind.

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* 'The Roman road deviates from its right line, as in respect to the dead.'

ART. XI. *Londiniana, or Reminiscences of the British Metropolis; including Characteristics, Antiquarian, Topographical, Descriptive, and Literary.* By Edward Wedlake Brayley, F.S.A. M.R.S.L., &c. &c. 4 vols. London: Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1829.

THE changes which London has undergone during the last ten centuries form an amusing subject for reflection. National manners are so easily modified by circumstances of any kind, that it is not improbable custom itself is affected by the alterations which take place in the external appearances of cities. If this be indeed the case, the office of the topographical antiquary is to be regarded with twofold respect, and the discoveries he makes among the half obliterated traces of former generations as so many aids to a knowledge of their distinct and proper character. The inquisitive curiosity with which the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum have been explored, is a strong evidence of the general feeling on this subject. Every object which recals any image of their inhabitants is more valued by the traveller, than a manuscript of the most antient author. It is contemplated as a part of the real active scene of life, which by its presence destroys something of the distance between us and our forerunners, and leaves less for fancy to perform, when we would look back into the darkness of the past. But the reverence with which the relics of former times are observed, is principally confined to objects which have been recovered from cities, either no longer in existence, or fast crumbling away into the sand of the desert. The feeling is seldom extended, except in a very feeble degree, to the spots on which our own houses are built, to the remains of things which have only plain, stern time to hallow them, or to ruins, which, being cleared away, leave room for some temple dedicated to present comfort or ambition.

To us, however, who are willing to look at things in any way that can make them appear most thought-awakening—most adapted to call any deep-working sympathy out of its sleeping place—the near and familiar objects around us, whose antiquity is only marked, perhaps, by their more sombre appearance, are almost as worthy of observation as a volcano-buried city. They speak to us plainly of what has been, and of the changes which are made by time to alternate with the fixed laws of the universe and humanity. An old city, like London, is full from one corner to the other of sights on which antiquity has written its legends, and described its moral emblems with the finger of a philosopher. We are continually treading upon the site of some dwelling which a patriot, or a poet, consecrated, by spending in it his years of holy retirement or endurance; the roof of an hospital or alms-house every now and then meets the eye, reminding us of the religious charity of men who sought no other monument to make themselves remembered, but the good deeds of love. Then, there are the proud but citizen-like

halls of antient trade, at the very sight of which we conjure up the pompous and glittering processions, when the setting of the city-watch, and the Lord Mayor's day, were things of which merry London was not ashamed; there are also to be met with here and there, an antient house or two, as we pass which we are inclined to forget that time improves as well as changes, and think that people can never be so happy as when they possess homesteads that have a sort of impenetrability to light, noise, and troublesome intruders; and besides these, there are streets through which we may walk from day to night, the very names of which call into our minds, romance-like passages of history, or the noble thoughts of old romancers.

The alterations which have successively removed first one, and then another of the objects which belonged to London in the olden time, have been accompanied by a corresponding change in popular manners. With the picturesqueness, the strong, massive, shadow-making forms of the antient buildings, have passed away the mirth-loving and domestic spirit of their inhabitants. In proportion as trade and commerce have learnt to despise their splendid shows and processions, they have become less national, less truly English, and have yielded themselves to cold calculation for their deity, instead of St. George and Bishop Blaise, and other such like noble-hearted patrons. But it would occupy more space and time than we can spare, to enter into a dissertation on this subject, and we must leave it to the consideration of some learned antiquary to trace the parallel changes which have taken place in the solid forms of the substantial city, and the volatile spirits of its inhabitants.

Like most mighty cities as well as families, London traces its proud origin to times, under the shadow of which it is very difficult to discover the truth. According to tradition, it was founded 1008 years before Christ, and by no less a person than Brute, a descendant of Eneas. This record of its early beginning was credited so lately as the reign of Henry the Sixth, but it was not followed up by any connected history, and no account is given of its condition from the period above-mentioned to the times which immediately preceded the invasion of Cæsar. From what is said of its state in that age by the old chroniclers, it has been concluded that it was certainly founded by the native British, which opinion is supported by Pennant, and other eminent antiquarians. A great deal of learning has been expended in endeavouring to determine the site on which it was originally built, but the datas appear to be too few to determine the question. The same also may be said with regard to the derivation of its name. By some writers it is supposed to be compounded of the two British words, *Llong*, a ship, and *Din*, a town; by others it is derived from Llyn-din, Llyn meaning a lake. There is nothing improbable in either of these etymological guesses, the latter, however, considering how generally the names of places in England are derived from their particular situations, appear to be the better founded supposition.

The description which is given of London by Tacitus, the earliest of the classical historians who mentions it, represents it as a place of considerable consequence, terming it the great market of trade and commerce, and also the chief residence of merchants. He also describes it at a later period as being celebrated for the vast number of merchants by whom it was frequented, for its extensive commerce, and the abundance of the supplies which it was able to pour forth. Its wealth and importance must, indeed, have increased in a very rapid manner, for, in the year 359, it is said that eight hundred vessels were employed in the exportation and general trade of corn. It is not decided at what period the walls were first built, but their erection is uniformily attributed to the skill and policy of the Romans. The foundation of these walls was examined by Dr. Woodward in the year 1707, and it is reported by him to have been about eight feet below the present surface, and to have been composed, to a considerable degree, of what is called rag stone, with the Roman tiles called ses-quipedales interspersed at the distance of two feet. The hardness of the mortar, to which the durability of Roman remains is generally attributed, was so great, that it was broken with equal difficulty as the stone itself. The part of the wall which was examined by our antiquary lay in Camomile-street, near the site of Bishop's-gate, where he also discovered several antiquities which indicated the former residence of the first conquerors of the Britons. One of the most curious remains, however, of this kind, is the famous London stone, or Roman milliaris. The following account is given of this interesting piece of antiquity in the present work:

'London Stone, the *Lapis Milliaris* of the Romans, is a well known remnant of antiquity, standing against the south wall of St. Swithin's church, in Cannon-street, which connects with Watling-street, and was formerly a part of it. Though now reduced to a mere fragment, this is still an object of considerable interest with those who associate the recollection of past events and distant ages with existing monuments. In former times, this venerable remain was regarded with a sort of superstitious zeal, and, like the Palladium of Troy, the fate and safety of the city was imagined to be dependent on its preservation. Some small portion of its decay may be ascribed to the effects of time, but the chief mischief must have been committed by the hands of man.

'Stowe's description of London Stone is as follows: speaking of Walbrook, he says, "On the south side of this high street, neere unto the channell, is pitched upright a great stone, called London Stone, fixed in the ground very deep, fastened with bars of iron, and otherwise so stronglie set, that if cartes do runne against it through negligence, the wheeles be broken, and the stone itselfe unshaken. The cause why this stone was there set, the verie time when, or other memory thereof, is there none; but that the same hath long continued there, is manifest, namely since, or rather before, the time of the conquest. For in the end of a fayre written Gospell booke, given to Christes Church in Canterburie, by Ethelstane, King of the West Saxons, I find noted of lands or rents in London,

belonging to the said church, whereof one parcel is described to lye near unto London Stone. Of later time we read that, in the year of Christ 1135, the 1st of King Stephen, a fire which began in the house of one Ailwarde, neare unto London stone, consumed all east to Ealdgate (Aldgate) in which fire the priorie of the Holy Trinity was burnt, and west to S. Erkenwald's Shrine in St. Paul's church: and those be the eldest notes that I read thereof.

'"Some have saide this stone to have beene set as a marke in the middle of the cittie within the walles; but in truth, it standeth farre nearer unto the river of Thames than the walls of the city. Some others have saide the same to bee set for the tendering and making of paymentes by debtors to their creditors at their appointed daies and times, till of later time, paymentes were more usually made at the font in Pontes Church; and nowe most commonly at the Royall Exchange. Some againe have imagined the stone to be set up by one John, or Thomas, Londonstone; dwelling there against it; but more likely it is, that such men have taken the name of the stone, rather than the stone of them, as did John at Noke, Thomas at Stile, William at Wall, or at Well, &c."

'Fabian has been quoted by different historians, namely, Strype, Maitland and Malcolm, as noticing London Stone in the doggerel rhymes which he has attached, by way of Prologue, to the second volume of his "Chronicle"; yet, on referring to the original, it will be evident that London only was intended to be described. Rome, Carthage, and Jerusalem, says Fabian, have been "caste downe," with "many other cytyes," yet

"Thys, so oldely founded,
Is so surely grounded,
That no man may confounde yt,
It is so sure a stone,
That yt is upon sette,
For though some have it threttе
With Manasses, grym, and great,
Yt hurte had yt none:
Chryste is the very stone
That the citie is set upon;
Which from all his foon
Hath ever preserved it.
By meane of dyvyne servyce,
That in contynuall wyse
Is kept in devout guyse
Within the mure of yt."

'This ancient monument is mentioned by Holinshed, in his account of the insurrection of Jack Cade. When that rebellious chieftain of the populace, he says, had forced his way into the capital, he struck his sword upon London Stone, exclaiming, "Now is Mortimer lord of this city;" "as if," Pennant remarks, "that had been a customary way of taking possession."'—pp. 17—19.

Mr. Brayley has, very judiciously and ingeniously, gathered together most of the ancient descriptions which are given of London, and has remarked, as a very extraordinary fact, that the Doomsday Book has wholly omitted any mention of the capital,

which, at the time of its compilation, must have been, as we have seen, a place of very great importance. The most probable explanation of this curious circumstance is, that a separate survey was made of the city, the record of which has been destroyed, or hitherto escaped the researches of antiquaries. The fullest description which remains of London in early times, is that by William Fitz-Stephen, a monk, of Canterbury, who lived during the reign of Henry the First. A translation of his memoir was made by Dr. Samuel Pegge, and published in the year 1772. Fitz-Stephen was, for the age in which he lived, a man of considerable erudition, and obtained, by his character as a scholar, the attention and friendship of Thomas à Becket. The account he has given of London forms the introduction to his life of Becket, which he wrote under the title of "Vita Sancti Thomæ, Archiepiscopi et Martyris." He was well accomplished for the work, having been present at the barbarous murder of the Archbishop. After a proud eulogium on the magnificence of the metropolis, which he places among the very first in the world for its commerce, grandeur, the excellence of its climate, and the purity of its religion, he proceeds to a description of St. Paul's, the Tower, and some of the suburbs, after which he gives the following account of the inhabitants :—

'In respect of the inhabitants, the city may be proud of its inmates, who are well furnished with arms, and are numerous. In the time of the late war, when King Stephen directed a muster, it turned out, of effective men, no less than twenty thousand horse, properly accoutred, and sixty thousand foot.* The citizens of London, everywhere, and throughout the whole kingdom, are esteemed the politest of all others, in their manners, their dress, and the elegance and splendour of their tables. Insomuch, that whilst the inhabitants of other cities are styled *Citizens*, they are dignified with the name of *Barons*, and with them an oath is the end of all strife. The matrons of the city perfect Sabines.†

'The three principal churches in London are privileged by grant and ancient usage with schools,‡ and they are all very flourishing. Often, indeed,

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* 'This large army could not possibly have been formed of the inhabitants of London exclusively, at that period; but probably the city had been chosen for a general rendezvous of King Stephen's soldiers, as well as of the armed retinues of such of the nobility as supported his usurpation.

† 'The *Sabine* women were eminent for their chastity, industry, and frugality; in short, as Mr. Pegge has remarked, for "every quality respectable in good housewives."

‡ 'There is a diversity of opinion as to what churches the schools here mentioned were attached. According to Strype, they were St. Paul's, the Priory of the Trinity, at Aldgate, and St. Martin-le-Grand. Others suppose, they were St. Paul's, the Abbey of Westminster, and St. Peter's, Cornhill. Mr. Pegge, after referring to Dugdale's "History of St. Paul's," p. 9, edit. 1658, in support of his conjecture, says, "it should seem that the three schools, intended by our author, were St. Paul's, Bow, and St. Martin's-le-Grand," as, "in King Stephen's time, none were permitted to

through the favour and countenance of persons eminent in philosophy, more schools are permitted. On festivals, at those churches where the feast of the Patron Saint is solemnized, the masters convene their scholars. The youth, on that occasion, dispute, some in the demonstrative way, and some logically. These produce their enthymemes, and those the more perfect syllogisms. Some, the better to shew their parts, are exercised in disputation, contending with one another; whilst others are put upon establishing some truth, by way of illustration. Some sophists endeavour to apply, on feigned topics, a vast heap and flow of words; others, to impose upon you with false conclusions. As to the orators, some with their rhetorical harangues, employ all their powers of persuasion, taking care to observe the precepts of art, and to omit nothing apposite to the subject. The boys of different schools wrangle with one another in verse, contending about the principles of grammar, or the perfect tenses and supines. Others there are, who, in epigrams, or other compositions in numbers, use all that low ribaldry we read of in the ancients; attacking their schoolmaster, but without mentioning names, with the old Fescennine licentiousness, and discharging their scoffs and sarcasms against them; touching the foibles of their schoolfellows, or perhaps of greater personages, with true Socratic wit, or biting them more keenly with a Theonine tooth: the audience, fully disposed to laugh,

'with curly nose ingeminate the peals.'

'"The followers of the several trades, the venders of various commodities, and the labourers of every kind, are daily to be found in the proper and distinct places, according to their employments.* And, moreover, on the bank of the river, besides the wine sold in ships and vaults, there is a public eating-house or cook-shop.† Here, according to the season, you may find victuals of all kinds, roasted, baked, fried, or boiled. Fish, large and small, with coarse viands for the poorer sort, and more delicate ones for the rich, such as venison, fowls, and small birds. In case a friend should arrive at a citizen's house, much wearied with his journey, and chooses not to wait, an hungred as he is, for the buying and cooking of meat,

'The water's served, the bread's in baskets brought,'

and recourse is immediately had to the bank above mentioned, where every thing desirable is instantly procured. No number so great, of

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teach school in the city of London without a license from Henry, [canon and] schoolmaster of St. Paul's, except the schoolmasters of St. Mary-Bow, and St. Martin's-le-Grand." This privilege was given to the said Henry, by Henry de Blois, the famous Bishop of Winchester, brother to the King.—Vide Dugdale, ut sup.

* 'The names of many of our present streets, &c. may still be quoted in evidence of Fitz-Stephen's accuracy, viz., *Corn*-hill, *Bread*-street, *Fish*-street-hill, *Poultry*, *Vintry*, *Milk*-street, *Honey*-lane, *Wood*-street, *Hosier's*-lane, *Cordwainer's*-street, and many others.

† 'Leland ("Collectanea," vol. iii. p. 421,) gives this plurally, "*publicæ coquinæ*," and Stow calls it, with much propriety, a common *Cookery*, or *Cook's Row*: vide London; p. 127, edit. 1618. In the margin is, "Cook's-Row, in Thames-street."'

knights or strangers, can either enter the city, at any hour of day or night, or leave it; but all may be supplied with provisions; so that those have no occasion to fast too long, nor these to depart the city without their dinner. To this place, if they are so disposed, they resort, and there they regale themselves, every man according to his abilities. Those who have a mind to indulge, need not hanker after sturgeon, or a Guinea fowl, or a *Gelinote de Bois*;* for there are delicacies enough to gratify their palates. It is a public eating-house, and is both highly convenient and useful to the city, and is a clear proof of its civilization. Hence, as we read in the Gorgias of Plato, 'juxta medicinam esse cocorum officium, simulachrum, et adulationem, quartæ particulæ civilitatis.' "†—vol. i. pp. 60—69.

But the Reminiscences of Mr. Brayley are not confined to the mere local antiquities of the place, which he has undertaken to describe in its ancient state. He has peopled his curious scenes with their proper inhabitants—kings, poets, and citizens, march before us, in the costume of their age, and by the well-chosen incidents recorded of their lives and actions, we are enabled to form a striking idea of their characters. There is a richness of colouring in all the scenes of early English manners, and the men whose figures appear the most prominent on the stage, were marked by a certain boldness of feature, or a gentle heartiness of demeanour, which modern refinement has concealed under the more artificial courtesies of life. It is a pleasure to get back into the times when such men flourished. The poet always finds it necessary to transport himself to these periods of generous and chivalrous sentiment, and there is a morality and truth in their spirit which it does one a moral good often to contemplate, and take example from. Old London was great and rich, and filled with men proud of their free citizenship, and many a king and noble honoured the strength of the royal city, and offered their tribute of respect to its greatness and wealth. We might easily fill a very large space with extracts from the numerous entertaining histories, which have been collected by our author in illustration of the earlier history of the metropolis, but we must be contented with selecting one or two of those, which are in themselves best adapted to explain the nature of his work. The following will show something of the state of popular feeling and manners previous to the sixteenth century, at which period many of the

* 'Mons. Dacier interprets *une Gelinote de Bois*, by the "*Red Game*;" Strype calls it "the rare *Godwit* of Iönia." Strype's Stow, vol. ii. Appendix, p. 13.

† 'This passage, says Mr. Pegg, I have not attempted to translate, as, upon comparing it with the author [Platonis Georgias, p. 135, Routh], it appears to be maimed and imperfect, and unless some better manuscript will assist us, incurable. Strype translates it thus:—"Next to the physician's art is the trade of cooks, the image and flattery of the fourth part of a city."'

old and picturesque customs of the people began to be lost in the cities and to retire into the small towns and villages, from which, in another age or two, they were also destined to be expelled by an improving but too cold and unfeeling a spirit. The description which is here given of the ceremony practised in the merriest of the summer months, is characteristic of the early poetical temperament of the English people. It is taken from the *Anatomie of Abuses*, by Stubbes, a puritan writer, who too severely judged whatever practices contradicted his own ideas of religious severity.

'"But their cheefest jewell they bring from thence is their Maie Poole, whiche they bring home with greate veneration, as thus. They have twentie or fourtie yoke of oxen, every oxe havying a sweete nosegay of flowers tyed on the tippe of his hornes, and these oxen drawe home this Maie Poole, which is covered all over with flowers and hearbes, bounde rounde aboute with stringes, from the top to the bottome, and sometyme painted with variable colours, with twoo or three hundred men, women, and children followying it, with greate devotion. And thus beyng reared up, with handkerchiefes and flagges streamyng on the toppe, they strawe the grounde aboute, binde greene boughes about it, sett up Sommer haules, Bowers, and Arbours hard by it: and then they fall to banquet and feast, to leape and daunce aboute it, as the Heathen people did at the dedication of their Idolles, whereof this is a perfect patterne, or rather the thyng itself."

'Customs are continued for ages after their real origin has been forgotten, or, otherwise, so amalgamated with "baser matter" that no analysis can discover the primary germ. Thus, probably, it has fared with the practice of setting up the May Pole, although it may seem to bear relationship to one species of the corrupt worship of antiquity, to which an allusion only can now be made. In the middle ages, crowned with gay wreaths, and decorated with variegated festoons of blooming flowers, it was regarded as an emblem of the genial productiveness of Spring, and the sports and dances which accompanied the festivity, were the emanations of gratitude for the blessings of returning vegetation and fruitfulness.

'"It was the great object," says the compiler of that useful and amusing, but somewhat too garrulous "Guide to the year," the "Every Day Book," —"with some of the more rigid among our early reformers, to suppress amusements, especially May-Poles: and these "Idols" of the people were got down as zeal grew fierce, and got up as it grew coole, till, after various ups and downs, these favourites of the populace were, by the Parliament, on the 6th of April, 1644, thus provided against: "The lords and commons do further order and ordain, that all and singular *May-poles*, that are or shall be erected, shall be taken down, and removed by the constables, boss-holders, tithing-men, petty constables, and churchwardens of the parishes, where the same may be, and that no May-pole be hereafter set up, erected, or suffered to be set up, within this kingdom of England, or dominion of Wales; the said officers to be fined five shillings weekly till the said May-poles be taken down."

'Long previously to this Ordinance, such great interruption had been given to the May Games and *Sunday* diversions of the people, that James the First, on returning from Scotland through Lancashire, in 1615, judged it requisite to issue a Proclamation, forbidding any interference with the

lawful Recreation of his subjects, either in "Dancing, Archery, Vaulting, &c. or in having May Games, Whitson Ales, and Morris Dances, and the setting up of May Poles, and other sports therewith used, so as the same be had in due and convenient time, without impediment or neglect of Divine Service." In the following year, that Proclamation was extended to all parts of the kingdom; and it was again ordered to be enforced by Charles the First, (together with the observance of *Wakes*, or Feasts, on the anniversary dedication of churches) by his letters mandatory, dated at Westminster, on the 18th of October, 1633. This command the King ordered to be promulgated by Episcopal authority, through all the Parish Churches of every Diocess, but it so greatly excited the displeasure of the Puritans, that they afterwards used it as an argument for expelling the Bishops from the House of Peers, and condemning Archbishop Laud.'—vol. iii. pp. 247—249.

With one more extract, from the miscellaneous part of the work, we must conclude our notice of its very amusing contents. The following is a lively description of one of the fashionable lounges for the *gentlemen about* Town, in the early part of the seventeenth century:

'At the period when Decker wrote, (viz. about 1609,) as well as for many years after, St. Paul's Church was the regular lounging-place for all idlers, and hunters after *news*,* as well, indeed, as men of almost every profession, including cheats, usurers, and knights of the post.† It was, likewise, a seat of traffic and negotiation; even money lenders had their stations there, and the *font* itself, if credit may be given to a black-letter tract, on the "Detestable use of Dice-play," printed early in Elizabeth's reign, was made a place for the advance and payment of loans, and the sealing of indentures and obligations for the security of the monies borrowed!

'Innumerable allusions to the humours of Paul's Walks may be found in old plays, and pamphlets, commencing, perhaps, during the sovereignty of Elizabeth, and terminating only with the conflagration of 1666, in

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'* Greene, in the opening of his "Theeves falling out, True-men come by their goods," says "What news? is the language, at first meetings, used in all countries. At court, is the morning's salutation, and noone's table-talke; by night it is stale. In citty, it is more common than 'What doe you lack?' and, in the countrey, whistling at plough is not of greater antiquity. Walke in the middle of Paul's, and gentlemen's teeth walke not faster at ordinaries, than there a whole day together about enquiry after 'News.'"

† 'Ben Jonson, in his "character" of Shift, in "Every Man out of his Humour," calls him "A Thred-bare Sharke," whose profession is skeldring and odling, his banke *Poules*, and his Warehouse *Pict-hatch*." —Speaking of Shift, in the opening scene of the 3rd Act, which the dramatist has laid in "the middle isle in *Paules*," Cordatus, in reply to Macilente's question—"And what makes he in *Paules* now?" says "Troth, as you see, for the advancement of a *Si quis*, or two; wherein he hath so varied himselfe, that if any one of them take, he may hull up and downe i'the humourous world, a little longer."'

which the church was destroyed. But the best general picture of the scene, is unquestionably that of Bishop Earle, who in his "*Microcosmographia,*" published in 1629, thus pourtrays it.

'"Paul's Walke is the land's Epitome, or you may cal it the lesser Ile of Great Brittaine. It is more than this, the whole World's map, which you may here discerne in its perfectest motion, iustling and turning. It is a heape of stones and men, with a vast confusion of languages, and, were the steeple not sanctified, nothing liker Babel. The noyse in it is like that of Bees, a strange humming or buzze, mixt of walking, tongues, and feet; it is a kind of still roare, or loud whisper. It is the great Exchange of all discourse, and no businesse whatsoever but is here stirring and afoot. It is the Synod of all pates politicke, joynted and laid together in most serious posture, and they are not half so busie at the Parliament. It is the Anticke of tailes to tailes and backes to backes, and for vizards you need go no further than faces. It is the Market of young Lecturers, whom you may cheapen here at all rates and sizes. It is the general Mint of all famous lies, which are here, like the legends of Popery, first coyn'd and stampt in the Church. All inventions are emptyed here, and not few pockets. The best sign of a Temple in it is, that it is the theves sanctuary, which robbe more safely in the croud than a wilderness, whilst every searcher is a bush to hide them. It is the other expence of the day, after playes, taverne, and a bawdy-house, and men have still some oathes left to sweare here. It is the eares brothell, and satisfies their lusts and ytch. The visitants are all men without exceptions, but the principall inhabitants are stale Knights and Captaines out of service, men of long rapiers and breeches, which after all turne merchants here and trafficke for newes. Some make it a preface to their dinner, and trauel for a stomache; but thriftier men make it their ordinarie, and boorde here very cheape. Of all such places, it is least haunted with hobgoblins, for if a ghost would walk more, he could not."

The character of Mr. Brayley's work will be tolerably understood by what we have already said of its contents, but we may add, that it deserves a place in every library, both public and private. The mass of useful and interesting information which it contains does the greatest honour to the learning and research of the author, who richly merits the praise of having done much to redeem the name of an antiquarian from the obloquy which sometimes attaches to it, from the aspersions of the vulgum profanum. We trust he will again appear before us, as a wide and various field of inquiry is still before him, and the talents he has displayed in his present undertaking, makes his labours and further exertions a sort of public debt.

NOTICES.

ART. XII.—*The Influence of Physical Education in producing and confirming, in Females, Deformity of the Spine.* By E. W. Duffin, Surgeon. 8vo. pp. 135, London: Swire. 1829.

THIS is a very intelligent, practical, popular, and at the same time a scientific work, upon a subject which daily increases in interest, in pro-

portion to the increasing prevalence of female deformities in the middle and upper ranks of society, arising from an erroneous system of education; or, we may rather say, from the absurd methods employed to prevent deformities, and produce elegance of shape and carriage, which very methods are certain to produce precisely the opposite effects to what is intended.

We give Mr. Duffin credit for a simplification of style which is as rare as it is valuable among professional men, and we cannot too strongly recommend his example to those who undertake to impart their scientific knowledge to the public, by means of the press. As a specimen of the author's manner, we select a short passage, in which he justly says, of the conductors of Boarding Schools, that:

'They forget the difference in the age and understanding of the persons upon whom they wish to produce similar effects, and they know not that they are operating upon a frame-work of bones, divided into at least three times the number of pieces that compose it when arrived at the adult age, and which at present are very loosely connected together. Every long bone in the body consists of three separate pieces in the child, and these do not unite perfectly till the sixteenth, eighteenth, or in certain habits, even the twentieth year.'—p. 18.

It strikes us that the style of this passage is quite a model for a writer who wishes to be popular, as it goes directly to the scientific principle and expounds it in terms so plainly perspicuous to all, that they cannot be misunderstood, instead of pursuing the common and very culpable method of prosing along in a series of useless generalities. We shall select another important and well-written passage from Mr. Duffin's work, on the subject of stooping:

'To correct the habit of stooping, it is customary, in some schools, to keep the head upright by means of a ribbon passed round the forehead, and fastened to the iron plate of this back-strap, or attached to a weight allowed to drop down along the back. This apparatus, while worn, causes the figure to look straight, though stiff and constrained, but the moment it is removed, leaves the head and shoulders to fall more forwards than before its application. As long as the head is forcibly held back by this means, the muscles, in the back part of the neck, are in a comparatively quiescent or passive state, while those on the fore part of the neck are necessarily brought into a more than ordinary degree of action, in order to prevent the head from being pulled too far back. If the ribbon, by which the weight is suspended behind the back, be suddenly cut through, without the knowledge of the wearer, the head is immediately nodded forwards; from whence we infer that the muscles on the fore part of the neck were those by which the head was enabled to support the weight, and that the muscles on the back part of the neck, those in fault, instead of acquiring power by the remedy employed, were actually, from their action being superseded, deprived, to a certain extent, of that which they naturally possess. When a weight is employed to correct stooping, it should be suspended in front of the body by means of a strap, supported on the back part of the neck. It will, then, call into a contraction, tending to prevent the body being pulled forwards, the muscles at the back part of the neck, and those between the shoulders. Thus, we observe that pedlar

and other persons who carry before them by means of a strap passed round the neck, weights, as baskets and the like, are generally very upright, and broad-chested, but that persons, habituated to carry on the back burdens, supported in part by means of a band passed round the forehead, as porters, and the fish-women of Scotland, are round-shouldered, narrow-chested, and very much bent forwards.'—p. 120.

Mr. Duffin's style, though for the most part plain and unadorned, rises into beauty and eloquence, when he warmly urges upon the attention of parents, the judicious principles so perspicuously unfolded in his book. His concluding paragraph struck us as being no less important than well written:—

'Though the cultivation of the mind be undoubtedly an object of the highest importance, yet we should not forget, that man has a body; or that, however the language of stoic philosophy may designate the earthly tenement of the soul a clog, a hovel, or a prison, the mind a flower, a jewel, or a treasure, the human individual being composed of both body and mind, each of these respectively demand his care. I should, indeed, like to see the argument of the moralist, who would undertake to contend that he has a right to neglect the cultivation of either. The pedant may affect to disregard the trifling evil, *spinal deformity*, as he affects to disregard every other physical infirmity: the cynic may sneer at personal symmetry, as he sneers at all other human excellence; but I know of no principle that authorises a wanton neglect of, or deviation from, the standard of physical perfection. Nor is the question so trifling in importance as the cultivators of mental accomplishment only may be disposed to imagine. There would, perhaps, be less vanity in the world were there less physical inequality. In every instance, moreover, in which we avert deformity, we stop at least one fruitful source of mental inquietude, or even of bodily suffering. It would afford room for much interesting speculation, were we to trace the mysterious connection that exists between corporeal and mental defects; to inquire into the causes of the harshness of a Johnson, and the melancholy of a Pascal. But there is one consideration which the prudent parent will do well not to overlook. If there be a good quality which, more than all others, conduces to comfort and happiness, it is—good temper. Deformity is always irritable and ill-tempered. With many, indeed, trials of this nature have been attended with the happiest effects, have exercised patience and strengthened fortitude. The parent does not, however, thence derive any right to expose his offspring to such trials. By cultivating those blessings, which Providence, in his bounty, may bestow, the beauty and fragrance of the flower, as well as the richness and flavour of the fruit, he will shield himself from the mortification of beholding the most brilliant endowments paralyzed by the baneful influence of trivial defects, and secure for himself the enjoyment of that which far surpasses all the triumphs of the ball-room, all the exhibitions of the study—the domestic happiness of his child.'—p. 135.

If so eloquent an appeal as this fail to open the eyes of parents to the evils of the present system of education, any thing which we could add must be quite superfluous and supererogatory.

ART. XIII.—*The Library of Religious Knowledge.—Natural Theology.* Part I. London: Hessey. 1829.

AMONG the many designs which are at present in active operation for the diffusion of knowledge, the one which has given existence to the pamphlet before us, is highly deserving of attention and patronage. Without interfering with other publications formed on a similar plan, it is calculated to supply a chasm in popular reading, which has hitherto escaped the consideration it merits. The very circulation, in fact, of the treatises intended to diffuse the principles of science among the people, is one of the greatest arguments in favor of its appearance, the best and most enlightened friends of humanity requiring that knowledge and morality should depend mutually on each other. It is a consideration which cannot be too forcibly insisted upon, that truth is of various kinds, and that to neglect or repress it in any one of its species is to be guilty of gross illiberality—of an illiberality more talked of in the world than properly despised. In respect to the general knowledge of religious truth, this is especially the case, and we regret to find, and have often expressed our regret, that the least possible attention is paid by the patrons of popular education, to its moral departments. The consequence of such neglect will, we have not the smallest doubt, be the ultimate destruction of the best laid plans for diffusing knowledge. The natural sciences can neither make any progress nor produce any effect, but in proportion as the moral sense of a people is cultivated and strengthened. They may be the fashion for a time, but whatever is to produce any strong and permanent effect, must appeal to the deep-laid inward principles of our constitution—to hope which is stronger than curiosity—to feeling and the desire of elevation and of a more extended existence, which have a weightier influence on the character and thoughts than situation.

From the above considerations, we are happy to find that a work like the 'Library of Religious Knowledge,' has been undertaken. If it continue to be conducted on the judicious plan, which its projectors have marked out, we have little fear but that it will produce many beneficial effects. A series of Essays on the most fundamental branches of natural and revealed religion is much wanted. The valuable works in which they are treated of at full, are generally of too learned a character to be fit for ordinary readers, and are, therefore, not to be mentioned as fit for the purposes of the present publication. Derham and Paley, to an uncultivated mind, would not make the argument clear on which the sublime truths they demonstrate are founded, and though we possess several very excellent small treatises on the evidences and character of revealed religion, they have not yet been presented in the regular and connected form which is most likely to give full force to their instructions.

The numbers which have already appeared, contain a very ingenious and useful exposition of the proofs which nature offers of the being of a God; the manner in which the work is written, may be understood from the following short passage:

'The next instance of mechanical arrangement in the human skeleton, that is peculiarly suitable to our purpose, is seen in what is called the *fore-arm*; that is, in that part of the arm between the elbow and the wrist.

'The uses obviously accomplished by this part of the arm are two. We can move the arm at the elbow backward and forward; and we have also the useful power of turning the hand round, as in the action of twisting or turning a gimlet. How are these uses provided for? The fore-arm, it is well known, consists of two bones; one of them is called the radius, from its resemblance to the ray or spoke of a wheel, and the other the ulna, from its having been used as a measure. These bones, as will be observed, by recurring to the representation, lie by the side of each other, and touch only towards their ends. One of these bones, and only one, *the ulna*, which is the greatest, is united to the upper part of the arm at the elbow; and the other alone, the radius, which is the least, is united to the hand. The ulna, by means of the *hinge-joint* at the elbow, swings backwards and forwards, and carries along with it the radius and whole fore-arm.

'As often as we have occasion to turn the palm of the hand upwards, the *radius*, which is joined to the hand, but not joined to the elbow, rolls upon the *ulna*, which is joined to the elbow, but not to the hand.

'The *ulna* has a small round head, called the *lower* head, which is received into a *hollow* on the side of the radius. Thus the radius turns upon this lower head of the ulna like an axis. But it is just the *reverse* at the end towards the elbow; for *then* a *protuberance of the radius* plays into a *cavity of the ulna*. If *both* these bones had been joined to the upper part of the arm at the elbow, or both to the hand at the wrist, we could not have turned the palm upwards.

'The first was to be at liberty at one end, the second at the other. Thus the two actions are performed. So completely are the two uses served by the construction, that the great bone which carries the fore-arm may be swinging upon its hinge-joint at the elbow at the very time that the lesser bone, which is joined to the hand, may be travelling and bringing the hand round. We can shake the wrist regularly, and at the same time move, if we please, the arm at the elbow.

'Contrast with the utility resulting from this wonderful adaptation of parts the diminution of power and speed which would ensue upon any imaginable change in the structure. Suppose we had *one* bone only instead of two, in the fore-arm, with a ball and socket-joint at the elbow. This, indeed, would admit of motion in all directions, and would have served for the purpose of both moving the arm and turning the hand; but the reader may form some idea of the slowness of such a motion, by contrasting the quickness with which he can turn his hand, and at the same time swing his arm, with the comparatively slow motion with which he turns his arm round at the shoulder through the means of the ball and socket joint.

'If such a construction does not indicate intelligence, and the ability to select the best, out of several means, by which the same end might be answered, it would be difficult, indeed, to say what sort of construction *could* indicate such properties.'—pp. 39—41.

We cordially recommend the 'Library of Useful Knowledge' to the attention of our readers, considering it calculated to produce the highest benefit to the community, and as deserving, at least, an equal degree of patronage with the other and at present more popular works of the same class.

ART. XIV.—*Apician Morsels: or Tales of the Table, Kitchen, and Larder, containing a new and improved Code of* Eatics, *Select Epicurean Precepts, &c. &c. &c.* By Dick Humelbergius Secundus. London: Whittaker. 1829.

No doubt the Author of the above title gives himself no little credit, for the rich and piquant fancy which he intended to exhibit in its composition. We wish he had shown half the wit in the compilation of the volume which he was willing to waste, if he had possessed it, on the title, for a greater quantity of dullness was never heaped upon fewer grains of humour. Such is the general good nature of enormous eaters, that a work of real wit and fun might be composed respecting their habits, their great feats, and undertakings, temper, and constitution. But the present volume is filled up with bills of fare, abortive attempts at ludicrous instruction, a great deal of vulgarism, and an equal quantity of dullness. If the compiler had managed his materials, of which he appears to have had a large store, with something like tact, he might have avoided most of these faults; but, he has thrown together whatever came in his way, and what is worse, teased his readers with observations of his own, which are almost invariably fearfully deficient in point. The only redeeming passages in the book are such as the following, which certainly fill us with no trifling astonishment:

'This emperor (Claudius) had a strong predilection for mushrooms; he was poisoned with them by Agrippina, his niece and fourth wife; but as the poison only made him sick, he sent for Xenophon, his physician, who pretending to give him one of the emetics he commonly used after his debauches, caused a poisoned pen to be passed into his throat.

'Nero used to call mushrooms *the relish of the gods;* because Claudius, his predecessor, having been, as was supposed, poisoned by them, was, after his death, ranked among the gods.

'Domitian one day convoked the senate to know in what fish-kettle they should cook monstrous turbot which had been presented to him. The senators gravely weighed the matter. But as there was no utensil of this kind big enough, it was proposed to cut the fish in pieces: this advice was rejected. After much argument and deliberation, it was resolved that a proper utensil should be made for the purpose; and it was decided that, whenever the emperor went to war, a great number of potters should accompany him. The most pleasing part of the story is, that a blind senator appeared to be in ecstacy at the sight of the turbot, by continually praising it, at the same time looking in the very opposite direction.

'Julius Cæsar sometimes eat at a meal the revenue of several provinces.

'Vitellius made four meals a day; and, at all those he took with his friends, they never cost less than ten thousand crowns. That which was given to him by his brother was most magnificent. Two thousand select fishes were served up, seven thousand fat birds, and every delicacy which the ocean and Mediterranean Sea could furnish.

'Nero sat at table from mid-day till midnight, amidst the most monstrous profusion.

'Geta had all sorts of meat served up to him in alphabetical order.

'Heliogabalus regaled twelve of his friends in the most incredible man-

ner. He gave to each guest animals of the same species with those he served them up to eat. He insisted upon their carrying away all the vases or cups of gold, silver, and precious stones, out of which they had drank; and it is remarkable, that he supplied each with new ones every time they asked to drink. He placed on the head of each a crown interwoven with foliage of gold, and gave them each a superbly-ornamented and well-yoked car to return home with. He never eat fish but when he was near the sea; and when he was at a distance from it, he had them served up to him in sea water.'—pp. 263—265.

Can our readers explain the bull in the last two lines?

ART. XV.—*The Œdipus Rex of Sophocles, chiefly according to the Text of Brunck; with Critical, Philological, and Explanatory Notes, &c.* By the Rev. John Brasse, D.D., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

DOCTOR Brasse has proceeded on a plan, in his edition of one of the most splendid of the Greek dramas, which deserves attention. In a day when literal and other translations are becoming so much the fashion, it is very right that an effort should be made to discover whether some modification of the old method of teaching the classics might not be far preferable to the more fashionable systems lately introduced. The very useful illustrations which Doctor Brasse has given of all the difficult passages in the Œdipus Rex, are well adapted to remove many of the obstacles which usually stand in the way of a young Greek scholar. For the most part, we believe it is not so much the construction, as the sense, of the passage which puzzles the pupil; and that, when the difficulty thus presented by the latter is removed, a young mind, of ordinary strength, may be fairly left to compete with the obscurity of the former. We trust the learned and ingenious editor will be induced, by the success of his present experiment, to carry it on through others of the Greek plays.

ART. XVI.—*The Extractor; or, Universal Repertorium of Literature, Science, and the Arts.* Vol. I. London: printed for the Proprietor. 1829.

IT is impossible to deny that this volume is compiled with proper attention to the value of its several parts; but it is formed on a principle which deserves to be severely reprobated and discouraged. The publishers of periodicals usually pay a considerable sum annually for the matter of which their works are composed; and it is, therefore, a practice which must be considered neither honest nor honourable to make a weekly selection from this purchased property of other persons, and offer it at a less price than that for which it could be otherwise fairly sold. The preface to the volume now on our table intimates, however, that the articles have been extracted with the permission of the publishers of the respective works from which they are selected, which, if correct, entirely removes the objection we have made, and leaves us free to say, that the editor has shown great skill and tact in the execution of his difficult task.

ART. XVII.—*Leigh's New Pocket Road-Book of Scotland; being an Account of all the Direct and Cross Roads; together with a Description of every Remarkable Place, &c. &c.* London: Leigh. 1829.

WE have seen many more elaborate works than this convenient publication, possessing a far less quantity of useful information. The traveller new find the present undertaking of Mr. Leigh's well adapted to his purpose, and as useful a guide, upon his journey through Scotland, as he can wish. Every object of interest on the road is pointed out with care, and the particulars respecting it given in a concise and unaffected manner. The summer tourist will also find, at the end of the volume, plans of excursions, which are calculated to save him much time in his search after the picturesque.

ART. XVIII.—*The Art of Latin Poetry. Founded on the work of M. G. D. Jani, by a Master of Arts, and Fellow of a College in Cambridge.* Cambridge: Grant. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1828.

THE practice of making Latin verses, considered as a means of insuring a solid improvement in the language, is to be defended on the surest principles of reason and experience. In all the small half-classical seminaries where Latin is taught without attention to this useful exercise, little or no progress is ever made, and the pupils are generally totally unacquainted with the beauties or niceties of the language. The work before us is one of the very best published on the subject, and should be admitted into the library of every teacher of the classics. After giving several useful instructions on the mere mechanical construction of verses, it leads the pupil to the gradual exercise of his inventive powers. The manner in which the latter object is effected, is at once ingenious and practical. Take, for example, the following hints for a subject, which we find under the head of satire.

'There are few subjects fit for boys to deal with that suit Juvenal's style; it requires depth of meaning, cutting remark, bitter irony, and strength of language, to which it is neither to be expected or wished that boys should attain. We will give one specimen: "Blando caudam jactare popello," Borough election. Description of the scene—obsequiousness of the candidates—insolence of the voters—bribery—the hustings. Speech of the first candidate, a thin, yellow, eloquent radical, *notâ jam callidus arte*, who bawls for equal rights, annual parliaments, no taxes, execrates the nobles, talks of Ireland and America and the French war, praises the people and himself. The next, a sleek good-humoured fellow, "*Cujus erat mores qualis facundia, mite ingenium*, pleased always with the present state of things, and with whoever is in power, always on the side that has something to give, and thinks more of his dinner than his country. He shakes his empty head, praises *Sejanus;* tells the people they are the most glorious and happy nation in the world; that circumstances are flowing in the most favourable side, and exhorts them to elect himself in order to preserve so blessed a state. Then comes a young patrician, making his first appearance in public; his pride having been

much hurt during the day at being obliged *prensare manus multâ fuligine nigras*, and at being treated with so little respect by the "*vulgus pars ultima nostri:*" speaks little and blushes much. The whole concludes with a fight among the parties, distinguished by *vitta versi dolores*. It will be evident from this instance, that severe satire is not the kind of poetry for young people. The playful style may occasionally be allowed, but as it tends to produce a laxity in the construction of the hexameter verse, the practice of it should not be encouraged.'

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Transactions of Literary and Scientific Societies.

Royal Society, April 2.—A Paper was read, on the Physiology of the Human System. Dr. John Fabes was admitted, and took his seat as a Fellow. W. Cavendish, Esq. was proposed. *April* 9.—Dr. Philips' Paper was concluded; Lord de Dunstanville was proposed, and immediately elected a Fellow; W. Pole, Esq. and D. Pollock, Esq. were also elected.

Royal Society of Literature, April 8.—At a meeting of the Council, his Majesty's two Gold Medals were adjudged to Baron Silvestre de Sacy, and to Mr. Roscoe, both deservedly celebrated for their genius and attainments.

Linnæan Society.—At a late meeting, the Rev. Dr. Lardner and six other gentlemen were elected Fellows. A Paper was read, entitled, "An Account of the different Species of the Genus Ficus, or Fig-tree, found wild in Jamaica:" by James Macfadyen, Esq. Colonial Botanist. There was also read, the continuation of an interesting Paper, by the Secretary, entitled, "Remarks on the Flora of Great Britain, in connection with Geography and Geology." The head and horns of a remarkable species of the buffalo (Bos Arni) from India, and also a variety of the fallow-deer (Cervus dama), were presented to the Society's Museum. The meeting then adjourned for a month.

Society of Antiquaries.—On Thursday, St. George's Day, the annual election of Officers, &c. of this Society took place, and the following was the result of the ballot: George, Earl of Aberdeen, President; Thomas Amyot, Esq., Treasurer; John Gage, Esq., Director, in the room of Mr. Markland (resigned); Nicholas Carlisle, Esq., and Henry Ellis, Esq., B.C.L., Secretaries. On the Council remained—Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Amyot, Mr. Nicholas Carlisle, Mr. Dance, Mr. Ellis, Mr. Gage, Mr. Hudson Gurney, Mr. Hallam, Mr. W. Rich Hamilton, Mr. Markland, and Mr. C. W. Williams Wynn; and Mr. Bland, Mr. Britton, Mr. Dibdin, Mr. Ellis, Lord Farnborough, the Bishop of Llandaff, Mr. Lodge, Sir G. Ouseley, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Utterson, were elected in the room of Mr. Caley, the Bishop of Carlisle, Mr. Davies Gilbert, Mr. E. Hawkins, Mr. G. Hibbert, Dr. Meyrick, Mr. Palgrave, Mr. Petrie, Captain Sabine, and Earl Spencer, who went out by rotation.

Society of Arts.—The Annual General election took place on the 15th. The following changes were made in the list of officers:—Lord Stanhope, Honorary Vice President, in the room of the late Lord Liverpool. Acting Vice Presidents, R. Wilson, and W. R. Douglas, Esqrs. in the place of

J. Hume and W. Tooke, Esqrs. In the Committees, the Chairmen elected were—*Correspondence*, G. Moore, Esq. for Dr. Bostock; *Chemistry*, Dr. Bostock, for W. Farraday, Esq.; *Manufactures*, H. Wilkinson, Esq. for T. Winkworth, Esq.; *Mechanics*, B. Donkin, Esq. for J. Bramah, Esq.; *Colonies and Trade*, R. Twining, Esq. for J. Twining, Esq. The other Officers are the same as last year.

Miscellaneous.

The Anniversary of the Literary Fund Society, which will take place on the thirteenth of the present month, is expected to bring together a very numerous assemblage of the most distinguished men in the kingdom. Busy preparations have been commenced, in order to insure the proper celebration of the birth-day of this excellent institution, and, from the appearance of the list of Vice-Presidents and Stewards, little doubt can be felt respecting the results of their attention.

A Juvenile publication is, we understand, about to appear this month, under the title of The Juvenile Literary Journal, and from the names which have been mentioned to us, there is every reason to expect it will surpass any thing of the kind which has yet appeared. The instruction and entertainment which such a work may provide for the youth of this country, renders the design deserving of the attention of all persons concerned in education, or in catering for the amusement of the young.

Electricity.—A very curious paper was lately read to the French Academy by M. Becquerel, being the result of experiments continued for two years on the electrical effect resulting from the action of acids, or other liquids or metals, with a view to account for the variety in the formation and quality of minerals.

Lithotrity.—A second letter on lithotrity has been published at Paris, by Dr. Civiale, who is at least allowed to be one of its most skilful practitioners, if he be not entitled to the praise of being its inventor. In this letter he describes forty-five cases in which he had applied his instruments for the purpose of breaking the stone in the bladder. Of those cases very few indeed were not successful.

Dr. Gall.—A subscription is on foot for a monument to the memory of the late Dr. Gall, in the burial-ground of Père la Chaise; the statuary to be executed by M. Foyatier, and the architecture by M. Visconti.

Stepney Papers.—The papers of Mr. Stepney, who was British Minister in Germany in the time of Queen Anne, have been deposited in the British Museum. There are a number of letters of Addison among them, and many other interesting documents.

Works preparing for Publication.

A Catalogue of privately printed Books by Mr. John Martin:—Tales of Field and Flood, with Sketches of Life at Home, by John Malcolm.—Biographical Sketches, and authentic Anecdotes of Dogs, by Captain T. Brown.—An Epitome of the Game of Whist, by E. M. Arnaud.—A Course of Lectures on Hieroglyphics, delivered at the Royal Institution, and in Cambridge, by the Marquess Spineto.—The Family Chaplain, or an Analysis of St. Mark's Gospel, by the Rev. S. Hinds, M.A.—Tales of a Chelsea Pensioner, by the Subaltern.—The History and Antiquities of Beverley, by Mr. Oliver.—The Life of Archbishop Cranmer, by the Rev. Mr. Todd.—Another Memoir of the Prelate, by Mrs. Sargant.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Lynn's Azimuth Tables. 4to. 2*l*. 2*s*. bds.
Chapters on the Physical Sciences, 12mo. 6*s*. bds.
Exley's Natural Philosophy.

BIOGRAPHY.

Tacitus's Life of Agricola, with Interlinear Translation, 12mo. 2*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Kaye's (Bishop) Account of the Writings and Opinions of Justin Martyr, 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Family Library, 1 vol. royal, 18mo. 5*s*. bds. (containing Life of Buonaparte).
Sachet's Memoirs, 2 vols. 8vo. 12*s*. bds.

HISTORY.

Natural History of Enthusiasm, 8vo. 8*s*. bds.
The Philosophy of History, 8vo. 15*s*. bds.

LAW.

Common Law Commission as to Process, Arrest, and Bail, 8vo. 4*s*. 6*d*.
Savigny's Roman Law, 8vo. 1 vol. 14*s*. bds.
Parkes, on Practice of King's Bench and Common Pleas, 12mo. 8*s*. bds.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

Law, on the Digestive Organs, second edit. 8vo. 6*s*. bds.
Hawkins' Medical Statistics, 8vo. 7*s*. bds.
Mills, on the Lungs, 8vo. 3*s*. bds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Stafford, on Strictures, second edit. 8vo. 9*s*. bds.
Major, on Insects prevalent on Fruit Trees, 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d* bds.
Compton's Savings' Banks' Assistant, 12mo. 5*s*. bds.
Influence and Example, foolscap, 6*s*. bds.
Howit's British Preserve, 36 plates, 4to. 1*l*. 16*s*. bds.
Dangerous Errors, 12mo. 6*s*. bds.
The Instant Reckoner, royal, 18mo. 2*s*. bds.
Rickard's India, 1 vol. 8vo. 16*s*. 6*d*. bds.; parts I. and II. 8vo. 9*s*. sewed; part III. 7*s*. 6*d*. sewed.
Vanhernan's House-Painter and Colourman, 8vo. 8*s*. bds.
Outline of a New System of Political Economy, 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Dr. Kitchiner's Housekeeper's Oracle, post 8vo. 6*s*. bds.
Kitchiner's Housekeeper's Oracle, 12mo. 7*s*. bds.
Jarrin's Italian Confectioner, 4th edition, royal, 12mo. 9*s*. bds.
Ude's French Cook, 10th edit., royal, 12mo. 12*s*. bds.
Capper's Topographical Dictionary, 8vo. new edit. 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Williams' Views in Greece, 2 vols. imperial 8vo. 7*l*. 10*s*. bds.; ditto, 2 vols. royal 4to. India proofs, 12*l*. 12*s*. bds.
Sadler's Ireland, 2d edit. 8vo. 12*s*. bds.
Wright, on Friendly Societies, 12mo. 5*s*. bds.
Fridolm, with Illustrations, by Reitzsh, 2*s*.; Faust, with 26 designs, by Reitzsh, 3*s*. 6*d*.; Hamlet, with illustrations, by Reitzsh, 2*s*. 6*d*.
Holmes' Manuel de Conversation, 18mo. hf. bd. 2*s*. 6*d*.
Ten Chapters on the Bath, 18mo. 3*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Dalgairn's Practice of Cookery, 12mo. 7*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Crybbace's Essay on Moral Freedom, 8vo. 8*s*. 6*d*. bds.
The Antisceptic, 12mo. 4*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Forster's Mahomedanism, 2 vols. 8vo. 24*s*. bds.
Leigh's Road Book of Scotland, 18mo. 8*s*. sheep.
Clouds and Sunshine, post 8vo. 8*s*. 6*d*. bds.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

Apician Morsels, or Tales of the Table, foolscap, 8vo. 8s. bds.
Peace Campaigns of a Cornet, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 7s. bds.
Foreign Tales and Traditions, 2 vols. 12mo. 15s. bds.
Florence, a Novel, 3 vols. post, 8vo. 1l. 4s. bds.
Story's Magic Fountain, 12mo. 7s. bds.
Traits of Travel, 3 vols. post, 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.

POETRY.

Cottle's Malvern Hills, Poems and Essays, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. bds.

THEOLOGY.

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THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

JUNE, 1829.

ART. I.—*Natural History of Enthusiasm.* London: Holdsworth and Ball. 8vo. 1829.

IT gives us considerable pleasure to meet with a sensible discussion on so important a topic as the nature and origin of enthusiasm. There are certain qualities in man, and certain principles in the constitution of the world, which it is always important to have in sight, and by tracing which to their first springs, we add greater security to our reasonings on all other moral subjects Of these, enthusiasm is one, and he who correctly describes its different characteristics, and teaches us how to distinguish it from principles which are similar in their influence but different in their origin, deserves well of the public, and makes a valuable addition to its stock of practical wisdom.

Nothing is more difficult than rightly to estimate the value or the evil of qualities which belong only to particular characters, and are too eccentric to become the subject of any fixed rule of moral science. Unless a very nice analyzation be pursued, what is extraordinary will be confounded with what is licentious—what passes beyond the commonly recognised bounds of science with a violating of truth—the unreceived discovery with the old and disproved dogma, and originality of thought and intenseness of feeling, with the vague, feverish dreaming of disease. The mistake is equally easy whether we incline to praise or censure, there being full as many instances of wrong being mistaken for right, as of right losing its just honour. Thus to the generality of persons no difference is apparent between principles of action, however different, if they produce a similar external result; and men of the most opposite characters are classed together whenever any accidental impulse leads them into like situations. No word, therefore, has a less definite meaning than enthusiasm. It is made

use of to describe as well the permanent passions of the heart, as the most sudden movements of the mind. It is employed to express admiration of what is generous, and contempt for what is extravagant, and as frequently conveys an idea of the weakest superstition as of the most religious devotion to all the duties which become the Christian or the patriot.

There are two ways, consequently, in which we may regard enthusiasm, and by considering it distinctly under these separate heads, be better able to decide on its good or bad qualities. The word, as we have seen, is frequently made by common consent to signify nothing more than an extraordinary ardour in the pursuit of some particular object or purpose. In this sense enthusiasm is the movement of a mind too excited for the usual circumstances of life, but its best guide and most powerful supporter in situations which require great energy. There is no instance, it is probable, of any man's becoming distinguished in either one pursuit or the other, without having been long under the influence of this mysterious power. It is the weight, the pressure of which puts the pendulum of our being in motion, or the spirit even, under the influence of which all our faculties, passions and desires, concentre themselves and work with greater strength.

The characters of men are as various as their fortunes, but there are certain unchangeable principles which belong to the whole race, and which fix the species within its proper boundaries. The world is constantly composed in the same manner of intermixed virtues and follies. Experience, by degrees, gives birth to philosophy. To the latter succeeds, after a short time, the ambition and pride of learning, and from these arise all the varieties of spiritual mechanism and false opinion. The condition of men is thus fixed within very narrow limits, and few of them escape the destiny of which their indolence and their recklessness are the parents. But it sometimes happens that an unusual chain of events puts into confusion the common routine of life. In cases of this kind, men of enterprising minds rise far above the level of their former rank, and they whose character is naturally bold and ardent, look immediately for the near accomplishment of their loftiest expectations. The iron chain of destiny seems ready to snap; man is made a new creature—free, independent of circumstance, a fit king unto himself, and suddenly provided with a sovereign panacea for all the evils which belong to his nature. If this fit of enthusiasm arise only in minds which have less force than ardour, it will cease with the temporary excitement under which it became manifest; but if it be the filling up of the measure of a strong heart with a new impulse, the quickening of natural energy into supernatural activity, it will diffuse and multiply itself. One enthusiast will have a thousand enthusiastic followers. The recurrence of events into their old channel will not obliterate the traces of the agitation, and men will continue to marvel at the

wonders which were produced. Revolutions, the establishment of some of the most remarkable religious sects, and many of the important changes which have taken place in human opinion, owe their origin to the action of this mighty power of impassioned intellect, remarkable in itself, but more wonderful when seen stamping its image and leaving its impulse on many generations of disciples and imitators.

But besides this enthusiasm, which springs from public circumstances, or has some relation to the world, being more conspicuous in its effects than in itself, there is another kind, and one which depends on the individual alone in whom it arises. This may be termed pure enthusiasm, an enthusiasm altogether intellectual, demanding neither ambition nor hope to preserve its fervour.—The enthusiasm, in fact, of a great mind, fixed continually on the splendid visions which it sees in its own interior world, or in the spiritual universe, and finding in their beauty something to rouse and agitate the noblest faculties of the soul. In this case, to think, is to be an enthusiast.

Few persons of great intellectual endowments are free from enthusiasm, unless the strength of their minds be principally employed in the investigations of pure physical science. The mysterious beauty of the truth, which enlightens their hearts, makes them solitary, but loving and passionate, freeing them from worldliness and sensuality, and subjecting them to imagination, which has power to give form and substance to ideal truth, but not to bring it from its starry heights. Whatever is lovely in humanity, thence becomes but a symbol of something lovelier. No enjoyment of things real, can equal that which is vague and visionary,—Hope must unrobe herself of her earthly garments, and have the brightness of a spirit of eternity, before she is received into the heart. The good which is pursued must be unchangeable—the beauty that is hallowed in the affections, unfading. The first element of such a soul's happiness is its stillness, and feeling of unlimited existence—the only entrance to suffering is made by the shaking of that confidence. Could the faculties of the mind be made always to act regularly under its excitements, the result of their operation would be the production of a pure and elevated philosophy, but the human intellect cannot long sustain itself at such heights, and genius, therefore, is generally led to its goal by the splendid fire of enthusiasm, rather than the clear and heavenly light of truth.

Enthusiasm, as it exists in minds of a deep religious character, is frequently nothing more than a temporary mastery of the feelings, not only over reason but over faith, the latter being the highest species of confidence, and consequently producing the utmost repose and stedfastness of mind, while enthusiasm is always more or less united with a certain degree of feverish doubt, or, if not thus accompanied, it changes the proper objects of

belief into others of a different form and character, putting aside the revelations which the Deity has made of his attributes, for others of a more novel and human character. In religion, therefore, enthusiasm is always a dangerous attendant. If it warms, it is not with the fire of love; if it strengthens, it at the same time exhausts; if it elevates, it carries the mind, not into the clear regions of thought, but leaves it amid the mists and vapours that are neither earth nor heaven. The devotion which is performed under its influence leaves none of the sunlight in the soul which belongs to its simpler exercise. Whenever it enters the temple truth becomes a zealot, or a persecutor, and the spiritual weapons with which she was contented to fight her battles, changed into human instruments of destruction. There is no independent abstract doctrine which enthusiasm does not connect with what is personal—no principle of morality which she cannot subject to individual feeling. She removes truth from its resting-place on the bosom of the Divinity, to set it on a pedestal of human passions.

Enthusiasm, thus considered, is a dangerous enemy to the moral advancement both of individuals and of societies, and it is in this character that it appears when described with its usual accompaniments of passion, prejudice, and blind zeal. But it is not always in this sense the word is understood in popular language, and it as often signifies the presence of a highly honourable feeling as that of a blind passion. So similar, indeed, are the first appearances of a genuine but deep devotion to any cause, to that which is the effect of mere personal excitement, that they can be very rarely distinguished, and nothing is more natural, therefore, than the employment of the same term in describing their influence. The man in whose soul the love of country is a permanent affection, yielding to no change of circumstance, and undiminished through the longest periods of life, is not thought an enthusiast, but let an occasion occur in which, by some mighty effort, he can secure its freedom or prosperity, and the self-abandonment, the concentration of all his thoughts and desires on one point, which will follow, will throw him into the same state, as far as outward appearances are concerned, with the man who is roused for the first time in his life to perform some extraordinary feat, and who has no reason to give for his activity, but that he has a strong impulse to act. Both may be termed enthusiasts, but enthusiasm in the one instance, is passion springing out of reason; in the other, it is passion despising reason.

But this overmastering power, to whatever origin it be traced, deserves, also, to be considered under another light. It is not individuals only over whom it rules. Whole communities are occasionally subject to its sway, and the body politic then exhibits the same phenomena as the single subject of its influence. But the enthusiasm of a people is never generated without the opera-

tion of very strong causes, and never ceases till it have produced an important change, either in the circumstances or in the character of the nation. Every season of popular enthusiasm is, therefore, one in which the tendency of all the great instruments of social advancement may be best understood, but it can never be but of very short duration; and if it could be lengthened beyond a certain limit, it would bring about a revolution in the whole state, which would break all the connecting links of society. We may consequently conceive of circumstances under which it is of the utmost importance that a spirit of enthusiasm should be excited in a nation, but generally, it is a dangerous and destructive energy, serving sometimes to crush what is good; and at others, to give existence to some splendid but ruinous error. A difference, however, is to be observed between the existence of enthusiasm in a people at any period, and a mere sudden excitement. The former, as we have said, is the production of circumstances, important to the situation and strongly affecting the character of the nation; the latter may take place one hour and subside the next, arising from an event of no moment, and leaving no trace of its occurrence.

The two great awakening causes of popular enthusiasm are religion, as to its outward forms and exhibition; and the desire of particular rights, pertaining more to their country, than to the people themselves considered as individuals. It requires the existence of a very extraordinary state of things, to make religion the subject of a general and popular consideration. From one age to another it appears sufficient to men that they possess a belief which belonged to their fathers—that they enjoy the light which led them through the wilderness of the world, and have the same assurances of a future existence as gave them support and comfort. If this religion be endangered by foreign attacks, it will create a sudden and universal enthusiasm in its defence. All the old associations with which its rites are connected, will make the altars which it has consecrated, dear as household hearths. It will be the bond of union between all who are worthy to live or die together, and the mention of its mysteries, will be like a song of triumph amidst the direst perils and sufferings. The evil is, that be the religion true or false, when once popular enthusiasm is awakened in its favour, it is upholden by passion only, which invariably makes, of what is not good, an active instrument of mischief, and of that which is good, a pretence to justify the evil.

Should the feeling be produced by the establishment of a new religion, it will be supported by a different order of ideas, producing the same effect in arousing the passions, but leaving an opposite impression on the mind. Veneration, fear and awe, are the elements of enthusiasm, when awakened in favour of an established faith; a resolution to be free, bordering on licentiousness, with the eager desire for new light, are its elements when originating in a change.

The history of the world admits of being viewed in a great variety of ways, and in relation to an infinite number of important truths. The philosophical historian finds himself, at different periods, almost among a different race of beings, and treading a strange and unknown country. Men, while pursuing the ordinary course of life, urged on by no stronger passions than those which are individual and selfish, and seemingly conscious of no higher interests than those which concern their own houses and families, are almost totally altered, not only in outward bearing, but in the internal constitution of their hearts and spirits, when roused into action by one deep, burning and universal enthusiasm. They were men, and they are become a people.—A change, which if closely observed, is as great as one produced by a specific alteration of nature, and which is never really effected, but in times when enthusiasm overpowers personal feelings and hopes.

We might proceed much farther with our remarks, but the interesting work before us on the subject, claims a more than ordinary attention. It is the production of a mind habituated to reflection, and fully competent to trace the questions, which it has undertaken to elucidate, to the proper sources of information. The reflections which are made on the excesses of the imagination, which are placed among the primary causes of enthusiasm, are well worthy of attention.

'The excesses of the imagination are of two kinds; the first is when, within its proper sphere, it gains so great a power that all other affections and motives belonging to human nature are overborne and excluded. It is thus that intellectual or professional pursuits seem sometimes to annihilate all sympathy with the common interests of life, and to render a man a mere phantom, except within the particular circle of his favourite objects. The second kind of excess is of much more evil tendency, and consists in a trespass of the imagination upon ground where it should have little or no influence, and where it can only prevent or disturb the operation of reason and right feeling. Thus, not seldom, it is seen that the sobrieties of good sense, and the counsels of experience, and the obvious motives of interest, and perhaps even the dictates of rectitude, are set at nought by an exorbitant imagination, which, overstepping its proper function, invests even the most common objects, either with preposterous charms, or with unreal deformities. Very few minds, perhaps, are altogether free from some such constitutional fictions, which, to a greater or less extent, intercept our view of things as they are. And from the same cause it is that we so greatly miscalculate the amount of happiness or of suffering that belongs to the lot of those around us; which happens, not so much because their actual circumstances are unknown, as because their habitual illusions are not perceived by us. And if that colouring medium through which every man contemplates his own condition were exposed to the eyes of others, the victims of calamity might sometimes be envied; and the favourites of fortune would often become the objects of pity. Or if every one were in a moment to be disenchanted of whatever is ideal in his permanent sensations, every one would think himself at

once much less happy, and much more so, than he had hitherto supposed.

'The force and extravagance of the imagination is in some constitutions so great, that it admits of no correction from even the severest lessons of experience, much less from the advices of wisdom:—The enthusiast passes through life in a sort of happy somnambulency—smiling and dreaming as he goes, unconscious of whatever is real, and busy with whatever is fantastic:—now he treads with naked foot on thorns; now plunges through depths; now verges the precipice, and always preserves the same impassible serenity, and displays the same reckless hardihood.

'But if the predominance of the imagination do not approach quite so near to the limits of insanity—if it admit of correction, then, the many checks and reverses which belong to the common course of human life fray it away from present scenes, and either send it back in pensive recollections of past pleasures, or forwards in anticipation of a bright futurity: The former is of the two the safer kind of constitutional error: for as the objects upon which the imagination fixes its gaze remain always unchanged, they impart a sort of tranquillity to the mind, and even favour its converse with wisdom; but the latter being variable, and altogether under the command of the inventive faculty, bring with them perpetual agitations, and continually create new excitement. Besides; as these egregious hopes come in their turn to be dispelled by realities, the fond pensioner upon futurity lives in the vexations of one who believes himself always plundered; for each day as it comes robs him of what he had called his own. Thus the real ills of life pierce the heart with a double edge.

'The propensity of a disorded imagination to find, or to create, some region of fictitious happiness, leads not a few to betake themselves to the fields of intellectual enjoyment, where they may be exempt from the annoyances that infest the lower world. Hence it is that the walks of natural philosophy or abstract science, and of literature, and especially of poetry and the fine arts, are frequented by many who addict themselves to pursuits of this kind, not so much from the genuine impulse of native genius or taste, as from a yearning desire to discover some paradise of delights, where no croaking voice of disappointment is heard, and where adversity has no range or leave of entrance. These intruders upon the realms of philosophy —these *refugees* from the vexations of common life, as they are in quest merely of solace and diversion, do not often become effective labourers in the departments upon which they enter; their motive possesses not the vigour necessary for continued and productive toil. Or if a degree of ambition happens to be conjoined with the feeble ardour of the mind, it renders them empirics in science, or schemers in mechanics; or they essay their ineptitude upon some gaudy or preposterous extravagance of verse or picture; or perhaps spend their days in loading folios, shelves, and glass-cases with curious lumber of whatever kind most completely unites the qualities of rarity and worthlessness.

'Nature has furnished each of the active faculties with a sensibility to pleasure in its own exercise: this sensibility is the spring of spontaneous exertion; and if the intellectual constitution be robust, it serves to stimulate labour, and yet itself observes a modest sobriety, leaving the forces of the mind to do their part without embarrassment. The pleasurable emotion is always subordinate and subservient, never predominant or im-

portunate. But in minds of a less healthy temperament, the emotion of pleasure and the consequent excitement is disproportionate to the strength of the faculties. The efficient power of the understanding is therefore overborne, and left in the rear; there is more of commotion than of action; more of movement than of progress; more of enterprise than of achievement.'—pp. 2—6.

Equally sensible are the reflections which immediately follow these. To apply the same term to a man of strong but ardent mind, as we should to one whose constitution is only distinguished by the latter quality, would be as unphilosophical as unjust. A useful distinction is therefore made between the ardour which is excited by objects disproportioned to its degree, and that which follows as a natural and proper effect from a sufficient cause. Enthusiasm being 'not a term of *measurement* but of *quality*.'

In the chapter which follows the one we have been considering, we find some observations which it would be well if all classes of persons were to read attentively. The errors into which what is termed by our author popular oratory, has led many thousands of persons, are of the most mischievous kind, and deserve the severest treatment at the hands of every right-minded and sober man. The enthusiasm of the pulpit is not confined to any one division of the Christian church, nor is there, it is probable, a sect in the world of which many of its members have not suffered in a fearful manner, from the mistaken zeal of the teachers. But there is a species of enthusiasm distinct from that which belongs to a sect as a sect, or to a preacher as belonging to this or that church—an enthusiasm which is, in fact, more dangerous than that of a party can be, because it affects the mind in its ordinary state and habit of thinking, by changing the nature of the nourishment which it is seeking and expecting to receive in its plain and proper form. There are many doctrines of Christianity, which, though of the sublimest character in themselves, are of the utmost simplicity as addressed to us in our present state. We can understand their relation to us, and comprehend so much of their mystery as is sufficient for our consolation, and under this point of view they are set before us. But as it is well understood that there is a part hidden, imaginative minds, unimpressed with a due sense of their weakness, can find no better employment than to examine it; and if they see themselves to be too weak for the task of discovery, they content themselves with becoming inventors, supplying from their own ready-made stock of mysteries, one of sufficient dimensions to make up the deficiency in revelation. The most tremendous and daring presumption, the most weak and silly dogmas, have by turns resulted from this conduct, and by an endeavour to make religion more powerful and impressive, it has been made human and material. We need not stop to point out to our readers instances of the errors to which we allude. Most of those which disgrace the Christian church, which have destroyed its unity and

given its enemies possession of the strongest holds from which to attack it, are its consequences, and serve to illustrate the truth of the principles on which our author has founded his observations. We give the following example of the manner in which he has put them:—

'If the taste of an audience be quickened and cultivated, nothing is more easy to the teacher, or more agreeable to the taught, than a transition from the sphere of spiritual feeling to the regions of poetic excitement. Intellect is put in movement by the change; conscience is lulled;—the weight that may have rested on the heart is upborne, and a state of animal elasticity induced, which, so long as it continues, dispels the sadness of earthly cares. Let it be supposed that the subject of discourse is that one which, of all others, should be the most solemnly affecting to those who admit the truth of Christianity—the awful process of the last judgment. The speaker, we will believe, intends nothing but to inspire a salutary alarm; and with this view he essays his utmost command of language, while he describes the sudden waning of the morning sun, the blackening of the heavens, the decadence of stars, the growing thunders of coming wrath, the clang of the trumpet, whose notes break the slumbers of the dead; the crash of the pillars of earth, the bursting forth of the treasures of fire, and the solving of all things in the fervent heat. Then the bright appearance of the Judge, encircled by the splendours of the court of heaven;—the convoked assemblage of witnesses from all worlds, filling the concave of the skies. Then the dense masses of the family of man, crowding the area of the great tribunal;—the separation of the multitude;—the irreversible sentence, the departure of the doomed, the triumphant ascent of the ransomed.

'Compared with themes like these, how poor were the subjects of ancient oratory! And such is their force, such the freshness of their power, that though a thousand times presented to the imagination, they may yet again, when skilfully managed, command breathless attention—while the sands of the preacher's hour are running out. Nor ought it to be affirmed that excitements of this kind can *never* produce salutary impressions: or that such impressions *never* accompany the hearer beyond the threshold of the church, or survive a day's contact with secular interests: absolute assertions of this sort are unnecessary to our argument. The question to be answered is, whether this species of movement be not of the nature of mere enthusiasm, and whether it does not rather exclude than promote religious feelings.

'In regard to the illustration we have adduced, there might be room for a previous inquiry;—whether, on sound principles of interpretation, the language of Scripture ought to be understood as giving warrant to those material images of terrible sublimity with which it is usual to invest the proceedings of the future day of retribution. But let it be granted that the customary representations of popular oratory are not erroneous; and that when the preacher thus accumulates the physical machinery of terror, he is truly picturing that last scene of the history of man. Even then it were not difficult, by an effort of reasoning and of meditation, and by following out the emotions of our moral constitution, to realize the feelings which must fill the soul on that day when the secrets of all hearts shall

be published; and these feelings may be imagined, on probable grounds of anticipation, to be such as must render all exterior perceptions dim, and make even the most stupendous magnificence of the surrounding scene, to fade from the sight. It is nothing but the present torpor of the moral sentiments that allows to material ideas so much power to occupy and overwhelm the mind; but when the soul shall be quickened from its lethargy, then good and evil will take the seat of influence which has been usurped by unsubstantial images of greatness, beauty, or terror. What are the thunderings of a thousand storms, what the clangour of the trumpet, or the crash of earth, or the universal blaze; what the dazzling front of celestial array; or even the appalling apparatus of punishment, to the spirit that has become alive to the consciousness of its own moral condition, and is standing naked in the manifested presence of the High and Holy One? That time of judgment, which is to dispel all disguises, and to drag sin from its coverts into the full light of heaven, will assuredly find no moment of leisure for the discursive eye; one perception, one emotion will doubtless rule exclusive in the soul.'—pp. 51—54.

There is great good sense, and a religious as well as philosophical spirit in these remarks; but while we agree with the writer in his just reprehension of those exhibitions of oratory, which are more calculated to produce the effect of a scenic representation, than of serious and impressive reflection, it deserves observation, that the purely moral and spiritual nature of religion are not necessarily impugned by sensible relations being employed by its teachers, to render its truths more palpable to men of ordinary understanding. The founder himself employed them; his addresses to his disciples, and his countrymen in general, were, as it is well known, frequently founded on some circumstance which might render his instructions present to the senses; and when speaking on the awful theme which our author has expressly mentioned, he placed before the minds of his auditors an assemblage of the most fearful objects which the eye could behold. The angelic host, the throne of judgment, the awakened dead gathering together and trooping into the awful hall of audience from the four quarters of the world; the great assessor of their innocence or guilt, proceeding to pass his final sentence, all this with the appalling picture of the universe flaming and crumbling into ashes and dark nothingness, is brought before us by the Saviour himself, whom if any one suspects of having been too material in his representations, we hardly know how to justify, except by alledging the words of his affectionate follower, "he knew what was in man." The truth is, there is a proper medium to be observed in these things. Frightful errors have resulted from want of caution in endeavouring to make religion intelligible to the senses, but in avoiding these care must be taken not to be wise overmuch on the other side—to be wiser and more spiritual in fact than Christ himself. Though we agree, therefore, with the spirit

and intention of the following remarks, we see something in them which should be cautiously carried any farther.

'No extravagance or groundless refinement is contained in the supposition that in the great day of inquiry and award, the moral shall so overwhelm the physical, that when, by regular process of evidence, according to the forms of that perfect court, conviction has been obtained of even some minor offence against the eternal laws of purity or justice—an offence which, if confessed on earth, would hardly have brought a blush upon the cheek, the heart will be penetrated with an anguish of shame that shall preclude the perception of surrounding wonders: on that day it will be sin, not a flaming world, that appals the soul.

'If anticipations such as these approve themselves to reason, it follows that the humblest and the least adorned eloquence of a purely moral kind, of which the only topics are sin and holiness, guilt and pardon, takes incomparably a nearer and a safer road towards the attainment of the great object of Christian instruction, than the most overwhelming oratory that addresses itself chiefly to the imagination. Nay, it may be affirmed that such oratory, however artfully elaborated, and however well intended it may be, is nothing better than a curtain, finely wrought indeed with gorgeous colours, but serving to hide from men the substantial terrors of the day of retribution.

'Nothing then can be more glaringly inequitable than the manner in which the imputation of enthusiasm is frequently advanced. On the ground, either of common sense or of philosophical analysis, the epithet must be assigned to him who, in neglect or contempt of the substance of his argument, draws an idle and profitless excitement from its adjuncts. And on the same ground we must exculpate from such a charge the speaker who, however intense may be his fervour, is himself moved, and labours to move others by what is most solid and momentous in his subject. Now to recur for a moment to the illustration already adduced. In the anticipations we may form of the day of judgment, there are combined two perfectly distinct classes of ideas;—on the one side there are those images of physical grandeur and of dramatic effect which offer themselves to the imaginative orator as the proper materials of his art, and which, if skilfully managed, will not fail to produce the kind of excitement that is desired by both speaker and hearer. On the other side there are, in these anticipations, the forensic proceedings which form the very substance of the fearful scene; and these proceedings, though of infinite moment to every human being, tend rather to quell than to excite the imagination, and therefore afford the preacher no means of producing effect, or even of keeping alive attention, unless the conscience of the hearer is alarmed, and his heart opened to the salutary impressions of fear, shame, and hope. In looking then at these themes, so distinct in their qualities, we ask—Is he the enthusiast who concerns himself with the substance, or he who amuses himself and his hearers with the shadow? Yet is it common to hear an orator spoken of as a sound and sober divine, who, for maintaining his influence and popularity, depends exclusively, constantly, and avowedly upon his powers to affect the imagination and the passions by poetic or dramatic images, and who is perpetually labouring to invest the solemn doctrines of religion in a garb of attractive eloquence. Meanwhile a less accomplished speaker, who—perhaps with

more of vehemence than of elegance—insists simply upon the momentous part of his message, is branded as an enthusiast, merely because his fervour rises some degrees above that of others. Ineffable folly! to designate as enthusiastical the intensity of genuine emotions, and to approve as rational mere deliriums of the fancy, which intercept the influence of momentous truths upon the heart. Yet such is the wisdom of the world!—pp. 54—57.

Notwithstanding, however, the excellent intention which these remarks indicate in the writer, to do all in his power in favour of pure, rational religion, he would be far from securing the primary object of instruction were he generally followed. The uneducated can with difficulty be made to understand the terrors of a judgment in which they shall have only their own feelings to dread—the better instructed, when the subject is thus proposed to them, easily elude its real impressiveness by the nicety of the moral speculation it involves—it being a long time before even the most elevated minds can conceive of pain, or happiness independent of external impression. It is, also, we believe, a hidden spirit of pride, which in reality inspires these notions of an entirely abstract suffering and amazement. The next step would lead to a doubt respecting any judgment at all, for if the suffering is to be all from within, it reduces the providence of the Deity to something very different to that which from his own words we have been accustomed to expect.

There is no possible doubt that the terrors of the world's destruction, and of the consummation of man's destiny, have been made to fill the most frothy declamations, and not unfrequently to support the wildest visions; but the manner in which some of the very best theologians have treated this subject, have shown that they did not think themselves authorised to spiritualize its fearful interest into a moral feeling of self-hatred, or that sensible images ought not to be employed in the description of an event, which the records from which they drew their knowledge of it, describe as passing before our eyes. We can hardly allow ourselves to believe that such men as Jeremy Taylor, and Massillon, were induced to treat the appalling subject as they did, from a vain desire of displaying their eloquence; and if we could be induced to think they were at any time guilty of such an impious vanity, what should we say to Barrow, the great, close-reasoning, judicious Barrow, one of whose most powerful sermons contains as sublime a representation of the subject as can be conceived.

Another point on which minds of an enthusiastic character are always in danger of erring, is the particular consideration of what elements a future state of happiness will be composed. Nearly the same observations which we have made in respect to the popular manner of representing the final judgment of mankind, will apply to this subject. Weak and injudicious men are not unfrequently found to speak of the future home of the just, as if they had been

favoured with a second apocalypse, and it is more from their evident folly than their want of boldness, that we discover their errors. There has, however, resulted, from the cautious spirit of divines of a different character, another and almost equally hurtful mistake. The paradise of Mahomet is altogether sensual—a garden of epicurean immortality—and the spirit either of Christianity, or of true philosophy, can conceive nothing in common with the Arabian impostor, as the furniture of its blissful palaces. But to avoid the grossness of sensualism, is different from becoming altogether vague and visionary in our reflections upon this theme. According to the ideas and language of some persons, we should be persuaded to conceive of the highest possible degree of happiness to which we can attain, as a state of complete rest—as consisting in not one of the elements of good, except tranquillity, from which we now derive enjoyment—as a condition, in fact, in which we cannot conceive of pleasure, till we have first conceived the possibility of our being not merely renewed or changed from material to spiritual, but of our having become so different in all which composes our being, that nothing but the stock and stone of its identity remain.

There are some admirable reflections on this subject in the work before us, and such as seem to modify those previously made on the popular mode of representing the day of judgment. The following remarks are deserving of attention:

'Perhaps a pious but needless jealousy, lest the honour due to Him "who worketh all in all" should be in any degree compromised, has had influence in concealing from the eyes of Christians the importance attributed in the Scriptures to subordinate agency; and thus, by a natural consequence, has impoverished and enfeebled our ideas of the heavenly state. But assuredly it is only while encompassed by the dimness and errors of the present life that there can be any danger of attributing to the creature the glory due to the Creator. When once with open eye that "excellent glory" has been contemplated, then shall it be understood that the divine wisdom is incomparably more honoured by the skilful and faithful performances, and by the cheerful toils of agents who have been fashioned and fitted for service, than it could be by the bare exertions of irresistible power: and then, when the absolute dependence of creatures is thoroughly felt—may the beautiful orders of the heavenly hierarchy—rising and still rising towards perfection, be seen and admired without hazard of forgetting Him who alone is absolutely perfect, and who is the only fountain and first cause of whatever is excellent.

'The Scriptures do indeed most explicitly declare, not only that virtue will be inamissible in heaven, but that its happiness will be unalloyed by fear, or pain, or want. But the mental associations formed in the present state make it so difficult to disjoin the idea of suffering and of sorrow from that of labour, and of arduous and difficult achievement, that we are prone to exclude action as well as pain from our idea of the future blessedness. Yet assuredly these notions may be separated; and if it be possible to imagine a perfect freedom from selfish solicitude—a perfec

acquiescence in the will, and a perfect confidence in the wisdom, power, and goodness of God; then also may we conceive of toils without sadness, of perplexities without perturbations, and of difficult, or perilous, service without despondencies or fear. The true felicity of beings furnished with moral sensibilities, must consist in the full play of the emotions of love, fixed on the centre of good; and this kind of happiness is unquestionably compatible with any external condition, not positively painful: perhaps even another step might be taken; but the argument does not need it. Yet it should be remembered, that, in many signal and well-attested instances, the fervour of the religious affections has almost or entirely obliterated the consciousness of physical suffering, and has proved its power to vanquish every inferior emotion, and to fill the heart with heaven, even amid the utmost intensities of pain. Much more then may these affections, when freed from every shackle, when invigorated by an assured possession of endless life, and when heightened by the immediate vision of the supreme excellence, yield a fulness of joy, consistently with many vicissitudes of external position.

'Considerations such as these, if at all borne out by evidence of Scripture, may properly have place in connexion with the topic of this section; for it is evident that the harassing perplexities which arise from the present dispensations of Providence might be greatly relieved by habitually entertaining anticipations of the future state, somewhat less imbecile and luxurious than those commonly admitted by Christians.'—pp. 153—156.

The remaining chapters of the work are equally replete with interesting observations as those to which we have paid principal attention. That with which the volume concludes, and which is entitled 'Probable spread of Christianity,' is written in an admirable style of serious, and enlightened reasoning, deserving the consideration of every man professing to desire the happiness of his race, and the universal diffusion of truth. The following excellent reflections will amply vindicate the praise we have given the book in which they are found.

'An intelligent faith in the divine origination of the Scriptures contains *necessarily* a belief in their power to bring the Catholic Church into a state of unity, so that division should no more be thought of. That, during so many ages this has not been the condition of the Christian body, is satisfactorily to be attributed to causes which are by no means of inevitable perpetuity; but which, on the contrary, seem now to be approaching their last stage of feeble existence. Meanwhile the Oracles of God are visibly ascending to the zenith of their rightful power. The necessary preparations for their instalment in the place of undisputed authority are completed; and nothing is waited for but a movement of general feeling, to give them such influence as shall bear down whatever now obstructs the universal communion of the faithful.

'An expectation of this sort will, of course, be spurned by those (if there are any such) who, were they deprived of their darling sectarianism, and robbed of their sinister preferences, would scarcely care at all for Christianity, and to whom the idea of Catholic Christianity, if they can admit such an idea, is a cold abstraction. And it will be rejected also by those who, though their feelings are Christian, accustom themselves to

look at the state of religion always with a secular eye, and are indisposed to admit any suppositions that are not obtruded upon them by immediate matter of fact. To all such persons the existing obstacles that stand in the way of Church union, must seem utterly insurmountable, and the hope of an annihilation of party distinctions, altogether chimerical. But it is not to such minds that the appeal is to be made when futurity is in question; for such are always slaves of the past, and of the present, and are destined to stand by, and wonder, and cavil, while happy revolutions are in progress; and it is only when resistance to the course of things becomes impracticable that they are dragged on reluctantly, more like captives than attendants, upon the triumphant march of truth.'—pp. 308—310.

We have not for some time past met with a work deserving such high consideration, both for the serious and the philosophical spirit in which it is written. Were we to meet with such a one every two or three months, we should begin to conceive hopes that our literature was not altogether swallowed up in productions, which by their general circulation disgrace the country in which they appear, as well as those who write them. We shall be glad to meet again with the unknown but talented author of the 'Natural History of Enthusiasm.' It is such writers who alone can obtain influence for good over the spirit of the nation, and who, by uniting ability with a profound love of truth, can make honesty of principle as respectable in the eyes of the world as knowledge—and both honesty and knowledge the pursuit of every man.

Art. II.—1. *General View of Lunatic Asylums, &c.* By Sir Andrew Halliday, M.D., &c. &c. &c.

2. *Report on Pauper Lunatics in Middlesex, and Lunatic Asylums, with Minutes of Evidence taken before the Committee.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed.

The attention of the legislature has of late been frequently directed to the subject of Lunatic Asylums, but by no means too frequently; for the scenes of savage and remorseless cruelty which Parliamentary inquiries have unveiled, are enough to harrow up the feelings of the most callous and indifferent. It might be thought that the state in which the mind of man is in abeyance, and all his god-like faculties levelled with those of the 'brutes that perish'—a state in which he is no longer able to protect and defend himself—should imperiously claim our best sympathies, and command our most attentive consideration. The painful emotions which can scarcely fail to be excited by the subject of insanity, even under its milder forms, or in cases where the unhappy patients are under the *surveillance* of the humane, are immeasurably aggravated when we reflect that such unfortunate beings (still our fellow-creatures) have for ages past, and even in this boasted land of liberty, been consigned to chains and dungeons—

subjected to the care of mercenary wretches, who would scarcely have been tolerated to look after the felon, the murderer, or the most depraved and worthless portions of a redundant population. Such flagrant abuses, moreover, have been successively perpetrated, while philanthropists have traversed the utmost limits of the empire, to inquire into the situation and improve the condition of criminals; passing heedlessly by the cold and loathsome dungeon, where the guiltless and unhappy maniac was pining in hopeless imprisonment under the most heartless and inhuman treatment,—where charity never came to calm the bewildered mind, and where the benign voice of commiseration never comes to cheer the comfortless. Besides the most atrocious cruelties which the Parliamentary committees have brought to light, it has been proved beyond the possibility of a doubt, that so far from any curative measures having been resorted to in the treatment of the insane, the method pursued has been such as must have had the effect of driving to irretrievable madness, thousands who, under a system of ordinary mildness, might have had their aberrant intellects completely restored.

That much good has been done by the exposure of abuses we will readily allow; but we cannot conceal that there still remains much to do, before this important branch of jurisprudence can be placed upon a footing commensurate with the advanced state of society, and before the foul stain can be expunged which the existence of these atrocious abuses has fixed upon the boasted institutions of our country. The inquiries alluded to have extended chiefly to such institutions as may be considered of a public description, though we have not a doubt that abuses exist in private asylums of a no less, if not of a more enormous nature, which require to be subjected to a more rigid investigation and placed under a more efficient control. It becomes, indeed, matter of serious consideration, whether the numerous private asylums springing up in every part of the country are called for by the actual increase of insanity; whether they are instituted in consequence of the inefficient systems pursued in those already established; or whether they are intended for the incarceration of many persons who ought not from any pretence to be brought under the denomination of lunatics.

It has been shrewdly remarked, by a recent anonymous author, (*Practical Observ. on Insanity*, p. 8) that the unhallowed influence of fashion, which so universally pervades society, has extended into regions whence reason and humanity ought for ever to have shut it out. He has himself, as he tells us, seen persons in lunatic asylums, for whose confinement he could not see even a tolerable necessity, and he feels no hesitation in saying, that were a calm, candid, philosophic inquiry made, hundreds of cases would be discovered of persons improperly incarcerated, who would stand a much better chance of being restored to soundness

of mind, under the care of kind and considerate friends, than by being placed where every object around them must tend to excite a morbid state of feeling. It is no doubt a matter of very great convenience to many persons, that there are places to which troublesome or eccentric relatives, or friends, may be packed off out of the way; and it is probably, upon occasions, very convenient for some people to have the management of the property of others. An unfeeling and brutal husband may exasperate a sensitive and amiable woman by his neglect and cruelty, till in consequence of continued harassings, her mind becomes irritable and unsettled; she may be inconveniently in the way on other accounts, and the husband may be anxious to get rid of her: he tells his own tale of grievances privately to a pliant physician, who calls to examine her, and from the clew previously furnished him, the very questions he puts implying doubts of her sanity, excite her to give irritable and incoherent replies; she unconsciously seals her own doom, and the gloomy walls of a mad-house, the association with lunatics, and a strait waistcoat, soon finish the work which villany began. This may be alleged to be an extreme case, but the question is, whether it is not with extreme cases of this description, that half our mad-houses are crowded.

The author just quoted, mentions the case of an elderly female, now confined in a lunatic asylum, who in every instance conducts herself with the most scrupulous propriety; who converses as rationally upon general subjects as it is possible for a woman to do; her demeanour and manner are those of a refined and accomplished woman; her only point of weakness is, fancying herself a lady of rank and title, and that unattended with any one circumstance which could render her obnoxious to society, and especially to those whose duty it is, and whose pleasure it should be, to humour and excuse her weakness, to comfort her declining days, and to smooth her way to that bourne to which a few short years must conduct her. Believing herself to be an injured woman, she secludes herself in her room, and refuses to adopt those means of air, exercise, or medicine, which might yet restore her mind to some degree of vigour. We could not surely with any colour of justice, call this a case of idiotcy, or lunacy, or insanity; but then comes the new and fashionable form of expression, and we call it "unsoundness of intellect." Supposing this lady's friends could find any plausible excuse for sending her from home, or that they did not choose to be troubled with her eccentricities, would it not have been more humane and reasonable on their parts to place her in comfortable lodgings, under the care of some kind and attentive matron, where she might have been treated with the respect due to her station; rather than to have consigned her to a mad-house, to the society of lunatics, and to the control of strangers?

It is with the mind, indeed, as it is with the body, there is

scarcely an individual, at least in civilized life, who, though allowed in common parlance to be possessed of *sanity*, is not characterized by peculiarities, prejudices, and whims. When these become rather prominent, they are termed eccentricities—and these again rising a few grades, assume the formidable appellation of unsound mind. In some cases the latter is little more than harmless imbecility, as in the instance mentioned by the same author, of a fine youth about twenty years of age, in every respect in full possession of his mental faculties, though these are deficient in energy or rather in activity. This does not amount to what is usually called weakness of intellect, for when he is roused to exertion, he not only evinces a sound judgment and discriminating powers, but is capable for a time of considerable mental labour—in studying a language for example, or any other subject to which he may apply himself. Now it cannot be supposed for a moment, that a madhouse is a proper place for such a character as this: for the company of lunatics and the control of a keeper would be more likely to injure him irretrievably than to strengthen his mental powers.

We are not, in the case of such abuses, inclined to throw the *onus* of blame upon the proprietors and superintendents, who are mere passive agents, depending for their existence on the patronage of the medical profession; and it would be too much to expect of human nature, that they should run counter to their own interests, and interfere with the certifying physicians, to dictate to them what sort of patients require restraint or confinement. Commissioners are indeed appointed, whose duty it is to inspect lunatic asylums, and scrutinize their management, but their very infrequent visits are, for the most part, little more than nominal, and we may well suppose, that they can serve almost no useful purpose, when they have no power to inflict a penalty, or even to refuse a license for the future, how atrocious soever the management may be of the proprietors, or their underlings.

We learn from the interesting publication of Sir Andrew Halliday, who appears to have paid great attention to the subject, for more than twenty years,—that it was not till 1774, that the attention of parliament was drawn to the subject of lunacy, and madhouses. An act was passed in that year, the inadequacy of which has been daily and hourly complained of ever since. It is indeed a marked specimen of legislative imbecility; for while it provides for the casual inspection of licensed establishments, it neither authorises the correction of abuses, nor permits the active interference of the visiting commissioners, in no case of abuse or mismanagement. That such an act should have remained so long a blot on the statute book, might hereafter excite astonishment, were it a solitary blot, but, alas! the lamentably frequent ignorance of law-makers, is as frequently paralleled by the negligence of those to whom the execution of those laws is entrusted. The little good that was done by this act, to the wealthy inmates of

licensed asylums, was soon lost sight of, and it was never meant to apply to that helpless class of sufferers, *the insane poor of the kingdom*. These remained in a wretched and deplorable condition, when Sir Andrew, in a letter signed "Medicus," (1806), and addressed to Lord Henry Petty, induced Mr. Wynn to move for a select committee to investigate the subject. The result was an act, authorizing magistrates to erect public asylums for the insane poor. After a lapse of seven years, a renewed inquiry took place, at the suggestion of Mr. Rose, and the evidence elicited upon this occasion, must be fresh in the memory of all. A bill calculated to remedy the evil, was three or four times passed in the Lower-House, but rejected in the HOUSE OF LORDS!! After Mr. Rose's death, it got into Chancery—and there it has slumbered for *nine years*, Lord Eldon not being able to make up his mind on the subject! Again the House of Commons has taken up the inquiry, and sincerely do we hope that justice, though tardy, may at length be done. By Mr. Wynn's act, the magistrates, as we before observed, were empowered to erect, at the public expence, asylums or hospitals, for the treatment of the insane poor, under their own immediate inspection and government; but, although twenty years have elapsed, it is only in the counties of York, Lancaster, Nottingham, Norfolk, Stafford, Bedford, Gloucester, Lincoln, Pembroke, and Cornwall—ten out of fifty-two counties,—that asylums have been opened. The magistrates of Middlesex, after two years' deliberation, have just announced that such an institution was necessary in a metropolitan county, where 873 of their fellow creatures, were proved to be suffering all the miseries of neglect and cruel treatment, from the want of such an institution!

"By parliamentary returns we learn that, in 1426 there were 1321 individuals in private asylums, exclusive of those in London and Westminster, and within seven miles thereof. And 1147 in public asylums, exclusive of those in St. Luke's and Bedlam, and 53 in public gaols, giving a total for the several counties of England and Wales, of 2521. The private asylums in and near the metropolis, may be taken at an average of 1750; they were last year 1761, and St. Luke's and Bedlam at 500: we have thus, for the whole of England, a total of 4782 insane persons, known to be in existence, and publicly accounted for according to law. But there is a number, if not equally great, at least, nearly so, of whom the law takes no cognizance, and whose existence is only known to their relatives and friends. These consist of individuals placed in solitary confinement, with persons who take only one patient. This is a state of things that ought not to be allowed to remain as it is for a single hour, in this land of boasted liberty. I do not say, that it ever has taken place, though I have known one or two instances, that might almost bear such a construction, but I maintain that it may take place, for there is no law to prevent it; that individuals have have been sent into such seclusion, who never suffered from the pangs of madness, and it must be evident to every one, who gives this subject the least considera-

tion, that it only requires a faithful keeper, and strict watchfulness, to retain such persons in prison for life."—*Sir A. Halliday's Gen. View.*

Sir Andrew is convinced, from a long and laborious investigation, that the aggregate number of persons actually in confinement, in public and private asylums, and with their relations, or with individual keepers, in England and Wales, exceeds 8,000! more than two-thirds of whom are curable, and who, by proper means, might be restored to the enjoyments of social life; but he does not agree with the opinion now prevalent, that insanity is on the increase among us. It is not a little singular, that mental derangement is much more common in the counties of York and Lancaster, in Wilts, Stafford, Durham, and Gloucester, than in other districts; whilst in Wales, there are, in proportion to its population, extremely few lunatics—a remark which holds good, according to Sir Andrew, "in respect to the Celtic tribes in other portions of the empire." He further remarks, that where the Celtic has been slightly mixed with Saxon or Norman blood, "insanity is scarcely known, except as arising from diseased structure, or malformation of the skull; but the remark does not apply to congenital idiotcy, which is not unfrequent.

We coincide with Dr. James Johnson, (*Med. Chirurg. Rev.* ix. 27) in doubting whether Sir Andrew Halliday is justified in proposing, that instead of the perpetual seclusion and mystery, —the confinement and watching—of asylums and hospitals, "a regulated intercourse with the world," should be adopted as the best aid to medical treatment, by giving continued employment of the mind and body. Such intercourse, Dr. Johnson thinks would not be prudent, till the symptoms of insanity are nearly, or very considerably abated. Whoever has gone into a lunatic asylum, must have observed the instantaneous excitement called forth by the appearance of a stranger, (and it would be far worse with a friend) amongst the unfortunate inmates of these dreary abodes. Every tongue is at work in pouring forth the injustice which is done them, every nerve is strained in the attempt to convince the visitor of the reality of the ideal hallucination which has taken possession of the mind. Excitements and perpetual reiterations of the monomaniac impressions can scarcely be supposed to be conducive to a cure. On the contrary, the first and fundamental principle of treatment in insanity, is a removal of friends, and consequently from all sources of irritation; and when intercourse with strangers produces some degree of excitement or irritation, it ought, decidedly, to be prohibited. According to Sir Andrew Halliday,

'The best regulated public asylums in England, are those for the West-Riding of York, at Wakefield and for Lancaster. Bedlam, the great national, or metropolitan asylum, is now well conducted, and the patients are humanely and judiciously treated; but it has still too much of the leaven of the dark ages in its constitution, and too rigid a system of

quackery is maintained, in regard to its being seen and visited by respectable strangers, and there is too little space for exercise and employment, for it ever to prove an efficient hospital. In some respects it is little better than when, in fact, it formed one of the *Lions* of the metropolis, and the patients as wild beasts, were shewn at sixpence for each person admitted. I dislike, and decidedly condemn the practice of being carried round by a governor, and then asked to record an opinion of what we have seen and heard during our visit. It is the assumption of secrecy that creates extraordinary curiosity, and, probably, for a time, improper visitors might be drawn to the scene; but let Bedlam be as open to the public as other hospitals in the kingdom, and none but those called by business or affection, will ever think of asking for admission. St. Luke's, next in importance to Bedlam, is only fit to become a prison for confirmed idiots. It is worse than useless as an hospital for curable lunatics; not so much, I would observe, on account of what may be called the close borough system upon which it is managed, (though even that merits condemnation in an establishment founded and endowed by a liberal public) as from its possessing none of the advantages now found most necessary for the recovery of the insane; and if ever St. Luke's hospital is to be made available for the purposes for which its funds have been accumulated, it must be by adopting a plan similar to that which exists at Antwerp, and of which I shall give some account, when I come to treat of the hospitals in the Netherlands.'—*Sir A. Halliday's Gen. View.*

Those of the Netherlands, to which Sir Andrew here alludes, are more however of the nature of colonies than asylums. According to the description given by M. Esquirol, the celebrated physician of the Saltpetrière at Paris, the patients, who are indeed selected from those who are harmless, are boarded at the expense of the communes to which they severally belong, among the inhabitants of a particular village, and such of them as can work are employed in rural labour. The excellent regulations of this maniac colony, serves in some degree to corroborate the proposal of Sir Andrew, to which we have been above objecting; but it ought not to be forgotten, that the patients alluded to in the Netherlands are selected, and that it would be altogether impossible to generalize such a plan. We heartily coincide with Sir Andrew, in his objecting to the majority of the asylums in England, the want of work-shops and of ground for agricultural labour. At Wakefield, in Yorkshire, the patients have been uniformly kept employed at their various trades and in rural occupations, with the best effects; and Dr. Ellis informs Sir Andrew, that no accident has occurred from allowing the insane the use of the necessary instruments. The same remark applies to the Lancaster asylum, and, in a more limited manner, to some other institutions of the country.

In order to obtain as many points of comparison as possible, with the regulations and plans of our own establishments, we shall now take a brief survey of some of the lunatic asylums on the Continent. The best accounts of those which we have met with are

in Sir Andrew Halliday's work, and in "Sketches, by George Burrows, M. B., Fellow of Caius College Cambridge," as published by his father, Dr. Burrows, in his Commentaries. The following account by Mr. Burrows, of the asylum of Sonnenstein, at Pirna, in Saxony, is exceedingly interesting, and speaks powerfully to the excellence of Dr. Pienetz's management.

'June, 12, 1828.—This lunatic establishment was formerly the castle of Sonnenstein, and is situated on an almost perpendicular rock, two hundred feet above the river Elbe, over which it projects. The ascent has now been rendered less abrupt; and the castle, gardens, courts, and outbuildings, have been converted into the best lunatic asylum, I have seen out of England. The building is too irregular to give any description of it. The number of patients it contains is about 120, and twenty more are in the private house of Dr. Pienetz, the head physician. We first visited a court-yard, where numbers of patients were employed in sawing and chopping wood, others drawing water from a deep well, and in fact almost all were occupied. The bath-room is of a good size, containing eight metal baths, in which the patients may be fixed if necessary. There is an excellent apparatus for directing a powerful stream of cold water upon any part of the bath-room. In the adjoining room is the bath of surprise. Here the patient is seated in a metal slipper-bath sunk in the ground, the attendant then comes to a window about fourteen feet above the patient, and throws a large bucket full of water upon the head. This is often made use of both as a remedy, and as a punishment, and the patients complain of pain as if the lateral lobes of the cerebrum were split asunder. He next went into a large billiard room, to which the patients have constant access of an evening, particularly during winter. In an adjoining room was all the apparatus for giving electrical shocks; but the apparatus is almost laid aside, as no benefit has been found from the most powerful application of it. They here shewed me a very well contrived tin machine, made to fit the hollow of the thigh with straps, for those patients who could not retain their urine. The evening winter-room is extremely well fitted up with piano-fortes, violins, flutes, three or four back-gammons and draft-boards, and a very good book-case, which is at all times open to the patients. They are allowed to remain here until ten o'clock, and music and these games are encouraged as much as possible. The patients, in respect to their living, are divided into three classes, according to the money that is paid for their maintenance. The first class have two small rooms for two patients, with one attendant, and they eat their meals separate from the others. The second class have, also, two rooms for two patients, with one attendant, but their accommodations and fare are not so good. The third class dine all together, and are six, seven, and eight in one room. Every six months a set of rooms is completely cleaned out, white-washed, and painted. They shewed me a very good little instrument for forcing open the mouths of patients that would not eat. The revolving bed and chair are frequently made use of both as remedies, and as punishments, and the time a patient remains in them is from five minutes to a quarter of an hour. There is, also, a species of tread-mill, something like a revolving squirrel's cage, in which patients are compelled to take some exercise. They have a strong room, but no dark room for furious maniacs. There is a Protestant church, and clergy-

than in the building, and they find that the most noisy patients are quie during divine service. The women's house is quite separate from th men's, and is conducted upon the same plan. The gardens around th building are immense, and are almost entirely cultivated by the patient There are various summer amusements in the gardens. At present the contain forty women, and eighty men, who appear clean, orderly, an comfortable. Separate from these houses is a new house, calculated fc sixteen patients and the clergyman, situated upon a beautiful slope, wit an excellent garden, and most delightful prospects. This is the con valescent house, and here the ladies and gentlemen dine with the clergyma all together. They are allowed to take walks in the environs, and dive themselves as they please. The whole establishment is well conducted.'— *Comment*, p. 529.

Dr. Vulpes, the superintending physician of the Royal Mag dalen Hospital at Aversa, has lately visited Great Britain an Ireland, in order to inspect all the asylums most worthy of notice for the purpose of introducing such improvements as he migh find practicable on his return,—an example which has been, i would appear, laudably followed by Dr. Burrows' son, who ha given the following account of the establishment zealously super intended by Dr. Vulpes:

'Aversa is a large village in a highly cultivated plain, about seven mile from Naples. The hospital stands about half a mile from the road, quit detached, with good gardens, which are cultivated by the patients. It i entirely devoted to men, and at present (July 1827) contains 230 patient of different classes of life. There are about forty who pay so much pe day, and have each a separate establishment. This institution has onl existed thirteen years, previous to which the insane were kept in the grea poor-house, and were treated more like wild beasts than men. At tha time a priest obtained permission of the government to form this establish ment, and brought it into a state of order and cleanliness, and treated th inmates with great kindness, but with little medical assistance. Tw years ago this priest died, and Dr. Vulpes was appointed the directin physician; and from that period medical treatment has commenced in regular way. The baths of this hospital are good. The bath of surpris is in the floor of a moderate sized room. The patient is blind-folded and led across the room, when he unexpectedly falls into the bath, th sides of which are well guarded with cushions. The practice of puttin the patient into a hot bath, and applying cold to the head, has not lon been employed, although it is now a very common remedy.

'The patients are almost entirely without classification, as the size o the hospital does not admit of this arrangement. In general they seeme comfortable, and I only saw four or five with their arms confined. The have numerous methods of amusing the patients. There is a theatre many musical instruments, billiard-table, &c. All the patients who ar most outrageous attend the church twice every day. I saw about eight sit down to supper in perfect order and quietness. Dr. Salvador Catanis the very intelligent assistant physician, told me, that they had commence a medical report of the hospital this year, which they intended to con tinue annually.'—*Ibid.* p. 327.

In the north of Italy, the asylums are no less worthy of notice than that at Aversa, the one at Senavra in particular. The majority of the patients in this establishment are of the poorest class, chiefly the inhabitants of the low and swampy grounds in the neighbourhood of Milan, who, from the joint influence of marsh miasmata and the very worst species of food, become affected with *pelagra*, a species of cachectic atrophy inducing mental derangement. Purer air, wholesome lodging, and a good diet, recover, with little or no medical aid, a very large proportion of these poor people, who, if they do not get well, spend the remainder of their lives in the hospital; but from the extenuated condition of most of them when admitted, a greater number die than in any other equally well-regulated hospital in Europe. There is, therefore, no alternative but to recover and be discharged from the hospital, or to continue and die in it. The following is the account given by Mr. Burrows of this hospital, and of that of Villa Antonini, both in the vicinity of Milan:

'A few days before I left Milan, I visited the lunatic asylum, which is a short distance from the walls, and situated in a very low part of the country, with a considerable quantity of swampy ground all around. The *Senavra*, as the hospital is called, is a large brick building, which was formerly a convent, and is calculated to hold about four hundred patients. The present numbers (November 25, 1827) are 220 men, and 209 women. The general appearance of the interior is extreme neatness, and good order reigns throughout. The building is composed of three floors, and is divided into male and female sides, each side having two airing grounds attached to it. The larger airing-grounds are allotted to the convalescent and quiet patients; and the others, which are much smaller, to the noisy and furious. Each side of the building is divided into six sections of patients. The noisy patients are kept upon the ground floor, and the convalescent and imbecile upon the upper floors. Each section on the female side has eight female attendants; those on the male side have only seven, as the men who are in a proper state contribute greatly to perform the part of domestics in cleansing the house, carrying the food, &c. Each of the attendants is allowed one day's holiday in seven. The new part of the building consists of some long, airy corridors, with cells on each side, and a day-room at the extremity, which is heated by a stove; but this room is much too small for the number of patients in the corridor. Each patient that is at all furious has a separate cell, with a window looking out into the gardens, and a door communicating with the corridor. It appears to me that these apartments must be most terribly cold in the winter season. Each of these cells has a sort of privy within it. The greater number of the patients are poor people, who have suffered from the endemic of this country, the pelagra. The convalescent women were generally employed in spinning; and the men, independent of the domestic work, labour, in fine weather, in a large kitchen garden attached to the house, which completely supplies the establishment with vegetables. I never visited any lunatic hospital where there was less noise among so great a number. I was only troubled by some of the male patients for snuff; and I find, that a certain quantity of this is allowed by the esta-

blishment and distributed occasionally as a favour. There is a bath-room attached to both the male and female sides. The bath of surprise, which was formerly made use of here, is now given up, in consequence of the fright having proved fatal in two or three cases. Exercise in the airing-grounds, and labour in the garden, are the only means of employment. I made particular inquiries about the report of music having been greatly resorted to in this establishment; but the head physician, who is an intelligent gentleman, and who has visited the different establishments in Italy, assured me that music never had been resorted to, except as a means of diversion, in that establishment. They have a small hand-organ, which in the fine evenings of summer, is allowed to be taken to the airing-grounds, and there some of the patients amuse themselves with it. They, also, swing themselves occasionally in one of those turn-abouts which are seen at our country fairs in England. There is one resident medical doctor, and the physician makes a daily visit. Strangers are seldom admitted to see this establishment, and never without personal application to the Director-General of hospitals. I observed malformation of the cranium very striking among many of the patients, and several of them with the goitrous throat. With respect to treatment, I could learn nothing particular; but the physician said, that after the first or second year, no very active measures were resorted to. The diet appears to be very good, and much more liberal than at the other establishments in Italy. Accurate accounts are kept of the previous history, of the commencement of the attack, of its continuance in the hospital, and of its termination. Examinations after death are almost always made, and registered. Previous to placing the patient in any particular section of the establishment, he is always lodged in a small room alone for two or three days, and there examined and watched, in order to determine the class of the disease.

'The Villa Antonini, near the Porta St. Celso, in Milan, like the Senavra, was originally a convent: and although not built for a lunatic asylum, is nevertheless well adapted for that purpose, as the house is divided into a number of separate apartments, which were formerly occupied by the monks. The building is of an irregular form, and calculated, I should think, to contain about forty patients. At the present time there are thirty patients, male and female. The physician, Dr. Antonini, and his son, with the director, and male and female servants, make the establishment forty-one persons in all. The building stands at the end of a wide street, from which it is shut out by a high wall, and is bounded on one side by a large church, and on the other sides by the airing-grounds and large orchards, which extend from the house to the ramparts of the town. There are four separate gardens, one of which is exclusively for the females; another has a small mound in its centre, and is planted with shrubs; and there is besides, a common swing, and, also, one of those swings which revolve in an horizontal direction. The physician said, that he had found the swings of great utility as a diversion, and that the latter had answered the purpose of the rotatory chair, which is now interdicted by the medical commissioners. There is, also, a third small garden allotted to those patients, who, by noise or dirty habits, would annoy the convalescent and quiet patients. The apartments in general were clean and comfortable, and in most of the doors there was a small

opening, through which the director might observe the actions of the patient without opening the door. Much use seems to be made of baths, and there are two or three regular bath-rooms. They make their patients get into the bath empty if they have any fear of the water, and then the water enters from the bottom. In one of the bath-rooms there was an apparatus for directing a steady and powerful stream of water upon any part of the patient's body, and the physician says, that he has found great benefit to arise from this remedy. There is a room fitted up for music, but the only instrument in it is a piano-forte. Whenever there is a patient in the house that is musical, and that is generally the case, the patients are allowed occasionally to assemble in this room, and they make up as good a concert as they can; this has been found a most useful and advantageous means of diverting the patients. Dr. Antonini is upon the point of fitting up a billiard-room. He told me that he flattered himself the patients were in such order, that if he commanded one of them to retire to his chamber for bad conduct, he would do it without force being applied, and that this was the only manner of punishment he adopted. There was only one man with his hands confined in a muff, and he had the propensity of stripping himself naked when left at liberty. During his lucid intervals he is a most excellent musical performer; he had a remarkable depression of the left-eye-brow, and a considerable dilatation of the pupil of the same eye. A complete register is kept of all the cases, of their treatment, and of their results.'—*Ibid*, p. 526.

From the Minutes of Evidence, taken before the Committee appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the treatment of the Pauper Lunatics in Middlesex, it most lamentably appears that we are far behind our continental neighbours in the regulation and management of lunatic asylums. This Committee confined their investigation chiefly to the establishments belonging to Mr. Warburton; though it seems not unfair to conclude, that had the investigation been extended to other establishments of a similar description, abuses no less gross might have been discovered. The Committee, indeed, expressly make the same inferences which we have done, when they say "they are apprehensive that similar abuses elsewhere prevail, as no improvement has taken place in the law. It has been clearly established in evidence," they add, "that there is no due precaution with respect to the certificates of admission, to the consideration of discharges, or to the application of any curative process to the mental malady." Sir Anthony Carlisle is decidedly of opinion that the visitation appointed by law, being so very brief and infrequent, is very inefficent to determine upon the propriety or impropriety of the confinement of so large a number of persons; that there must be a great number entirely overlooked, the examination being altogether insufficient to decide upon the cases of those who ought to be liberated or continued in confinement; for, in a house containing two or three hundred persons, three or four gentlemen going together, and remaining there two or three hours, which is the usual routine of the commissioners, it is impossible for them to

examine into the state of mind of such a number of persons whose natural character, and morbid character, are, for the most part, so exceedingly different, that a knowledge sufficient to ascertain the predominant disposition of each individual cannot be obtained. We think the Committee are fully authorized in their calling the attention of the House of Commons to the following abuses:

'1. Keepers of the houses receiving a much greater number of persons in them than they are calculated for; and the consequent want of accommodation for the patients, which greatly retards recovery.

'2. The insufficiency of the number of keepers in proportion to the number of persons entrusted to their care, unavoidably leading to a proportionably greater degree of restraint than the patients would otherwise require.

'3. The union of patients who are outrageous, with those who are quiet and inoffensive.

'4. The want of medical assistance, so applied to the malady for which the persons are confined.

'5. The detention of persons whose minds do not require confinement.

'6. The insufficiency of the certificates on which patients are received into madhouses.

'7. The defective visitations of private madhouses, under the provisions of the 14 Geo. 3, c. 49.'—*Report*, p. 1.

The descriptions given by the witnesses examined by the Committee are altogether shocking, and it is scarcely conceivable that cruelties so horrible should be permitted to exist for a single day in any part of the country, much less in the near vicinity of the metropolis. We shall extract one or two passages from the Report, in order to recal attention to what appears to us to admit of no delay in being effectually reformed. Mr. John Hall, a guardian and director of the poor, for the parish of Mary-le-bone, gives the following account of the state in which he found the pauper-lunatics of that parish, in one of Mr. Warburton's establishments:

'I gained access with Mr. Birdwood into this infirmary, and there we found a considerable number of very disgusting objects—a description of pauper-lunatics, I should conceive chiefly idiots, in a very small room; they were sitting on benches round the room, and several of them were chained to the wall. The air of the room was highly oppressive and offensive, insomuch that I could not draw my breath; I was obliged to hold my breath while I staid to take a very short survey of the room. It contained the description of the patients called the wet patients; they were chiefly in petticoats; they are known to gentlemen in the habit of inspecting houses of this description; they appeared to be of the worst description of decided idiots; and the room was exceedingly oppressive, from the excrement, and the smell which existed there. In the place where I understood the persons who were labouring under temporary illness would be, there were six or seven cribs; there were no patients occupying the cribs at that time. The discovery of this infirmary led to some conversation among the members of the poor-house board, and

about the same period a man returned cured to our workhouse, who had been a considerable time at the White House, under the care of Mr. Warburton, or rather Mr. Jennings, who keeps the house under Mr. Warburton's superintendence: on our having some conversation with this person, he led us to suppose that the patients were very much confined in the winter months, particularly on the Sundays, in their bed-rooms; and that at all times in the short days they were sent to bed at a very early hour, and kept there a great many hours confined to the cribs; I mean that description of paupers who usually slept in cribs, the wet patients, as they are technically called. In consequence of this, Lord Robert Seymour, Mr. Pepys, and myself agreed to pay an evening visit, after dark, to that establishment, with a view of satisfying ourselves as to the truth of the story told by the then sane patient. We accordingly proceeded to Bethnal Green, and arrived there about half-past seven, or a quarter to eight in the evening, on the 26th of February last; Mr. Jennings was on the spot, and we requested permission to inspect the Mary-la-bonne paupers, Lord Robert stating that he was a magistrate for the county, as well as a director and guardian of the poor of Mary-la-bonne, and that the gentlemen with him, namely Mr. Pepys and myself, were also directors and guardians; Mr. Jennings refused to let us see the patients; he complained of the visit at such an unseasonable hour; he said he hoped the legislature would protect houses from visits of that sort. Lord Robert looked at his watch, and it was then a quarter before eight; Mr. Jennings was pressed three or four times by Lord Robert; and at last he turned round and said, "Surely, you do not wish to see females in their beds at this time of night?" making use of the term night; the answer of Lord Robert Seymour was, "Shew us the males." He refused positively to do so; he said he would take upon himself, in the absence of Mr. Warburton, to refuse any inspection whatever of the paupers; upon that, of course, we retired. The circumstance was made known at the next meeting of the board at the Mary-la-bonne workhouse, and we came to the resolution of immediately removing the paupers from the care of Mr. Warburton. I think it was at that period they sent to Mr. Warburton to say, that such a resolution had passed, and that he might, if he thought proper, attend before it was confirmed; he was invited at any rate, before they were removed, to attend at the workhouse; he did so attend, and he certainly justified the conduct of Jennings, the person who keeps the White House, and decidedly said, that if such were to be the terms on which visits were to be paid at such unseasonable hours, he would rather give up the paupers altogether; the paupers were shortly afterwards removed, and a committee was appointed, consisting of Lord Robert Seymour, Lord Kenyon, and other members of the board. They were removed to Sir Jonathan Miles's establishment at Hoxton, the parties consenting to the doors being opened at any hour of the day or night.

'You stated that the infirmary was in the most horrid state, and that the stench was such as to prevent your remaining in it?—I could not remain in it.'—*Report*, p. 15.

What is stated by some of the keepers, and by recovered patients,

even exceeds the foregoing with respect to cruelty and inhuman treatment. Mr. William Solomon, a recovered patient, who had been some time in the White House, gives the following amongst other details of a similar description, respecting the unfortunate patients confined in the crib-rooms:

'They were in the habit of treating those men by chaining them down of an evening about an hour previous to dusk, in things called cribs, which are boxes containing straw, and leaving them there till the following morning locked in, without any attendance being paid to them in the course of the night, let whatever would occur: and on Saturday evenings they were locked down in the same state, and kept till Monday morning, without being unchained, or allowed to get up to relieve themselves in any way whatever.

'On Monday mornings like the other mornings, when they got up, they were many of them in a filthy state, and I have seen them, in the depth of winter, when the snow has been upon the ground, put into a tub of cold water, and washed down with a mop: there was a man who came from Northamptonshire, who was treated in that way; I have seen that man brought from the door of the room, and from the heat of the fæces, that were lying upon him, his back has been completely bare for many inches up, and he was treated in the same way by being washed in the way I have stated.

'I have seen many men die in that place, I consider from entire neglect; I will mention the case of one Wheatley, who belonged to St. George's parish; he certainly was a man who was at times very saucy, and frequently gave the keepers offence; this man gave one of the keepers offence, and he was taken into the long room, and he had a pair of handcuffs put on, and was chained in a manner which is very generally practised there, to the side of the room; another of the patients who acts as keeper, though he is a patient himself, came into the room, and Wheatley and he got quarrelling while he was in chains in this manner; he beat Wheatley very severely, and in the course of two or three days, Wheatley was still kept chained, he was taken very ill, lost his speech; he remained in that state for some time, and was chained down for the night in one of these cribs; at last he got into a very dangerous state, in fact he was dying, and on Tuesday morning when Mr. Warburton was expected, he lay on the ground in the hall, and he was spoken to by one of the keepers of the name of Barnard, and told to get up and not lie there, as his illness was all sham—that was the expression used; he did not pay any attention to him, and he was taken up in the Infirmary, and he died the following evening.'—*Report*, p. 32.

It is some comfort to escape from the unmingled horror of such scenes, to the more humane public establishment of Bethlem, or as it is more commonly called Bedlam. In the Report before us, we find instances of the comparatively good management of this celebrated hospital, though there is, we allow, considerable room for improvement. The following table of the regular diet of the patients, as put in evidence by the steward, which may be thought somewhat too low, is by no means bad, and unquestionably wholesome. The composition of the 'gruel' which is the uniform breakfast, is

not stated. If it be as thin as that usually made for invalids, we should say it is by no means sufficient without the addition of bread.

'BETHLEM HOSPITAL.—THE PATIENTS' DIET TABLE.

'*Monday.*—Breakfast; gruel.
Dinner; broth of the meat boiled the preceding day with suet puddings, four ounces of bread and one of cheese, or half an ounce of butter.
Supper; half-pound of bread, and two ounces of cheese, or one ounce of butter.

'*Tuesday.*—Breakfast; gruel.
Dinner; half-pound of cooked meat with vegetables, and a half-pound of bread.
Supper; half-pound of bread, and two ounces of cheese, or one ounce of butter.

'*Wednesday.*—Breakfast; gruel.
Dinner; in the winter months, soup from the meat boiled the preceding day; legs and shins of beef, split peas, &c. &c. and a half-pound of bread.
In the summer months; broth of the meat boiled the preceding day with baked rice puddings; four ounces of bread, and one ounce of cheese, or a half-ounce of butter.
Supper; half-pound of bread, with two ounces of cheese, or one ounce of butter.

Thursday.—Breakfast; gruel.
Dinner; half-pound of cooked meat with vegetables, and a half-pound of bread.
Supper; half-pound of bread with two ounces of cheese, or one ounce of butter.

'*Friday.*—Breakfast; gruel.
Dinner; broth of the meat boiled the preceding day, with baked batter puddings; four ounces of bread, and one ounce of cheese, or half an ounce of butter.
Supper; half-pound of bread with two ounces of cheese, or one ounce of butter.

'*Saturday.*—Breakfast; gruel.
Dinner; rice milk, with half-pound of bread, and two ounces of cheese, or one ounce of butter.
Supper; half-pound of bread, with two ounces of cheese, or one ounce of butter.

'*Sunday.*—Breakfast; gruel.
Dinner; half-pound of cooked meat with vegetables, and a half-pound of bread.
Supper; half-pound of bread, with two ounces of cheese, or one ounce of butter.

'At dinner each patient has daily three quarters of a pint of table beer, and at supper the like quantity.

'The extras for the sick or weakly patients consist of mutton broth, beef tea, sago, puddings, tea, eggs, wine, porter, milk, &c. &c. and whatever may be ordered by the medical officers.

'THE DIET TABLE RECAPITULATED.

'Breakfasts.—Gruel.

'Dinners.—Mondays; boiled suet puddings.

Tuesdays, Thursdays, Sundays, } Meat with Vegetables.

Wednesdays; pease-soup or baked rice puddings.

Fridays; baked batter puddings.

Saturdays; rice milk.

'Suppers; bread with butter or cheese.

'NATH. NICHOLLS, (Steward.)

'Bethlem Hospital, 18th June, 1827.'

When we commenced this paper we had an intention of taking up the important subject of the *legal tests of lunacy*, which often involve the transfer of considerable property, and may, therefore, determine the affluence or poverty of families or individuals; but finding we could do no justice to this topic without exceeding the space allotted for reviews of this description, we must leave it till some future opportunity.

ART. III.—*The Life and Services of Captain Philip Beaver, late of His Majesty's Ship Nisus.* By Captain W. H. Smyth, R.N. K.S.F. F.R.S., F.S.A., &c. &c. 8vo. London: Murray. 1829.

IT is, we are happy to say, beginning to be generally understood, that the interest of biography depends in a very slight degree on the station or circumstances of the persons who form the subject of her pencil. Human nature in its several conditions and under the various aspects of good or evil fortune, is the only really useful object of the study; and, a memoir which should not tend to make us better acquainted with ourselves, or with the human heart in general, would be as uninteresting as insignificant. It was in the spirit of this reflection, that Doctor Johnson made that truly philosophical remark, that there has rarely passed a life, of which a judicious and authentic narrative would not be useful—a remark in which there is certainly more included than meets the eye, but which explains to the most ordinary reader, the true purpose of this branch of literature.

Biography, written on the plan implied in the Doctor's observation, is a most delightful species of reading; increasing our sympathies, while it adds to our experience, and giving us new acquaintances, with whom we become bosom friends in an hour, and whose homeliest story is the most impressive, because it makes us more at home with ourselves—more closely and quietly intent upon the change or progress of our nature. There is also another advantage in biography being thus written with a view to the general illustration of human character. It becomes more universal in its spirit; the retired scholar will read with interest

the memoirs of an adventurous campaigner, and the latter will not turn unrefreshed from his unagitating history. The book of a rich man's life will have something for a poor one to meditate upon, without feeling either envy or ambition, and the wealthiest will read the annals of the poorest, and forget themselves into an equality. Let but the beating and the warmth of the human heart be perceptible, and the biography will charm and do good to all men.

There is a very sensibly written preface to the volume before us, and well calculated to give the reader a favourable impression, both of the author and subject of the memoir to which we now turn.

Captain P. Beaver, was born 28th February, 1766. His father was the Reverend James Beaver, and resided, when Philip was born, at Lewknor, of which place he was curate. His family was one of great respectability, and he was himself, shortly after the period above mentioned, presented to the living of Monk-Silver, but not living to enjoy his preferment, his widow was left with her children in a comparative state of destitution. At the age of eleven, Philip was sent to sea under Captain Rowley, the commander of the Monarch, which vessel formed part of the fleet of Admiral Keppel. It was fortunate for him, and contributed greatly to his future professional respectability, that he immediately entered upon active service. In three or four years he had witnessed most of the perils to which a naval life is subject, and had proved himself possessed, in a pre-eminent degree, of the qualifications necessary to make a good officer. On the 2nd of June, 1783, just after having recovered from a violent fever, he was presented with an acting order to the Nemesis, passed his examination on the 15th of October, and on the following day was appointed first lieutenant of the above vessel. His rank was confirmed on his arrival in England, and the peace which followed left him at leisure to pursue his studies, to which, after a short period of dangerous idleness, he devoted himself with laudable energy.

The natural activity of his mind was shortly after this made apparent, by his embarking in a scheme which could promise no other return for his exertions, than the pleasure of the exertion itself. In company with Mr. Dalrymple and some other persons, a project was set on foot to colonize the island of Bulama. After some delay, three vessels containing the emigrants set sail, Lieutenant Beaver having the command of the Hankey. As it might be expected, this adventure terminated in the death of a great many miserable individuals, and the speculators who embarked in the scheme, lost a considerable sum of money in their vain endeavours to resist the natural obstacles to their success. There is no part however of the present volume, which can compare in interest with that which contains the

recital of this affair. The island of Bulama lies at the east end of the Bijuga archipelago, and is supposed to be about seven leagues long, and from two to five broad; the intended settlement being situated in lat. 11° 34′ north, longit. 15° 30′ west. The soil is reported to be excessively luxurious, producing with the least possible labour, abundance of all kinds of vegetables, and apparently calculated for the successful culture of cotton, tobacco, coffee, &c. With little exception it is covered with thick woods, which give shelter to droves of elephants, and other wild animals. The greatest enemies, however, to the success of the little colony, were the Bijugas, who uniting with the unhealthy climate, prevented the people from pursuing their necessary labour with any regularity or security, and gave the first blow to that confidence, which was so necessary for them to feel on their first arrival on the island. Such, indeed, was the effect of this circumstance, that a large party of the colonists, after having suffered considerable distress, from the attacks of their foes, retreated almost immediately to their native shores, in consequence of which Mr. Beaver was voted president. Some idea of the exertions which he made, may be understood from the following account, especially when it is said that he had but just recovered from a dangerous fever.

'The life of our officer was, however, providentially spared for greater exertions; and in a few days he was again at work, tracing out the lines for an intended block-house, on the summit of the hill. Finding that the maxim, of individual welfare being necessarily dependant on the general, was not understood, Mr. Beaver determined on employing all the labourers in erecting a range of buildings within a square inclosure, which should answer the double purpose of defence and dwelling; thereby checking the interested disposition which some of them evinced, for erecting edifices according to their own ideas of comfort and situation. The houses were afterwards to be drawn for by lot, with the only exception, that the most industrious should have theirs covered the first. Several of the subscribers were dissatisfied that he would not give them a little spot for a garden; but as he conceived that their whole labour would be devoted to it, he thought the interests of the community rather required a public one.

'These disagreeable contentions occasioned him great uneasiness, as some of the members became extremely unruly; and he felt it necessary, for the safety of the whole, to act with firmness and vigour. He was determined, with so weak a party, to work entirely on the public account, although he felt, could circumstances have permitted, that each labourer would have rendered infinitely more on his own allotted ground, than when cultivating in common. One of the settlers, irritated at being obliged to dig at the block-house, said, "that he would live in a hut by himself, for he was not afraid."—"Yes," said Beaver, "you are afraid;—I order you instantly inside, and I dare you to disobey."

'On the 26th of August, Bellchore, with a large party, came to visit the settlement. Although such a compliment was not at all desirable at that early period, Mr. Beaver politically welcomed him with a salute, and most indulgently entertained him, which kindness was returned with a

present of live stock, and in the course of two days he took his leave. On this occasion the old king put on a ceremonial dress over his goat skin, and changed a red woollen cap for a three-cornered hat, decorated with buttons. When the hour of sleep arrived, his sable majesty, who had been unsparing in his attentions to the spirits, would not go to bed until a bottle and glass were placed by his pillow; "for," said he, "suppose I must wake in the night, that time I can drink rum too."

'Towards the end of August, the number of men who were capable of working being reduced to twenty-four, the watches were contracted from four to three, and several were excused that they might commence other labour at day-light.

'Mr. Hood, who went on shore with these early parties, had on the morning of the 1st of September, gone into the woods to visit a guinea hen's nest, but being missed towards evening, apprehensions were entertained for his safety, especially as he had a dysentery, and a bad ulcerated leg. At night all was silent "except frogs and mosquitos," a gun was fired, and a light kept burning, though they never expected to see him again. At length on the following morning he made his appearance, having wandered all the preceding day until night, when alarmed by the growling of a wild beast, he climbed a tree, although his right of occupation was disputed by a family of monkies. He arrived very much fatigued at the block-house, having eaten nothing, except a small yellow plum which grew spontaneously; but, what is the most extraordinary, entirely cured of his dysentery, apparently by this fruit, and his leg a great deal better.

'Mortality, fever, and heavy rains retarded the progress of the works on shore so much, that Mr. Beaver determined on making the few who were able, continue their labour on the Sunday afternoons, though not without meeting some objection. As the very existence of the colony depended upon having a place of security, before the departure of the Hankey, his arguments were very short; and an order, that he who did not work should not eat on a Sunday, quickly overcame all their scruples.

'By the end of September, the establishment was reduced to fifty-eight, of whom thirty were ill! The president was therefore brought to "the melancholy necessity" of reducing the intended block-house from a hundred and eighty by a hundred and fifteen, to a hundred and fifteen feet square. A boat, which had been brought out in frame, was launched, and called the Perseverance; and the rains being nearly over, the covering which had been constructed to shelter the ship, was taken off, and sent on shore. Notice was now given that the Hankey would sail for England about the middle of November; and as the people were much depressed in spirits, Mr. Beaver demanded the names of those who intended to abandon the colony, that he might not build more houses than were requisite.'—pp. 77—81.

Every attempt was now made on the part of the settlers which remained, to persuade their president to follow the example of the others who had already left the island. But he was not to be deterred from what he conceived was his duty, by any thing short of absolute necessity, and he continued to persevere in carrying on the works which were essential to the safety of the small company which remained. Fever and madness were raging around

him. His own health was shattered in the most alarming manner, and the savages, who inhabited the neighbouring shores, were on the constant watch for an opportunity to attack him. In speaking of a change in the weather, he says,

'"Its bracing coolness has almost recovered me, who have been from daylight till dark exposed to it, while our indolent sick have been pent up all day in their stinking eating-house, which has scarcely been cleaned since they came on shore, rather than exert themselves so much as to go into this renovating air. In the evening, when we leave off work, Peter goes on board the cutter, and my man and myself remain to defend the block-house! 'Tis well we are not attacked. Since the departure of the Hankey, I have had no one to speak to, no conversation. I do not think it safe to show lights, and therefore cannot read in the evenings; indeed, my head at present could not bear it; so that, after we leave off work, I sit about two hours alone in the dark, in sullen deliberation on what we are to do on the morrow, and then go to bed."'—pp. 88-89.

In a part of his journal near the above, we find, that from the first of December to the twenty-first of that month, there had been buried out of nineteen men, four women, and five children, who composed the remains of the colony, nine men, three women and a child. But the strongest trial which Mr. Beaver was to undergo was yet to come, and one, from the exhibition of his truly noble nature, which it occasioned, that deserves to be recorded. While sitting one evening in his dismal apartment, there was a knock at his door, and it was immediately opened by two Englishmen. His surprise and joy were beyond description, and he regarded their fresh and healthy looks as making them 'the handsomest mortals he had ever beheld!' The strangers belonged to a vessel from London, and brought in their way to Sierra Leone, provisions for the colony and orders from the trustees, desiring Mr. Beaver not to quit Bulama, as more settlers would very shortly be sent out. The same letters contained intelligence of a war with France. Here then was a difficulty which it required both virtue and prudence to overcome. By not returning to England immediately, he ran the imminent risk of losing his commission; add to which, the entire loss of those chances of promotion, for which he had so long been anxiously looking. On the other hand, if he returned he would be breaking his engagement with the persons who had entrusted him with the care of the colony. After what we have said, it is easy to guess what determination this honourably minded man took on the occasion. It was always the firm opinion of Mr. Beaver, that the ruin of the little colony was principally owing to the want of activity in the settlers, and that could they have been persuaded to pursue their designs with a tolerable degree of perseverance, they would have shortly been secure, both from the attacks of the Bijugas and from the evil effects of the climate. It was to this purpose he wrote, when he exhorted the trustees to use all their

diligence in providing recruits for his exhausted state;' but it appears evident throughout, that his ardent disposition drew him into a fatal mistake respecting the capabilities of ordinary minds and constitutions. Could he have found fifty or a hundred men as bold and determined as himself, there is great reason to believe he would have succeeded. There is, in fact, nothing which such a band might not attempt with good prospect of success. But he had the worst human material of which to raise his structure that could be provided him. The dross and refuse which a society in its most flourishing condition can put to no use, and which it must of course be much less possible to employ to any good purpose in a state where every moral energy is required to support the physical strength. It is drugging death with human life to send out such men as many of those who composed the Bulama colony, and it deserves also to be considered, that such an experiment at colonization hardly merits that name, for it is one thing to make a desperate venture, and another to make an experiment. There are few spots on the globe to which men of any climate might not be sent with safety, if properly fitted with the natural gifts of a good constitution, with that degree of mental energy which is necessary to support much hardship, and possessing at the same time the provisions without which human life can nowhere be preserved. A traveller is necessarily exposed to perils which can never be foreseen, and in a long and varied journey will be often obliged to meet difficulties under which he will sometimes sink. But a colonist is sent to a fixed station—the nature of the danger he will have to encounter is known, and it is generally in the power of the country from which he sets out, to provide him with the best defences against its consequences. Fairly, therefore, to try whether a reputedly unhealthy spot of the globe can be colonized, the first settlers which are sent out should be picked men, and the greatest possible sum which can be afforded expended in their outfit. If they be found unable to resist the difficulties which oppose their settlement, either from the nature of the climate or any other cause, it may then be fairly concluded that there are obstacles, at least at present, to the design, which human prudence cannot foresee. Even in cases where anything very dangerous is implied in the idea of emigration, the same principle should to a certain degree be followed,—capital, both in life and money, being always irretrievably wasted when this rule is altogether neglected.

Mr. Beaver, notwithstanding the promise which had been given him, and the noble sacrifice he had made of his interest, found himself left to linger without either recruits or supplies. This was, in a great measure, explained by the subsequent discovery that his dispatches had not reached their proper destination. But the whole affair, on the part of the managers in England, seems to have been wretchedly contrived.

'The luckless colonists,' says the narrative, 'now began more heavily

to feel the effects of the rainy season, and the grumetas took every advantage of their helplessness. These men were principally from the Papel, or Manjack nations: the former, ignorant and bigoted; the latter, deceitful, lying, and dishonest. Much coercion was requisite to make them feel that they were hired servants, not masters; and from the baneful influence which their gris-gris had in dispiriting the labourers, severe punishment was permitted to be inflicted on two who pretended to magic; one of whom sturdily persisted that he had frequently changed himself into an alligator! A Manjack, who attempted to stab the President, was turned off the island for his excessive folly, in trying to hurt him, "whom twenty of them could not wound," but a rope and block were attached to a large tree to hang the first that should thenceforward draw his knife. To one he was obliged to administer twelve dozen lashes, for endeavouring to force a gate during Bellchore's last visit; and to another still more, for breaking into the store-houses. Such necessary severities kept their evil propensities in check; but now, when all the English were afflicted with fevers, Beaver himself dangerously ill, and poor Scott, the midshipman, on his death-bed; these worthless fellows pilfered with impunity. Besides taking away the cow, and most of the fowls, the store-rooms were robbed to a serious extent, and all the Lieutenant's shirts and silk handkerchiefs stolen. Many of these goods were recovered at Bissao, and politely returned by the Governor with a kind message, "begging me not to punish any of my grumetas, but send them away, if they behaved ill; and to have a regard for my life, which would be in much danger from their thirst of revenge. A Manjack, he says, never forgives an injury while the man lives who inflicted it. I have never injured one of them, I have only given them what they deserved."

'The president illustrates the surly disposition of a Manjack by a forcible anecdote. The mast of a sloop, which anchored at Bulama, was shivered by lightning during a violent tornado; by which accident one man was killed and another wounded. "I saw the man on shore," he observes, "who had been burnt by the lightning, and who, till my approach, was bemoaning his fate. His left side, from a little above the hip, all the way down the outside of his thigh and leg, was shockingly burnt, and perfectly raw. I ran for a bottle of sweet oil and a feather, with which I instantly returned, and anointed, with the gentlest hand and greatest care, the burnt parts; all which time he appeared perfectly indifferent to my attention. When I had finished I gave him the bottle and the feather, and, by means of our interpreter, I told him to do the same three times a day; that it would ease the pain, and soon heal the wound. He took them with the greatest coolness, without altering a muscle of his countenance, without shewing the least symptom of being pleased, or of gratitude, and without uttering a word in reply. He did not even look at me when I went away!"'—pp. 101—103.

It was not till the last moment that Mr. Beaver remitted his exertions. His final endeavour was to sink a well in the middle of the block-house, to preserve them from perishing for want of water, in case of an attack. This completely exhausted their little remaining strength, and, finding it no longer possible to keep the few persons who remained with him from deserting, he at length consented to abandon the island. The necessary arrange-

ments having accordingly been made, the party embarked and set sail for Sierra Leone, on the 29th November, 1793. On the 17th of May, in the following year, Mr. Beaver arrived in England. Having given an account of his proceedings to the Bulama Association, he received, in return for his two years' perilous exertion, for the loss of his half-pay during that period, and the sacrifice of his hopes of present preferment, a vote of thanks, and the promise of a gold medal, which he never received!

Scarcely had he been two months in this country, when he was appointed first-lieutenant of the Stately, which shortly after sailed for the Cape of Good Hope, and subsequently for India, and the Isle of France. He returned home as first-lieutenant of the Monarch, then Lord Keith's flag-ship. It is hardly necessary, however, to follow the memoir any farther in its chronological arrangement, and we have only to state that Captain Beaver, was in 1800, appointed to a very important post in the Mediterranean, Lord Keith making him his assistant-captain—a situation, says the author, equal to that of a rear-admiral. As we have not yet given an account of any of his naval exploits, the following will serve our purpose:

'A very brilliant exploit, performed by Captain Beaver, on the night of the 21st of May, is thus described by his commander-in-chief:—"By private intelligence from Genoa, I understood the French had resolved on boarding our flotilla in any future attempt to bombard the town; and yesterday, about twelve o'clock, a very large galley, a cutter, three armed settees, and several gun-boats, appeared in array off the Mole-head, and in the course of the afternoon exchanged distant shot with some of the ships as they passed them. At sun-set they took a position under the guns of the moles and the city bastions, which were covered with men manifesting a determined resistance. I nevertheless arranged every thing for a fourth bombardment, as formerly, under the direction of Captain Philip Beaver, of the Aurora, who left the Minotaur at nine P.M., attended by the gun and mortar vessels and the armed boats of the ships. About one o'clock, being arrived at a proper distance for commencing his fire, a brisk cannonade was opened upon the town, which was returned from various parts; and Captain Beaver having discovered, by the flashes of some guns, that they were directed from something nearly level with the water, judiciously concluded that they proceeded from some of the enemy's armed vessels. Calling a detachment of the ships' boats to his assistance, he made directly to the spot, and, in a most gallant and spirited manner, under a smart fire of cannon and musketry from the moles and enemy's armed vessels, attacked, boarded, carried, and brought off their largest galley, La Prima, of fifty oars, and two hundred and fifty-seven men, armed, besides muskets, pistols, cutlasses, &c., with two brass guns of thirty-six pounds, having about thirty brass swivels in her hold, and commanded by Captain Patrizio Galleano. The bombardment suffered no material interruption, but was continued till day-light this morning, when the Prima was safely brought off: her extreme length is one hundred and fifty-nine feet, and her breadth twenty-three feet six inches. On our part four seamen only have been

wounded; one belonging to this ship, in the boat with Captain Beaver; one belonging to the Pallas; and the other two to the Haerlem. The enemy's loss is not exactly known; but one man was found dead on board, and fifteen wounded. The satisfaction which I derive from considering the zeal, activity, and gallantry with which this service has been performed, is greatly augmented by the flattering testimony borne by Captain Beaver to the good conduct of the officers and seamen who acted with him on this occasion."

'The detachment with which Captain Beaver attacked La Prima, consisted of ten boats, containing, between them, about one hundred officers and men. While these were proceeeding, with all possible silence, hoping to approach undiscovered in the prevailing darkness, a Genoese gun-vessel, stationed between the two mole heads, opened her fire upon them. Every moment's delay now adding to the danger, the boats dashed on towards their objects. On arriving alongside, a new obstacle presented itself: the gangway or gunwale of the galley projected three feet and upwards from the side of the hull, and was strengthened by a strong barricade, along the summit of which the brass swivels mentioned by Lord Keith were occasionally mounted. As an additional obstruction to the British, her oars were fixed in their places ready for use; with the looms secured to the benches, or thwarts. Thus, with a crew of two hundred and fifty-seven men, exclusive of the galley-slaves on board, La Prima, even had she not been guarded by numerous batteries, would have been a formidable object of attack. All this, however, was of no avail. The first entrance was made amid-ships on the starboard side, in the most courageous manner, by a boat of the Haerlem, under the command of Mr. John Caldwell, midshipman, who was promptly seconded by three other pinnaces. In the meantime the crews of the Minatour's cutter, and Vestal's launch, gallantly led by Beaver, and supported by the remaining boats, had clambered up the images on the quarter to carry the poop, where a considerable number of French troops had assembled. After a desperate struggle, hand to hand, our captain and his brave tars succeeded in their attempt; the greater part of their opponents jumping overboard on one side as they secured a footing on the other. Almost immediately afterwards a burgee, or broad triangular pendant, the only flag flying on board La Prima, was hauled down by Lieutenant Gibson, and all further resistance ceased. The boats were immediately ordered a-head to tow; and the slaves, with seeming cheerfulness, manned their sweeps, crying out, in broken English, "Got bless de King of Gibbelterra!"'—pp. 129—133.

We soon after this find Captain Beaver off Alexandria, and in command of the Foudroyant, assisting the movements of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, who, after receiving his mortal wound, was conveyed on board that vessel.

During the violent agitation into which the nation was thrown by the threatened invasion of Buonaparte, Captain Beaver performed a most useful service to the country, by making public his views on the subject. In a letter, which he wrote to the Editor of the Courier, he reasoned with great ability on all the circumstances connected with the affair, and greatly allayed the popular ferment which had been awakened. This letter appeared on the 16th February, 1804, and was published under the

signature "Nearchus." Having been appointed to the Acasta, he sailed to the West Indies, and had afterwards an important share in the negociations, which were then being carried on with South America. His conduct at Martinique acquired him additional reputation. "The direction of all the naval operations," says the official dispatch of Sir A. Cochrane to the Admiralty, "connected with the army, was left entirely with Captain Beaver, of the Acasta, who conducted the service with all the correctness and celerity which I expected of him." General Maitland also expressed the same sentiments. "Captain Beaver has increased the character, which I know his conduct at Bay Robert, in your presence, gained him. His arrangement, and presence of mind, render him peculiarly qualified for joint operations."

But, notwithstanding these high testimonials to his distinguished merit, he shortly found himself again out of employ, the Acasta being paid off, and declared unfit for sea. After many fruitless applications, one at last proved effectual, and he was offered his choice of the Phœnix, a vessel just manned and ordered to the East Indies, and of the Nisus, a frigate lately completed and lying at Plymouth. He chose the latter, and bid his final adieu to his country and family. The memorial which he addressed to Lord Mulgrave, and which was successful in obtaining him the appointment, is very interesting, and serves well to show the true rank which he bore in his profession:—

'To be brief, I shall shortly state, that during three-and-thirty years' service, I have never been unemployed in the time of war; that twenty-seven of those years I have borne a commission, and am now in the tenth year of post rank; that during that time I have never been tried by a court martial, never confined, nor have I ever been once asked by any of my superiors, why such or such a thing had not been done. So much for negative merit. I decline dwelling upon the earlier parts of my servitude, that I may the less encroach upon your Lordship's leisure. Soon after I was made a Commander, I was appointed assistant captain to the Mediterranean fleet; in this situation I had charge of the flotilla which had six times bombarded Genoa; I negociated for the same place on the part of the British, and came home overland with the documents announcing the event. The battle of Marengo had been fought, and on my arrival, though I travelled from the Elbe in less time than the same ground had ever been passed before, all Italy was again in the hands of our enemy; the despatches of which I was the bearer were therefore never published. Returning to the Mediterranean, I held the same situation till the expedition to Egypt, when Lord Keith appointed me his Captain in the Foudroyant; and I was with that officer and Sir R. Abercrombie when the landing was effected. A few months after the late war, I returned to England, and was paid off; early in this, I was appointed to the Sea Fencibles in Essex, where I remained three years; and during the last three have commanded the Acasta. In her I have had the charge of conducting and landing seven thousand of our troops in the expedition against Martinique; and shortly after about two thousand five hundred at the Saints. The ship then being found in a state of decay, was

ordered home, and paid off. Had I any idea of not being kept in active service, I should certainly have accepted either the Abercrombie or the Jewel, both of which ships were offered to me by Sir A. Cochrane, previous to my coming home. From what I have stated, I trust it will appear that my standing as a Captain is sufficient, that my conduct as an officer is unimpeachable, and that the length of my service will justify my solicitation. If, however, I should not succeed, I shall return to my cottage with the sentiments of the Spartan who lost his election as one of the Ephori—happy that my profession produces so many men of merit and virtue superior to myself.—'pp. 198—200.

He sailed almost immediately for the Cape of Good Hope and the Isle of France, afterwards cruising about the Indian seas in almost every direction, till he sailed for Quiloa. His exertions here were considerable, and he returned to the Cape greatly exhausted. It was his hope to be now ordered to England, but he did not live to enjoy the happiness of re-visiting his native shores. A disorder, which his biographer supposes him to have contracted in Batavia, had been long preying upon him, and now reached a fearful height. On the vessel entering Table Bay, March, 1813, he desired the attendance of the surgeon, but was unwilling on account of his immediate engagements on shore to apply the remedies proposed. His illness in consequence increased with terrible rapidity, and in three days he expired. Captain Beaver left a wife and six children, who, from the little disposition which he felt for accumulating wealth, were not provided for as it might have been supposed they would be from his active career. Mrs. Beaver was appointed matron of Greenwich Hospital School, and efforts were made, but without success, to procure her a better provision.

The character of Captain Beaver has been already delineated. The style in which his memoirs are written, is creditable to his friend and admirer, who has taken this means to preserve his memory from oblivion. There is much in the volume which will be interesting to the general reader, and a professional student may derive from its perusal, many valuable hints for his conduct. The honourable feeling which was uniformly exhibited by the excellent man, who forms the subject of its pages, the strict attention which he never omitted paying, to all the duties connected with his station, his industry, as well as boldness and indifference to danger, are all worthy of the closest imitation, and place him amongst those most valuable of men, who do more good by their example, than can be done by any series of individual actions. We must not forget to mention, that Captain Beaver was ardently fond of geographical studies, and that he made it a point on all occasions, to promote as much as was in his power, the advancement of that science. He was frequently very successful in his endeavours, and the present volume contains ample proofs of his qualifications to have done more, had he been master of greater leisure and retirement for the purpose.

ART. IV.—*Tableaux de la Nature, ou Considérations sur les Déserts, sur la Physiognomie des Végétaux, sur les Cataractes de l'Orénoque, sur la Structure et l'Action des Volcans dans les différentes regions de la terre.* Par Le Baron de Humboldt. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1828.

Les Articlés Mer, et Montagne. Par le Colonel Bory de St. Vincent. Dictionaire Classique d'Histoire Naturelle. 8vo. Paris.

IN studying the various circumstances connected with the earth's surface, it is important to distinguish between what may appropriately be termed political and physical geography. Under the first, we ought to place whatever relates to government, extent of territory, population, towns, cities, manufactures, cultivation, agricultural and horticultural; and all arts and sciences. Under the latter, again, we should arrange the prominent natural features of the globe; climate, with its variations of temperature and moisture; seas, with their tides, currents, and evaporation; lakes, with their levels, their embankments, or their outlets; rivers, with their sources, their course, their overflowings, and their deltas; mountains, with their height, structure, and various groupings; and plains and valleys, with their fertility or barrenness. It is but very recently that these subjects were treated in a systematic and scientific manner, though scattered notices, often of doubtful accuracy, may be met with in the earliest writers from Moses, Homer, and Herodotus, down to Salmon, Gutherie, Busching, Pinkerton, and M. Jauffret. Now that the subject has attracted attention in consequence of having been treated in a superior manner, by men of high attainments and unquestionable talent, it assumes an aspect of more permanent interest, while its utility is no less prominent, than the pleasure it cannot fail to afford, to almost every class of inquirers. Taking for our guide, therefore, the excellent maxim of Polybius, Ἅμα καὶ τὸ χρήσιμον καὶ τὸ τερπνὸν λαβεῖν, (*Hist. Lib.* i. c. 5.) we shall briefly advert to a few of the most useful and attractive materials, in the works under review.

We are particularly pleased with M. Bory de St. Vincent's classification of the waters, which cover more than three-fourths of the whole surface of the globe, and which have hitherto been treated of, in a vague and isolated manner. Looking at these with the eye of a naturalist, M. Bory arranges all the great masses of waters into five leading classes, namely, 1. Oceans; 2. Mediterraneans; 3. Caspians; 4. Lakes; and 5. Rivers. The beauty of his classification, however, will be better appreciated from the following

'TABLE OF SEAS.

I. OCEANS.

1. Arctic Ocean.
2. Atlantic Ocean.

3. Antartic Ocean.
4. Indian Ocean.
5. Pacific Ocean.

II. MEDITERRANEANS.

1. [Ancient] Mediterranean.
   The Mediterranean, properly so called.
2. Scandinavian Mediterranean.
   The Baltic Sea.
3. Erythrean Mediterranean.
   The Red Sea.
4. Persian Mediterranean.
   The Persian Gulf.
5. Chinese Mediterranean.
   The Sea of China.
6. Oschotskan Mediterranean.
   Sea of Okhotsk.
7. Bhering's Mediterranean.
   Sea of Bhering.
8. Columbian Mediterranean.
   The Gulph of Mexico.
9. Hudsonian Mediterranean.
   Hudson's Bay.

III. CASPIANS.

1. [Ancient] Caspian.
   The Caspian Sea.
2. Aralian Caspian.
   The Sea of Aral
3. Baitcalian Caspian.
   Lake Baitcal.
4. Asphaltic Caspian.
   The Dead Sea.'

The *Currents of the Ocean,* some of which are almost as accurately determined as the courses of land rivers, may be referred to various causes, either occasional, variable, or constant, such as a violent gale of wind, the periodical melting of the polar ice, and the difference of temperature. Those currents which are constant however, are the most worthy of remark. The existence of two polar currents, is proved by the floating of masses of ice from the frigid into the temperate regions; these masses are at times seen as low as the forty-fifth, or even the fortieth degree of latitude. It was the opposition of the polar current which principally occasioned the failure of the attempt made last year under Captain Parry, to reach the North-Pole; before they desisted from their efforts, the expedition found that, as they advanced over the ice, they were being drifted *southward,* at a rate faster than that at which they were travelling northward. It was equally certain that a tropical current exists, judging not only from the direction of bodies floating on the water, but also from the circumstance

that vessels, in crossing from Europe by America, descend to the latitude of the Canary Islands, where they fall into a current and are carried rapidly to the west. In going from America to Asia across the Pacific, a similar effect is observed. It might be supposed that this was due solely to the trade winds, but such is not the case; for it is quite possible to distinguish their effect from that of the currents, since the progress of the vessel is quicker than it could be with the aid of the wind alone.

The cause of the Polar currents is, no doubt, in a great measure, to be traced to the centrifugal force which is the result of the earth's rotation. It may be further explained, when we reflect that the water towards the poles, both on account of its lower temperature and its being less attracted by the heavenly bodies, is *heavier* than the water in the tropical regions, and, moreover, that the heat of the torrid zone occasions a much more powerful evaporation of the sea, than is elsewhere experienced: the consequence is, that the waters nearer the poles will move towards the equator in order to restore the equilibrium, which has in these several ways been destroyed. The tropical current, may, also, though in another manner, be explained as proceeding from the earth's rotation. The waters, as they advance from the polar seas, pass from regions where the rotatory motion of the earth's surface is very slight to those where it is exceedingly rapid; they cannot immediately acquire the rapid motion with which the solid parts of the earth revolve in the tropical regions, and they are, accordingly, left rather behind, that is, to the *westward* (the earth turning round from west to east.) The ocean, consequently, appears to retreat from the western, and advance upon the eastern coasts of the continents, or, in other words, to have a general movement from east to west; and the effect is very much assisted by the constant blowing of the trade winds.

When this current meets with shores or narrow straits to impede or turn aside its course, it forms strong and even dangerous currents. The eastern coast of America, and the West India Islands, constitute a sort of dyke to the general westward motion of the Atlantic; and it will be seen, if we refer to a map, that from Cape St. Roche, which has about five degrees of south latitude, the coast of South America stretches away in a continued line to the north-west, as far as the isle of Trinidad. Owing to this shape of the coast, the waters as far as the tenth degree of south latitude are, when they approach America, carried away in a current to the north-west. This current afterwards enters the gulf of Mexico, through the strait formed by the western end of Cuba, and the opposite peninsula, (from this part it is called, by navigators, the *Gulf-stream,*) and follows the bendings of the Mexican coast, from Vera Cruz to the mouth of the Rio del Norte, and thence to the mouths of the Mississippi, and the shoals west of the southern extremity of Florida. It next takes a new direction to the north,

and rushes impetuously into the gulf of Florida M. Humboldt observed in the month of May, 1804, in the 26th and 27th degrees of latitude, that its velocity was eighty miles in twenty-four hours, although at the time there was a violent wind against it. At the end of the gulf of Florida, (north latitude 28°) it runs to the north-east, at the rate, sometimes, of five miles an hour. It may always be distinguished by the high temperature, and the saltness of its waters, their indigo-blue colour, and the quantity of sea-weed floating on the surface, and also by the heat of the surrounding atmosphere.

It is observed by Humboldt, that the waters of the Mexican gulf, forcibly drawn to the north-east, preserve their warm temperature to such a point, that at forty and forty-one degrees of latitude, he found them at seventy-two degrees and a-half of Fahrenheit; when out of the current, the heat of the ocean at its surface was scarcely sixty-three degrees and a-half. In the parallel of New York, (forty-one degrees north,) the temperature of the *Gulf-stream* is, consequently, equal to that of the seas of the tropics, in the eighteenth degree of latitude. The rapidity and temperature of the *Gulfstream*, diminish towards the north, while, at the same time, its breadth increases. Its breadth in latitude, twenty-eight degrees and a-half, is seventeen leagues: (3.46 miles to a league) in the parallel of Charlestown (thirty-three degrees nearly) from forty to fifty leagues; and on the meridian of Corvo and Flores, the westernmost of the Azore islands, it is one hundred and sixty leagues. Its further progress northward is at last checked by the northern extremity of the great bank of Newfoundland, in the 42d degree of latitude, where it turns suddenly to the east. It afterwards continues moving towards the east, and th· east-south-east, as far as the Azore islands: and thence it turns towards the straits of Gibraltar, the isle of Madeira, and the group of the Canaries, till on reaching the parallel of Cape Blanco, it completes the round by mixing with the grand westerly current of the tropics. It is probable, however, that a branch still keeps on its course to the south and south-east, along the coast of Africa; for it is well known that ships, if they approach too near the shore, are drawn into the gulf of Guinea, and with difficulty get out again. We thus see that between the parallels of 11 and 43 degrees, the waters of the Atlantic are carried on in a continual whirlpool. Humboldt remarks that, supposing a particle of water to return to the same place from which it departed, "we can estimate, from our present knowledge of the swiftness of currents, that this circuit of three thousand eight hundred leagues is not terminated in less than two years and ten months. A boat, which may be supposed to receive no impulse from the winds, would require thirteen months, from the Canary Islands, to reach the coast of Caraccas; ten months to make the tour of the gulf of Mexico, and reach Tortoise shoals, opposite the port of the

Havannah; while forty or fifty days might be sufficient to carry it from the straits of Florida to the bank of Newfoundland. It would be difficult to fix the rapidity of the retrograde current from this bank to the coasts of Africa: estimating the mean velocity of the waters at seven or eight months in twenty-four hours, we find ten or eleven months for this last distance.

It is a curious fact, that towards the close of the 15th century, before Europeans were acquainted with the existence of America, two bodies belonging to an unknown race of men were cast by the Gulf-stream on the coasts of the Azores, and pieces of bamboo were brought by the same current to the shore of the small island of Porto Santo: by these circumstances Columbus is said to have been strengthened in his conjectures with respect to the existence of a western continent. An arm of the Gulf-stream in the 45th and 50th degrees of latitude, runs to the north-east, towards the coasts of Europe, and becomes very strong when the wind has blown long from the west. The fruit of trees which belong to the American Torrid Zone, is every year deposited on the western coasts of Ireland and Norway; and on the shores of the Hebrides are collected seeds of several plants, the growth of Jamaica, Cuba, and the neighbouring continent. The most striking circumstance, perhaps, is that of the wreck of an English vessel, burnt near Jamaica, having been found on the coast of Scotland.

The depth of the sea is an interesting branch of this department of Physical Geography, and we gladly avail ourselves of the excellent remarks thereon by M. Bory De St. Vincent, in his learned and well-written paper on the subject already mentioned:—

'It may be presumed, at all events, that the sea has not an indefinite depth, and that it forms on the surface of a solid nucleus, the continents and isles of which are fragments of the oxydised crust, a fluid bed like the atmosphere with which it is surrounded, as well as the earth: beyond this presumption there can exist nothing but doubt. By means of sounding, the depth of the ocean has been correctly ascertained in many places,—but the soundings of the line are not always exact, or to be relied upon, in consequence of the action of under currents. It may, besides, sometimes meet with an obstacle that would oppose its sinking; and in many cases, when it has been supposed that the lead has struck against land, it has been but a point of the liquid mass in which the lead, however heavy, floats like a buoy upon its surface.

'In many places, where they have been at the trouble of sounding, the true bottom at the greatest depths, that is from 400 to 600 metres, has been found, and which has been proved by gravel, sand, mud, or organized bodies belonging to the lower classes of the animal kingdom, or rather to hydrophytology adhering to the lead, which had purposely been besmeared with grease or tallow."—p. 410.

The bottom of the sea, we may remark, appears to have similar inequalities to the surface of the continents; the depth of the water is, therefore, extremely various. There are vast spaces

where no bottom has been found, but this of course does not prove that the sea is bottomless, because the line is able to reach but a comparatively small depth. Lord Mulgrave, in the Northern Ocean, let down a very heavy sounding lead, and gave out with it nearly 4,700 feet of rope without finding the bottom; and Mr. Scoresby mentions having sounded in the Greenland sea as much as 7,200 feet. Such experiments, however, must be of very doubtful character; it is well known how much more easily bodies may be moved along in the water, than in the atmosphere, and consequently, any current would be sufficient to carry the lead with it, and so draw the rope out of a perpendicular direction. If we were to found our opinion upon analogy, we might conclude that the greatest depth of the ocean is, at least, equal to the height of the loftiest mountains—that is, between 20,000 and 30,000 feet.

'If no precise accounts of the sea's depth be given,' continues M. Bory, 'if doubts are raised respecting the dependance on plumb-lines which might have sunk 4,916 feet, is it not premature to establish what are the forms of the bed, upon which they fall, and by what accidents they meet with them? It would not be possible to give a tolerable topographical chart of the thousandth part of the countries inhabited by civilized mankind, and yet the attempt has been made to trace out the figure of the bottom of the sea! It has been supposed to have forms, such as the surface of continents presents—and geographers abusing in a strange manner the signification of words, have described its mountains, with their vallies, their plains, and their anastomoses—nay more, the figure which the sub-marine chains must present, has also been sketched out upon a general map. Copies of this unfortunate conception have been recently reprinted, with commendation, and inserted in Atlases put into the hands of youth for instruction. Southern and Northern alps make the tour of the world, which is divided, by following the old routine, into four parts. There is no doubt that the bottom of the sea presents great inequalities, that in many places its bed increases, so that it may be surmised at what epoch some of the elevated points will become islands, or united to continents. But accidents of this kind are not a proof of the existence of mountainous chains in the sense which should be attached to the words mountains and chains:—on the contrary, it is precisely in the neighbourhood of new islands, whether madreporite or volcanic, that it has been pretended the indices of marine alps may be observed, and where the plumb-line suddenly finds no bottom. We shall remark besides, that it is near coasts, which are rugged with peaks; that the sea is always very deep, whilst a low shore along a plain country, indicates little depth; even at great distances along peaky coasts the water is the most blue: it becomes by degrees greenish, near the situation of low lands."—p. 410.

The sea is in general of a deep bluish green *colour*, which becomes clearer towards the coasts—a colour which has been supposed to arise entirely from the same cause as the azure tint of the sky; the rays of blue light being the most refrangible, pass

in greatest quantity through the water, which, on account of its density and depth, makes them undergo a strange refraction. The other colours exhibited in parts of the sea, depend on causes which are local, and sometimes deceptive. The Mediterranean in its upper part is said to have at times a purple tint. In the gulf of Guinea, the sea is white; around the Maldive Islands, it is black, and in some places is observed to be red,—appearances which in some cases arise from the colours of the substances spread over the bottom, acting as a foil; and in others are produced by earthy substances floating in the water, or by myriads of minute animalcula and mollusca.

When the water of the main ocean, however, is taken up, it is usually found to be transparent and colourless, as that of the most pure springs; and it is only when seen in very deep seas, that any certain and unchangeable colour appears. This colour is commonly ultra-marine blue, differing but a shade from the colour of the atmosphere, when free from the obscurity of cloud, or haze. Where this ultra-marine blue occurs, the rays of light seem to be absorbed in the water without being reflected from the bottom; the blue rays only being intercepted. But where the depth is not considerable, the colour of the water is affected by the quality of the bottom. Thus fine white sand in very shallow water, affords a greenish grey, or apple-green colour, becoming of a deeper shade as the depth increases, or as the degree of light decreases; yellow sand, in soundings, produces a dark green colour, in the water; dark sand a blackish green; rocks a brownish, or a blackish colour; and loose sand, or mud, in a tide-way, a greyish colour. From this effect of the bottom, the names of the White Sea, the Black Sea, and the Red Sea, have doubtless been derived. Near the mouths of large rivers, the sea is often of a brownish colour, owing to the admixture of mud and other substances held in suspension, together with vegetable, or animal dyes, brought down with the fresh water from the land. But in the main ocean, in deep water, the prevailing colour is blue, or greenish blue. It may be observed, that there is a good deal of deception in the colour of the sea, owing to the effect of the sun, and the colour of clouds; and its true tinge can only be observed, with accuracy, by looking downward through a long tube, reaching nearly to its surface, so as to intercept the lateral rays of light, which by their reflection, produce the deception, and thus obtain a clear view of the interior of the sea. The trunk of the rudder answers this purpose tolerably well. When thus examined, the colour of the sea is not materially affected, either by sun or clouds. But if examined superficially, from an exposed situation, the sea in all places will be found to vary in appearance with every change in the state of the atmosphere. Hence, the surface generally partakes of the coluor of the clouds; and when the sky is chiefly clear, a

small cloud partially intercepting the sun's rays, casts a deep brown, or blackish shadow over the surface, and sometimes gives the appearance of shallow water, or rocks, and thus occasions in the navigator, unnecessary alarm. It is not, therefore, the varying aspect of the surface of the water, that is meant by the colour of the sea; but the appearance of the interior of a body of waters, when looked into through a perpendicular tube. The only effect then produced by a change in the aspect of the sky, is to give the water a lighter, or darker shade; but it has little effect on its real colour. For observed in this way, the same colours may be recognized in storm or calm, in fine weather, or foul, clear, or cloudy, fair or showery, being always nearly the same.

Even at the risk of prolonging the subject beyond the limits which we had prescribed to ourselves, we cannot omit the following passage from M. Bory, upon the colours of the sea, the original eloquence of which, however, we cannot hope to rival in our plain translation:

'Those who have been accustomed to a life, confined in the interior of countries where only rivulets and shallow rivers flow—where clear fountains rise, or muddy currents roll along, view with admiration the first appearance of the sea, as from the shore they regard the pure and sparkling green complexion of its waters—a colour which indeed seems peculiar to itself. The wonder is increased when a portion of its water, passed into a vessel, is observed to retain no trace of that very peculiar colour, and to be perfectly clear. Its transparency is such, that in places undefiled by filth or dirt, the sand may be distinguished at the bottom of its bed at a considerable depth, and stones and shells of the smallest size, which lie there, appear then bright and resplendent. Marine plants, especially the Polypiers, beam in it with the greatest splendour, and all productions of this nature seem elegantly shaded whilst they are sunk beneath the surface of the water, but immediately they are taken out, this beauty vanishes. Certain Cystoreira, called by us Iridea, as well as many Alcyonia, which, in their fostering element shine in the colours of the rainbow, or in the finest tints of purple and orange, seem there tinged with black, yellow, or simply of a brown and dark violet hue, when cast upon the bank of the shore, lose their attractions by exposure to the atmospheric air. As the light penetrates the abyss of waters, and, during a cloudless day, as we enjoy an excursion on its surface, the waves appear coloured in such a manner around us, that we are sometimes inclined to believe, as we admire the deepness of its green, that we are upon a liquid meadow, or upon a billiard-table carpet, which could be translucid. In proportion as the vessel becomes distant from the shore, and we reach the high latitudes, where the depth increases more and more, the green tint changes into a blue tint, and in the open sea, the water becomes, at fifty or sixty fathoms, of the finest azure colour. The green shade generally announces danger, or an approach to low coasts; for along those which are intersected with peaks or mountains, and near which the sound descends to a great extent, the blue azure is observed to appear, and to become much more lively, as the depth becomes more considerable. But this blue, which is ordinarily regarded as one of the characteristics of the ocean, and which is commonly attributed to the manner in which the rays of the sun become decomposed as

they penetrate into the waters, is not, however, exclusively peculiar to it; every large and deep bed of water has a cast of a similar nature. Deep lakes, which are not salt, especially those of high mountains, are equally affected with the blue azure tint, and this beautiful shade is observed even in the bed of torrents, at the bottom of which, if the water fills a cavity in a rock, the serenity of the heaven produces in a small degree the most brilliant effect of colouration.'

There are many other topics of interest connected with this subject, and ably treated in the works before us, which we cannot spare room at present to do justice to, such as the saltness, temperature, phosphorescence, mucosity, and diminution of the waters of the sea. Upon many of these points, though numerous facts have been accumulated, no satisfactory theories have yet been devised, and probably never will. But upon the subject of mountains, to which we beg leave next to advert, some more certain data to reason upon can be obtained.

It is to Humboldt, if we mistake not, that we are primarily indebted for the investigation of what has sometimes been called vegetable and animal geography, dividing not merely the globe itself into zones of frigid, temperate, and torrid, but extending a similar classification to mountains, according to their ascertained natural productions. The principle which has been ascertained, is, that in places of similar temperature and exposure, whether these be situated in the frigid or the torrid zone, we may expect similar animals and vegetables, if not in species, nor even in genera, at least in some striking similarity. It is a beautiful oriental proverb, that Lebanon carries winter on his brow, and wears spring around his girdle, while summer lies smiling at his feet—a faithfully accurate description, indeed, of all the high tropical mountains. M. Bory de St. Vincent makes the following remarks on this interesting subject:—

'The limit of eternal snows and glaciers, is not the same in all latitudes on the high and primitive mountains; it begins at different elevations, as we advance from the Torrid Zone, towards the North. It has been imagined, that this limit described a large curve, commencing from the poles, and rising to a height of between 2,400 and 2,500 toises above the surface of the ocean under the Equator. It has been imagined, that underneath this line there are other lines, called *Isothermal*, or of equal and moderate yearly temperature, supposing that these Isothermal lines exactly circumscribe the zones of propagation, ascending plants and animals. This theory is fortunate, but we cannot bestow on it more importance than its author without doubt even allows it, who has very justly observed, that the phenomenon of the height, at which snows are preserved in the warmest season of the year, is very difficult to be accounted for, and depends as much upon the inflexions of the Isothermal lines, as on the inflexions of the Isotheral lines, which are lines of equal temperature in summer. So many local circumstances act upon the state of the atmosphere, that it is almost impossible to establish certain rules respecting such points in Physical geography. Correct observations, besides,

are not sufficiently numerous. Some facts, collected in part by Pallas, Saussure, Dolomieu, Ramond, Deluc, Cordier, Humboldt, Breislak, Buch, and ourselves even, may one day furnish materials for a good work of this kind; but what traveller ever saw and compared a sufficient number of mountains to extend to all those, which are spread over the universe, reasonings, which have been made from the examination of some elevated points of the Cordilleras, in Mexico, the African Isles, the Iberian Peninsula, comprehending the Pyrenees, Auvergne, the Alps, of Italy, Etna, of the Hartz, the Monticules of Saxony and Bohemia, the chains of mountains in Scandinavia, and the elevations in Britain? What do we know of a positive nature respecting Caucasus, about which nevertheless much has been written, the plateau of Asia, the heights of China,—that Hymalaya, the height of which is probably exaggerated? Who measured the Ghauts, the Belour, or the Bucktiri,—and who can say by what systems the Asiatic Mountains are connected, or if they be isolated? Who knows any thing of the mountainous ridges of Arabia, or the heights of Abyssinia, which, according to Bruce, lie together in very singular heaps, and which we suppose, originally formed a part of the almost Arabic Isle? As for the other inequalities of Africa, and of the Atlas even, situate so near us, not one of these mountains has been measured, but at hazard drawn upon paper. In looking over the catalogues of heights upon the globe, which have been ascertained, we shall find not more than sixty in the New World, two-thirds of which, towards its centre only, were determined by Humboldt. The rest, whether on the North or South, with the exception of four or five in the United States or North-East coast, are quite unknown. Does not such a poverty of accounts command the greatest care, in comparing what is known, to what is unknown?

'To fix the precise elevation at which such or such an Isothermal line exercises its influence upon such or such an organized production of nature, it is not sufficient to have measured with a Barometer, at what height on such or such a mountain a vegetable has been observed, sooner than on another, and to what state the same vegetable was advanced: according to different accounts of the same mountain the same plant will begin and end with being higher or lower. We have remarked in many chains of mountains, where no proper glaciers were to be found, but where masses of imperishable snows endure the whole year, that these masses, named *Ventis queros*, upon the mountains of Andalousia, exist on certain points two or three hundred toises below places, where they continue also. We have, also, seen crossing over the most elevated parts of the High Pyrenees of the groupe of Asturia, on the East of the valley of Navia de Suarna, snows heaped up in the months of July and August, on the lower edge of several thick set woods of shrubs, whilst summits of more than three hundred toises higher were altogether free from them. It has been very often observed, in going directly from Madrid to Saint Ildefonse, through a part of the Carpitano veltoine region, where the snow does not melt every year, that in bogs situate far below the culminating point, snows are preserved. It is known, that on Etna, constant snows begin at the height of 1300 toises, and even sometimes not so high, when according to the latitude of Sicily, they should begin about the height of 1418 toises. The general situation of snows either to the North or South, must necessarily have great effect upon its duration, or thawing;

nevertheless under the same latitude, upon the same level, and even on the same side of the chain, a patch of snow may be met with much above or below the line in which it is seen at small distances; and we can cite many plants, which, descended from the mountains into the plain, by certain vallies, there propagate, but invariably under the influence of snow, for they would not generate, if they were sown in places far distant from the pinnacles from which they have migrated.'

Our intelligent countryman, Mr. Scoresby, jun., informs us, with regard to this subject, that at the very peak of a mountain in Spitzbergen, estimated at 3,000 feet elevation, the power of the sun, at midnight, produced a temperature several degrees above freezing, and occasioned the discharge of streams of water from the snow-capped summit. It may appear a little remarkable, that an effect of cold, amounting to perpetual frost, which is observed in elevated situations, in temperate, and even in hot climates, does not occur on the tops of considerable mountains, such as Ben Nevis, in Scotland, whose summit is only about 4,380 feet, should sometimes exhibit a crest of snow throughout the year; while in Spitzbergen, where the mean annual temperature is about 30° lower than in Scotland, and that on mountains little inferior in elevation, the snow should sometimes be wholly dissolved at the most considerable heights. The higher Alps, excepting what is absolutely perpendicular, remain constantly covered with snow; and, perhaps, no instance of a standing temperature ever occurs on any of the most elevated summits. But, in Spitzbergen, the frost relaxes in the months of July and August, and a thawing temperature prevails, for considerable intervals, on the greatest heights which have been visited. Martens observes, that in some countries of Europe, when rain falls in the vallies, snow descends upon the mountains, even in the height of summer, but that in Spitzbergen, rain falls on the tops of the highest hills.

Perhaps the difficulty may be resolved by referring to the state of the atmosphere. In the months of June, July, and August, the weather is much clearer at Spitzbergen, than it is near the neighbouring coast; and as such, the temperature of these months on shore must be warmer than at sea, and so much higher, indeed, as is requisite in occasioning the dissolution of the snow, even on the tops of the mountains. And this is no doubt the fact; for, besides the increase of temperature, produced by the prevalent clearness of the atmosphere, we may bring into account the circumstance, that, from the steepness of the hills, the sun is always actually vertical to one surface or other of the mountainous coast, throughout its daily course. The highest temperature in Spitzbergen is from 48° to 58°, and supposing the latter the greatest degree of heat which takes place, it will require an elevation of 7791 feet, for reducing that temperature to the freezing point; and hence we may reckon this to be about the altitude of the *upper* line of congelation, where frost perpetually prevails.

It may be remarked, that the line of perpetual snow has been little investigated, except in the northern hemisphere; and it may probably be lower in the southern hemisphere, than the elevation assigned by theory. It may be, in fact, higher or lower on the same kind of mountains dependent upon the exposure of its situation either to the north or south—it may lie upon points under an equal parallel, where great variations are observed, as we have pointed out in speaking of Etna. We have strong reasons for believing that some day, the idea of measuring the limit in question, by the latitude of the places, will be abandoned, and that it will suffice to express this phenomenon, so remarkable in the history of mountains, by assigning to each, individually, the height of perpetual Zero; and that it will be safe to ascend or descend each summit, according to the heat of the summer.

	Toises.
On the Andes, under the equator	2,460
At Mexico, under the 19th degree	2,350
On the peak of Teneriffe, under the 28°17′	1,700
The southern points of Hymalaya, under the 30th degree	1,950
The northern summits of the same mountains	2,605
Under 37°10′ at the Sierra-Nevada, in Andalusia, the northern points only	1,300
At Etna, under the 37°45′	1,418
On Caucasus, between the 41° and 43°	1,650
The northern points of the Pyrenees, between the 42° & 43°	1,450
The southern points of ditto	1,300
On the Alps, between the 45° and 47°	1,370
In Norway, between the 61° and 62°	850
In Iceland, under the 65°	550
In Lapland, between the 65° and 70°	366
At Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen, between the 75° and 78°	150

We have been hitherto taught to believe that Chimborazo is the highest peak of the great mountain chain of the Cordilleras, in South America; but, from some recent measurements of Mr. Pentland, a gentleman attached to the English diplomacy in Bolivia, or Upper Peru, we learn that not fewer than two peaks claim a pre-eminence over Chimborazo, and much more over Cotopaxi and Pinchincha. These mountain peaks are called Sorate and Illemani. Mr. Pentland's account of which we abridge from the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, xiv. p. 299, in which it was first published.

The Nevado de Soraté then, it would appear, is the highest mountain hitherto explored in America. This mountain is situated towards the northern prolongation of the Eastern Cordillera, and almost in the centre of a group of snow-covered peaks. Its latitude is 15°30′ s., and is to the east of the large village of Sorata, inhabited by native Peruvians. Mr. Pentland has determined its

height to be 25,000 feet, by means of trigonometrical observations taken on the shores of the lake Fiticaca, compared with the usual limits. It is composed of transition slate, in which porphyritic syenite abounds, traversed by auriferous veins, from which particles of gold are washed down into the streams which run into the Rio Beni, that runs through the celebrated El Dorado.

The Nevados de Illemani, the second American mountain in point of altitude, is situated in the province of Paz, in Bolivia, or Upper Peru, and is twenty marine leagues south-east of the city of Paz. It is farther south than any of the other peaks of the eastern Cordillera, and according to the astronomical observations taken near its northern base, by Mr. Pentland, it is situated between 15°35′ and 16°40′ S. lat., and between 67° and 68° W. long. Its summit forms a ridge, traversed by four peaks, in a line parallel to this axis of the chain, and lying N. and S. The most northern of these peaks is 24,200 feet, and the most southern appeared to Mr. Pentland still higher up; but he has not yet determined the exact differences.

The mountain is composed of grauwacke, or, transition slate, the beds of which are often separated by strata of quartz rock, and flinty slate. These are associated with porphyritic syenite, and true granite veins, beds or stratified masses. The transition slate is traversed by numerous veins of vitreous quartz, containing particles of native gold, or auriferous pyrites. Some of these veins, at the height of 16,000 feet, appear to have been explored by the ancient Peruvians.

Captain Basil Hall, it appears, has objected to the statements of Mr. Pentland, that Illemani cannot be seen from the sea; forgetting that it is 310 geographical miles from the coast, and could not, therefore, be seen.

The highest mountains on the globe will therefore stand thus:—

		Feet.
Dhawalagiri	(Himalaya)	28,077
Jewalur	(Ditto)	25,747
Nevado de Soraté	(Andes)	25,000
Illemani	(Andes)	24,200
Chimborazo	(Andes)	21,425
Cayembe	(Andes)	19,633
Antisana	(Andes)	19,136
Cotopaxi	(Andes)	18,867
Tolima	(Andes)	18,324
Mount St. Elias	(North America)	17,863
Popocatepetl	(Mexico)	17,720
Yliniza	(Andes)	17,376
Cotocache	(Ditto)	16,436
Mowna Roa	(Sandwich Islands)	15,988
Pichincha	(Andes)	15,931
Iztaccihuati	(Mexico)	15,705

	Feet.
Mount Blanc	15,668
Mount Rosa	15,527
Ortler Spitze in Tyrol	15,430
Geesh (Abyssinia)	15,000
Mount Fairweather	14,736
Ophir	13,840
Jungfrauhorn	13,730
Farm of Antis-ana [inhabited] (Andes)	13,437
Aiguille d'Argenture	13,389
Shreckhorn	13,310
Coffer of Perote	13,275
Eiger	13,170
Amid Amid (Abyssinia)	13,000
Wetterhorn	12,500
Lake of Toluca	12,195
Peak of Teneriffe	12,180
Chain of Atlas	11,980
Mulhacen	11,678
Egmont (New Zealand)	11,430
Nethon	11,427
Perdu	11,275
Lamalmon (Abyssinia)	11,200
Etna (in Sicily)	10,870
Italitzkoi (Altaian chain)	10,735
Ararat (Armenia)	9,600
Awatsha (Kamtchatka)	9,600
Lebanon (Palestine)	9,600
City of Quito	9,542
Monte Corno (Apennines)	9,523
Canigou (Pyrenees)	9,145
Silla de Caraccas (Venezuela)	8,633
Duida (Mountains of Parime)	8,314
Sneehaetta (Doorefield, in Norway)	8,122
Pass of Great St. Bernard	7,968
Lomnitz (Carpathian)	7,962
Blue Mountains (Jamaica)	7,278
Pass of Mont Cenis	6,778
Mount Washington (Alleghanies)	6,650
Pass of the Simplon	6,580
Mont Mezin (Ceveunes in the S. E. of France)	6,567
Olympus (Anatolia)	6,500
Puy de Sancy (Mountains of Auvergne, in France)	6,215
Itacolunie (Brazil)	5,756
Vesuvius, (near Naples)	3,932

Of these, eight are volcanoes—a subject which forms one of the most interesting portions of the work of Humboldt. We were particularly struck with the originality and plausibility of his views

respecting the extent of volcanoes, or rather, their extensive subterranean intercommunications.

'"All the summits of volcanoes are composed of trochyte, whether they be low hills or rise like the Cordilleras and Andes to 17,700 feet high, the latter probably situated on a crevice traversing the whole continent over an extent of 105 geographical leagues, from the Pacific to the Atlantic. All the American volcanoes are ranged on the west coast, over a space of 1800 leagues. The fire sometimes escapes by one, and sometimes by another, usually supposed to be distinct volcanoes. For three centuries, the march of the fire has been from north to south. The sudden appearance of the island of Sabrina, E. of the Azores, January, 1811, was announced by a dreadful earthquake, which from May, 1811, to June, 1812, shook with little intermission, the West India Islands, the plains of the Mississippi and Ohio, and the coast of Venezuela. At the same moment that the volcano of St. Vincent in the Antilles took place, and thirty days after the destruction of the city of Caraccas, a subterranean noise was propagated, and carried terror over 2,200 square leagues of country. The noise was like the discharge of large pieces of artillery It was as loud at 157 leagues distant as at St. Vincent."—*Humboldt, Tableux.*

The great depth and extent of the cause of earthquakes, (which seem so closely connected with volcanoes) may be illustrated by that of Lisbon in 1755, when there were synchronous agitations in the lakes of Switzerland and Scotland, the sea on the coasts of Sweden and around the eastern Antilles, and the tide rising at Martinique, Antigua, and Barbadoes, nearly twenty times higher than usual. M. Humboldt is of opinion, that volcanoes and earthquakes are caused by the ignition of barium, calcium, and other oxidizable bases, which he supposes to be accumulated in the interior of the globe—an opinion which, though it is plausible, is altogether hypothetical and cannot be proved.

ART. V.—1. *Peace Campaigns of a Cornet.* 3 vols. 12mo. London: Ainsworth. 1829.

2. *Naval Officer, or the Adventures of Frank Mildmay.* 3 vols. 12mo. London: Colburn. 1829.

RIDICULOUS as the declaration may sound, the growing demand for tales of the new cast—for stories descriptive of the actual business of life, in all its changes and varieties, its forms and peculiarities, is one of the effects of the stirring activity of the times, which in the language of the day is styled the march of intellect. It is an activity which is anything but contemptible—it is one which looks more to practice than speculation—to the acquisition of realities, more than the study of theories, and which must have materials to spend its energies upon. The improvement of society, is professedly the one great and ultimate aim of all inquiries of the present day; and one means of promoting this grandest of human objects, is the more complete portraiture

of the actual condition of every class of which that society consists. Every profession, every employment, every rank and shade of distinction in its constitution, has, with its exclusive pursuits, its especial peculiarities—the knowledge of which is of necessity an element in the equitable consideration of whatever concerns the whole community—and who is to communicate these peculiarities, but individuals personally familiar, and personally interested? It is not that everybody who reads, or everybody who writes, has this noble object, the improvement of society in view; but the most indolent and careless are insensibly pushed on by others who have. Men act on the impulses of others, directly or indirectly, and thousands who care nothing about what does not immediately affect them, are yet from a multitude of inferior motives, prompted to do as others do, and especially as those do, who possess the reputation of intellectual superiority. Even *fashionable* contempt gives way before it. Opposing at first, their opposition is gradually borne down by accumulating pressure, aided even, by degrees, by their own open secession, or the exhaustion, or the relaxation of their resistance. In spite of themselves, their own efforts are turned against them; the tact and activity of others, give a new direction to these efforts, and bend them in the wake of their own, till ultimately they unite their *willing* labours to swell the common stream. It is thus that we see numbers in classes that have hitherto disdained, and others which never before aspired to the distinction, contributing, much probably to their own surprise, to the general mass of knowledge; but the fact is, they knew not their powers—they knew not they had anything to communicate, that any body cared to learn. To write a book, was of old, the business of a life—it was regarded as the privilege of hard and dry study, and none dreamt that the common adventures of ordinary life, or the common details of professional experience, could be subjects of general interest, or susceptible of enlarging the common stock of public knowledge. The field is every day widening; the whole world is open to us—in every quarter Englishmen penetrate—new materials present themselves, and the means of communicating facilitate equally. The business of the author is no longer exclusively the occupation of the scholar, no longer the mere elaborations of the closet, the painful results of secluded study, abstract and unmanageable topics—unmanageable, we mean, in the negociations of life—but belongs, the world now discovers, to the man who observes at least, as much as to him who only reads; for all that is demanded over is direct and intelligible statement. If a person has aught to communicate, the plainest mode is the best, short or long; he requires little preparation; he has only to be natural—to write as he speaks, and record what he knows. The eye is no longer fastidious about the manner, but more than ever exacting, as to the matter. No man, then, who has anything really *fresh*, however insignificant some the of older schools may deem it, need fear neglect;

nothing but affectation, or impertinent pretension, will shut him wholly out from public regard. Real and definite information is the thing demanded, and the story that represents facts, or probabilities based upon facts, and exhibits any of the glowing hues of many coloured life, will henceforth be more attractive, than the fast obsoleting ideal and romantic.

What is not attainable by personal experience, is rationally an object of our curiosity. Not to possess what is attainable, amounts to a loss and a deprivation. There is nothing occurring in our own time, and within our possible observation, which we should not like to know; and should choose to seize upon all avenues and approaches that present themselves, to gratify this national and natural thirst. The fashionable novels, as they are styled, though read by the classes of society which they specially represent, and whom it might be thought they more immediately concern, are yet read with ten-fold avidity by the classes below them. Those who are *nearest* are the most anxious to pluck the fruit of this tree of knowledge, for they most closely and keenly feel invidious exclusions; and next to them, and little less resolute, are the more aspiring of the more subordinate ranks. And what is the source of this eagerness? Hunger and thirst after knowledge—the shame and almost degradation of even such ignorance—involuntary though it be. These books are supposed to throw open the boudoirs, the dining and drawing-rooms of the elits of society. To be familiar, to have *any* acquaintance with the manners, the peculiarities, the sentiments, the conventional illusions, the colloquial slang of the higher classes and sets, is matter of distinction for the lower ones; in the eyes of *their* associates, it approximates them with the 'Gods'—they have credit allowed them for actual contact; and though individuals thus favoured, may not always be, deluding, they are in some measure themselves deluded—they rise in their own estimation—they know more than they did, and more than their old equals—they are in the secret of greatness, and understand what is passing within the circle and behind the curtain, or think they do.

This is the source of the otherwise astounding popularity of these novels. They lay open what is to the generality a mystery, and the disclosure, valueless as it may be, is passionately caught at. It is just so with the narratives that expose the interior of London Hells, and Paris Saloons—the delineations are no otherwise accessible to myriads. What, again, has made historical novels of late so popular? The extraordinary abilities of one man, it may be said, doubtless; but it is rather the general truth, the air of absolute fact, which familiarity with the story of the times, has enabled Sir Walter Scott, and many of his successful imitators, to pourtray their scenes of fiction so graphically and truly, as to give them the fixing power of reality. This it is too which lends the attraction they possess to books of the class, which now lie before us. They deal in facts—in professional details—they explain techni-

ealities, and familiarise with strange phrases, and add to our vocabulary, and vivify facts by mixing them up with living beings. The adventures are actual occurrences, or modified so slightly, as scarcely to remove them from the category of facts. They consist of the welcome details of a kind of ordinary life, of which nothing is known but vague generalities: they are attractive, then, precisely because they communicate what comes not, and cannot come within the compass of every one's personal experience, but of which every one knows something by occasional contact, or frequent report. They accord with some of our reminiscences, and fill up the gaps of our imperfect conceptions, and correct our mistaken ones. They are thus valuable as new sources of information; they stand us in the stead of actual experience, and supply it in an easy and amusing shape; whereas the old cast of novels, we mean those of twenty or thirty years ago, made up of fancy scenes, and filled with characters of no recognizable prototypes in common life, added nothing to our knowledge, enlarged none of our experience, and were indeed fitted only for those who had nothing to do with life—and these are very few—for those whose sole desire was to indulge in the reveries of imagination—to whom it was the same thing, whether the scenes they contemplated were at home or in the moon, whether they were within the bounds of geography, or in the land of Utopia.

The life of a sailor afloat, and of a soldier on active service, is more remote than any thing that can be imagined from ordinary life, and the details of which are inaccessible to all without the pale of the profession, except from familiar narratives of the kind we are contemplating. The attention of the historian is fixed upon measures and results, canvassing occasionally the conduct of chiefs and leaders, but scarcely glancing at common persons, or the minutiæ of common life; he deserts us precisely where the interest begins—the condition of equals in peculiar circumstances. Only a small portion of a soldier's hours are occupied in fighting, or preparing to fight—what does he do with the remainder? A question this, to which no adequate reply can be given; but though the tale of an individual, who can thus picture particulars.

Considered as tales—of invention, we mean—as elaborate complications, with the slow and gradual development of them, according to the laws of art, or the practice of the admired of a previous age, and judged by old rules of criticism, tales of this kind will not bear examination, and can excite no other movement but a nasal curl of contempt. But consisting as they do, for the most part, of real scenes, or such as are undoubtedly suggested by realities, and in leading points literally true, they have an interest about them totally different from chivalric or romantic fictions. We do not say they are more ennobling, or elevating; but what has, in the long run, the same tendency—they remove prejudices, they correct misrepresentations, they help to exhibit things as they are; and unless things are thus exhibited, how shall we judge of any thing

correctly, or reform it usefully? They better accord with the matter-of-fact spirit of the day, which cares every day less about the imaginary, and more about the useful; and the former is every day, too, becoming subordinate and even subservient to the latter. 'The Peace Campaigns of the Cornet,' present but little variety—the mess and the barrack, the stable-yard and the drill ground, the miseries of country quarters, the dearth of dinners, marches from one dull town to another, tricks and practical jokes upon elders and noodles, and a view into the interior of Sandhurst, constitute pretty nearly the sum of the narrative. Individuals from their military friends, will pick up these matters readily enough; but there are thousands who have no such opportunities, nor is every man's military acquaintance gifted with the talent of communicating. To numbers, therefore, the details must be new, and of course welcome. They take us over ground which cannot be traversed without a guide, and to the stranger, the Cicerone is always acceptable. He may tell us more or less than we desire to know, but we are to make the best use we can of him, for he is the only, or the main source of intelligence. The hero of the tale is a young Irishman, the son of a bacon and butter merchant of Cork, a man of substance and respectability, who himself in his youth had carried a pair of infantry colours. The old gentleman's campaigning stories had kindled in the youth a passion for a red coat, and his consent was finally, though reluctantly given, and a cornetcy of dragoons purchased. The young soldier, full of lofty anticipations, joins the regiment at Philipstown, where he is warmly welcomed by the officers of his corps, to the number of ten or a dozen, consisting for the most part of young fellows, whose hours, when not engaged in the details of duty, are spent in lounging by day, and drinking by night. In spite of all resolution and resistance, he is made dead drunk the first night, stretched carefully on the mess table, covered with a table cloth for a winding sheet, surrounded with lighted candles, and a plate put upon his breast with a penny in it, and regularly *waked*—no part of the ceremony being omitted but the howling. Taking the matter in good humour, the next morning, he was speedily supplied by a brother officer with a charger—taken in, of course—all's fair, it is well known, in horse dealing—and set up with *regulation* caps, boots, spurs, &c. The drill and the riding-school follow, which the cornet, who, though sufficiently raw, is in the main a sharp fellow, gets through with comparative ease and credit, for he dextrously fees the serjeant, buys a filly of the riding master, and conciliates the adjutant with potent brimmers of whisky punch, and is quickly reported fully accomplished. Brought up in temperate habits, he resists the importunities of his riotous comrades, and by perseverance and unbroken good humour, though divers tricks of a sad boyish and obstreperous cast are played him, is at last permitted to take his own course. In the meanwhile he prosecutes his military studies, and fags close at Dundas's Tactics, and Dolbiac's Catechism, of neither of which,

by the way; does the writer speak very respectfully—the former is even represented as unintelligible without the Catechism. The youth soon gets the character of an intelligent officer, and longs for some splendid occasion to bring his new acquisition into play. A still-hunt first breaks the monotony, and presents the opportunity longed for. He has the command of the party appointed to accompany some gaugers. This, in his simplicity, he regards as a matter of high moment, and searched his books eagerly for directions to manœuvre the troops, but finding none, he appeals to the adjutant and quarter-master, who, being both intently busy over their eternal whisky punch, are not well pleased with the interruption, make very light of the affair, and bid him accompany the gauger, keep to the main road, and come back and receive his half-guinea. The hunt is described with some humour, at least some of the incidents have something of a broad and ludicrous cast—a ragged urchin of twelve or thirteen is the informer, and at the request of the gaugers, he is placed behind one of the troopers. The man, annoyed by the incumbrance, contrives to make the mare kick him off into a pool and a ditch, to the high fun of the party, and the delay of the expedition. At the critical moment, the boy gives them the slip; but the gaugers are hot for the pursuit of the still, and finally persuade the cornet to quit the road, and with reduced numbers to creep along the side of the hill on foot. Coming to a ravine, the channel of a mountain current, the gaugers in attempting to leap over, one taking his spring too near the edge, and the other, to avoid his mistake, too remote, both fall in, and excite a most uproarious laughter. The still and the worm—the pot, that is, and the tube—are finally surprised and seized; but the rogues, the distillers, escape their fangs. On their return, the gaugers urge the cornet to accompany them to another point, for the same purpose, in their line of march; though refusing again to quit the road side, he agrees to fire in terrorem; but not calculating time and distance well, he fires too soon, and the balls whistle round the ears of the gaugers, and frighten them from their propriety—and the *prize;* and finally, to the further discomfiture of the cornet, his men being dismounted, their horses break away, and he returns to the barracks, in full view of the major, with only six out of twenty—the rest being dispersed to catch the horses. This, it will be thought, is flat enough, but flatter, it must be allowed, thus skeletonized, than in the circumstantial original; though there, nothing but the broadness of the incidents and the naiveté of the jokes thrown out by the troopers, carry the narrative off with any success.

The mess-room scenes are full of coarse and obstreperous mirth—on the whole disgusting enough, but still occasionally almost irresistibly laughable. A large space is occupied with the practical jokes passed upon the assistant-surgeon, who is the common butt of the party, and in annoying the major and his lady, who

make themselves conspicuous and unpopular, by their medical whimsies, and stinginess and unsociality. At Birmingham, particularly, the field-officer's apartments being particularly good, the major and his wife, to the great annoyance of the officers, take possession of them—thereby abridging the space which would have otherwise fallen to their lot. A plot is speedily entered into, which finally expels the major, who vents his spleen and that of his lady, by giving orders for early exercises and extra field-days, &c.

In country quarters dinner parties are, of course, matters of considerable importance. One at Galtee lodge, is described very minutely. The dinner is given by a parvenu family—a large party is assembled—the arrival of dinner lingers—the mistress rings, rings, rings, till at last she asks the foot-boy, sarcastically, if he had not *bether bring up tay*. In the course of the evening, the unlucky foot-boy stumbles and breaks some china, which the lady bears with admirable fortitude; but presently comes a second stumble, and a second crash,—no longer able to bridle her rage, the hostess seized the deputy-footman by the skirts of his coat, as he was rapidly retreating with the mutilated china; and, raising the coat sufficiently high to allow full space for her intended reproach, she applied the argumentum a posteriore with the full force of her broad muscular hand, accompanying the action with the concentrated expression of "take that!"—thus giving vent to her stifled feelings in both words and action. This, we suppose, is one of the *facts* alluded to in the preface, and must have been an admirable story, told in the hilarity of a mess-room.

But the descriptions of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst are among the best parts of the book—the most novel too, for they tell of an institution of which little is publicly known, but the expence of the establishment, and the apparent inefficacy of the results. The writer, without directly impeaching the merits of the institution, is sufficiently significant. Desirous of qualifying for the higher branches of his profession, the hero of the tale solicited admission into the senior department. He was summoned to a previous examination, which was to consist chiefly in the elements of geometry. Pierce procured, accordingly, a Simpson; read the examinations (?), looked over the figures, followed the demonstrations, saw the results, shut the book, and was perfectly satisfied. The day arrived.

'Professor Evelyn was standing with his back to the fire, in a large rectangular room, lighted by a glass dome, and furnished with three large slates and a black board. On the new student's approach, the professor advanced towards him in the most friendly manner, and offering his hand, addressed him in a way that was at once dignified and engaging.

'"This is encouraging," thought Pierce, and his self-possession became gradually re-established; then assenting to the professor's remark on the temperature of the weather, he ventured to protract the fatal commence-

ment of trial, by inquiring whether the professor remembered his brother officer Thompson, who had been at the junior department.

'Mr. Evelyn replied that he did, and politely asked after the health of said cornet.

'Pierce made a suitable answer to this kind inquiry; after which, a pause ensued; and Mr. Evelyn took advantage of the circumstance to ask the cornet whether "possibly he could explain the doctrine of parallel lines?"

'"Oh, certainly, Sir," said Pierce, quite delighted at being called upon to answer from the first book of Euclid, the enunciations of which he flattered himself he was quite perfect in; "I suppose you mean the twenty-eighth proposition of the first book a-hem—a-hem! I believe it is thus explained:—

'"If a right line cut two other right lines, so that the exterior angle be equal to the interior and opposite angle on the same side, or if the two interior angles on the same side be together equal to two right angles, those two right lines will be parallel."

'"Very good, Mr. Butler," said the professor, apparently much pleased at hearing so promising a commencement; "now, perhaps, you will have the goodness to demonstrate that upon the board, or one of the slates yonder."

'"To demonstrate it, Sir!" said the cornet, looking rather perplexed; "I beg your pardon, I really do'nt understand; I—"

'"You probably forget the figure," said the professor, and taking up a piece of chalk, kindly drew upon one of the slates the well-known figure of the twenty-eighth proposition, adding, for the cornet's farther assistance, the letters generally employed in marking the several lines and angles.

'But Pierce became in no wise more enlightened, or more communicative, on the subject of parallel lines; he had said all he knew respecting the proposition in question, which indeed was all he had studied of any proposition—simply the enunciation. He had looked at the figures certainly, and sometimes read over the demonstrations; but he invariably felt so perfectly satisfied with the result at which Euclid had arrived, that it never occurred to him to question its truth; and he, therefore, considered any further proof of the fact which he had just asserted, and which Euclid had so satisfactorily proved, to be altogether superfluous and unnecessary.

'Seeing that the cornet was not at all prepared to take advantage of the figure which he had just drawn, the kind-hearted professor did not embarrass him, by any further demand, but recommended him, in the most considerate manner, to look over some of the demonstrations; "for," said he, "we go through Euclid here in a different, and perhaps more troublesome way, than you have been in the habit of; but I have no doubt you will soon come into our method. Just look over the three or four first books, Mr. Butler, and have the goodness to inform me when you are quite ready."'—pp. 74—78.

This senior department of the class of commissioned officers, consisted of some twelve or fourteen students, none of whom appear to have read at all, except our hero, and a raw-bone Scotchman, without any brains, which by the way, seems quite a phenomenon—an *acquiring* brain at least seems general enough on the other side of the Tweed. Speaking of one of these students,

allusion is made to a little obliquity in the system, in these terms.

'Indeed, O'Loghlin, after some little time, felt so little confidence in his own powers, that he was induced to put himself under the private tuition of one of the professors of the junior department, who, for the consideration of a handsome sum, kindly undertook to facilitate the comprehension of any dull students in the several branches of study. These private lectures, exclusive of the immediate benefit which they conferred, had also a prospective advantage, which, although we are far from insinuating that the pious O'Loghlin was influenced by such a consideration, must certainly have increased the value of the instruction, perhaps even to the price which was demanded for it.

'We allude to the circumstance of the private lecturer being one of the persons to whom was entrusted the final examination of the students; and a previous knowledge of their capacities and acquirements would no doubt serve his judgment in the selection of questions, and enable him to look with confidence to the corresponding answers; but this was only a simple coincidence, and if favourable to O'Loghlin, why should he be debarred its advantages?'– pp. 97—98.

A love tale, with all its due complication and denouément, is mixed up with the cornet's reminiscences, and serves to fill up interstices, and connect things together a little, though by a very slender thread, and adds, too, something of interest to the pages—something at least to enable the reader to identify the hero, and continue the pursuit of his career. But the plot is of too hackneyed a cast to develope, nor is it at all important to the main object of the book; nor if it were, have we left ourselves space to sketch the points. For the same reason, we can but briefly glance at the 'Naval Officer,' with which we have headed the article.

On the whole, this, the 'Naval Officer,' as a narrative, and a piece of writing, must be considered of a far superior class to the former. It is more personal and inseparable than the cornet's campaigns—fuller of incident, and pertinent remark—fuller, indeed, of bustle and activity; the events come too thick to be dwelt upon superfluously, and have much less the air of being selected to fill, or to eke out a chapter to a given length, or protracted by dint of verbiage to prescribed proportions. The manner has more spirit and veracity—every thing is more direct and pointed—the style and sentiments are at once decisive and despatching; but the general tone is profligate and offensive—gasconading and *adventurous*, with frequent attempts at moralising, which look more like mockery than piety. The hero is his own historian, and must be regarded as writing his 'Confessions.' He assumes the character of the convert; but the manifest gout with which all his obliquities and enormities are detailed, only shew the taste is still *fresh*, and throws an air of detestable hypocrisy and disgusting cant, over what is doubtless meant to be very devout and becoming

language. The flippery indeed, with which serious and sacred writers are perpetually alluded to, is of the most revolting cast; and though according well with the former manners and practices of the individual, contrast miserably with the assumed character of sobriety and reform. The mask of the convert, in short, is so frequently forgotten, that the assumption glances upon the reader, and excites nothing but disgust at every recurrence.

Nevertheless, the parts detailed have, or may have, their uses. The author throws open, without reserve, the interior of a ship—a scene of iniquity and profligacy, the coarsest in the universe—the corruptions to which school-boys are carelessly, or purposely exposed—the drinking and black-guarding—the mixing up of men and boys, and women and girls—the violence, intemperance, tyranny, and outrage of all propriety. If after reading such disclosures, any pa. and ma., particularly pious ones, as we have known many do, can plunge their darlings into such a smoking hot bed of villanous vice, it will require some stretch of charity to assign a creditable motive; and sweeping indeed must be the patriotism of those who can thus sacrifice, not themselves, but their offspring, to what they call the service of their country.

Frank commences *ab ovo*, to throw the blame of his crimes, and not without reason, upon his teachers and guardians. He attributes the first corruption of his natural love of truth to the mistress of the school he was brought up at; she was habitually suspicious, and on system refused ever to give boys credit for truth. Truth, therefore, was never told, but when it answered an immediate purpose better than falsehood. This treatment, with some acts of severity, and perhaps injustice, on the part of the master, drove him into reckless habits, and admirably prepared him for his future career. One of his school-fellows had been expelled and sent to sea, and returning after a cruize, gave such a description of the freedom, and frolics of a sea life, that nothing but going to sea himself would content the boy. To sea he accordingly goes at thirteen, and the first day of joining the ship, he gets into a quarrel with an elder midshipman, and a succession of retaliations follow—revenge boiling in the young fiend's bosom, though excited apparently by a blacker fiend, because an older one. To the filth—the loathsome filth of the midshipmen's births—to the coarse profligacy of the general habits—to the oaths—the obscenities—the random and tearing violence, he quickly gets accustomed, and relishes keenly. By his quickness and dare-devil spirit he rapidly makes his way to distinction among his fellows, and as his strength and vigour developes, to the head and command of his mess, by dint of blows and dexterity. For his adventures in port, and on land, we can spare no time, nor can we trace in succession his bold and eventful career; but the sea-scenes are many of them admirably executed,

and for a few of these we must first speak. They present some of the most effective paintings we ever witnessed—surpassed only by Cooper's, which are more mellowed, and completely finished; but, considered as sketches and studies, these are inimitable. The first memorable scene in which he was engaged, was the battle of Trafalgar. The details are evidently actual reminiscences, and young as was the boy, the facts were of a nature to make a permanent impression.

'When the immortal signal was communicated, I shall never, no, never, forget the electric effect it produced through the fleet. I can compare it to nothing so justly as to a match laid to a long train of gunpowder; and as Englishmen are the same, the same feeling, the same enthusiasm, was displayed in every ship; tears ran down the cheeks of many a noble fellow when the affecting sentence was made known. It recalled every past enjoyment, and filled the mind with fond anticipations, which, with many, were never, alas! to be realized. They went down to their guns without confusion; and a cool, deliberate courage from that moment seemed to rest on the countenance of every man I saw.

'My captain, though not in the line, was no niggard in the matter of shot, and though he had no real business to come within range until called by signal, still he thought it his duty to be as near to our ships engaged as possible, in order to afford them assistance when required. I was stationed at the foremost guns on the main deck, and the ship cleared for action; and though on a comparatively small scale, I cannot imagine a more solemn, grand, or impressive sight, than a ship prepared as ours was on that occasion. Her noble tier of guns, in a line gently curving out towards the centre; the tackle laid across the deck; the shot and wads prepared in ample store (round grape and canister); the powder boys each with his box full, seated on it, with perfect apparent indifference as to the approaching conflict. The captains of guns, with their priming boxes buckled round their waists; the locks fixed upon the guns; the lanyards laid around them; the officers, with their swords drawn, standing by their respective divisions.

'The quarter-deck was commanded by the captain in person, assisted by the first lieutenant, the lieutenant of marines, a party of small-arm men, with the mate and midshipmen, and a portion of seamen to attend the braces and fight the quarter-deck guns. The boatswain was on the forecastle; the gunner in the magazine, to send up a supply of powder to the guns; the carpenter watched and reported, from time to time, the depth of water in the well; he also walked round the wings or vacant spaces between the ship's side and the cables, and other stores. He was attended by his mates, who were provided with shot-plugs, oakum, and tallow, to stop any shot holes which might be made.

The surgeon was in the cock-pit with his assistants. The knives, saws, tourniquets, sponges, basins, wine and water, were all displayed and ready for the first unlucky patient that might be presented. This was more awful to me than any thing I had seen. "How soon," thought I, "may I be stretched, mangled and bleeding, on this table, and have occasion for all the skill and all the instruments I now see before me!" I turned away, and endeavoured to forget it all.

'As soon as the fleet bore up to engage the enemy, we did the same, keeping as near as we could to the admiral, whose signals we were ordered to repeat. I was particularly astonished with the skilful manner in which this was done. It was wonderful to see how instantaneously the same flags were displayed at our mast-heads as had been hoisted by the admiral; and the more wonderful this appeared to me, since his flags were rolled up in round balls, which were not broke loose until they had reached the mast-head, so that the signal officers of a repeater had to make out the number of the flag during its passage aloft in disguise. This was done by the power of good telescopes, and from habit, and sometimes by anticipation of the signal that would be next made.

The reader may perhaps not be aware that among civilized nations, in naval warfare, ships in the line never fire at frigates, unless they provoke hostility by interposing between belligerent ships, or firing into them, as was the case in the Nile, when Sir James Saumarez, in the Orion, was under the necessity of sinking the Artemise, which he did with one broadside, as a reward for her temerity. Under this *pax-in-bellum* sort of compact, we might have come off scot-free, had we not partaken very liberally of the shot intended for larger ships, which did serious damage among our people.

'The two British lines running down parallel to each other, and nearly perpendicular to the crescent line of the combined fleets, was the grandest sight that was ever witnessed. As soon as our van was within gun-shot of the enemy, they opened their fire on the Royal Sovereign and the Victory; but when the first-named of these noble ships rounded to, under the stern of the Santa Anna, and the Victory had very soon after laid herself on board the Redoubtable, the clouds of smoke enveloped both fleets, and little was to be seen except the falling of masts, and here and there, as the smoke blew away, a ship totally dismasted.

'One of these proved to be English, and our captain seeing her between two of the enemy, bore up to take her in tow: at the same time one of our ships of the line opened a heavy fire on one of the French line of battle ships, unluckily situated in a right line between us, so that the shot which missed the enemy sometimes came on board of us. I was looking out of the bow-port at the moment that a shot struck our ship on the stern between wind and water. It was the first time I had ever seen the effect of a heavy shot; it made a great splash, and, to me, as I then thought, a very unusual noise, throwing a great deal of water in my face. I very naturally started back, as I believe many a brave fellow has done. Two of the seamen quartered at my guns, laughed at me. I felt ashamed, and resolved to shew no more such weakness.

'This shot was very soon succeeded by some others not quite so harmless: one came into the bow port, and killed the two men who had witnessed my trepidation. My pride having been hurt that these men should have seen me flinch, I will own that I was secretly pleased when I saw them removed beyond the reach of human interrogation.

'It would be difficult to describe my feelings on this occasion. Not six weeks before, I was the robber of hen-roosts and gardens—the hero of a horse-pond, ducking an usher—now suddenly, and almost without any previous warning or reflection, placed in the midst of carnage, and

an actor in one of those grand events by which the fate of the civilised world was to be decided.

'A quickened circulation of blood, a fear of immediate death, and a still greater fear of shame, forced me to an involuntary and frequent change of position; and it required some time, and the best powers of intellect, to reason myself into that frame of mind in which I could feel as safe and as unconcerned as if we had been in harbour. To this state I at last did attain, and soon felt ashamed of the perturbation under which I laboured before the firing began. I prayed, it is true; but my prayer was not that of faith, of trust, or of hope—I prayed only for safety from imminent personal danger; and my orisons consisted of one or two short, pious ejaculations, without a thought of repentance for the past or amendment for the future.

'But when we had once got fairly into action, I felt no more of this, and beheld a poor creature cut in two by a shot with the same indifference that at any other time I should have seen a butcher kill an ox. Whether my heart was bad or not, I cannot say; but I certainly felt my curiosity was gratified more than my feelings were shocked, when a raking-shot killed seven and wounded three more. I was sorry for the men, and, for the world, would not have injured them; but I had a philosophic turn of mind; I liked to judge of causes and effects; and I was secretly pleased at seeing the effect of a raking-shot.

'Towards four P.M. the firing began to abate, the smoke cleared away, and the calm sea became ruffled with an increasing breeze. The two hostile fleets were quiet spectators of each other's disasters. We retained possession of nineteen or twenty sail of the line. Some of the enemy's ships were seen running away into Cadiz; while four others passed to windward of our fleet, and made their escape. A boat going from our ship to one near us, I jumped into her, and learned the death of Lord Nelson, which I communicated to the captain, who, after paying a tribute to the memory of that great man, looked at me with much complacency: I was the only youngster that had been particularly active, and he immediately despatched me with a message to a ship at a short distance. The first-lieutenant asked if he should not send an officer of more experience. "No," said the captain; "he shall go: the boy knows very well what he is about!"—and away I went, not a little proud at the confidence placed in me.'—vol. i. pp. 83—91.

The cutting out of a vessel from under the batteries of the enemy, is more graphically represented than anything of the kind we remember to have read.

'The boats were manned and armed, and every preparation made for the attack on the following morning. The command of the expedition was given to the first lieutenant, who accepted of it with cheerfulness, and retired to his bed in high spirits, with the anticipation of the honour and profit which the dawn of day would heap upon him. He was proverbially brave and cool in action, so that the seamen followed him with confidence, as to certain victory. Whether any ill-omened dreams had disturbed his rest, or whether any reflections on the difficult and dangerous nature of the service had alarmed him, I could not tell; but in the morn-

ing we all observed a remarkable change in his deportment. His ardour was gone; he walked the deck with a slow and measured pace, apparently in deep thought; and, contrary to his usual manner, was silent and melancholy, abstracted and inattentive to the duties of the ship.

'The boats prepared for the service were manned; the officers had taken their seats in them; the oars were tossed up; the eyes of the young warriors beamed with animation, and we waited for Mr. Handstone, who still walked the deck, absorbed in his own reflections. He was at length recalled to a sense of his situation by the captain, who in a tone of voice more than usually loud, asked him if he intended to take the command of the expedition? He replied, "most certainly;" and with a firm and animated step, crossed the quarter-deck, and went into his boat.

'I, following, seated myself by his side; he looked at me with a foreboding indifference: had he been in his usual mood, he would have sent me to some other boat. We had a long pull before we reached the object of our intended attack, which we found moored close in shore, and well prepared for us. A broadside of grape shot was the first salute we received. It produced the same effect on our men as the spur to a fiery steed. We pulled alongside, and began to scramble up in the best manner we could. Handstone in an instant regained all his wonted animation, cheered his men, and with his drawn sword in his hand, mounted the ship's side, while our men at the same time poured in vollies of musquetry, and then followed their intrepid leader.

'In our boat, the first alongside, eleven men out of twenty-four lay killed or disabled. Disregarding these, the lieutenant sprang up. I followed close to him; he leaped from the bulwark in upon her deck, and before I could lift my cutlass in his defence, fell back upon me, knocked me down in his fall, and expired in a moment. He had thirteen musquet-balls in his chest and stomach.

'I had no time to disengage myself before I was trampled on, and nearly suffocated by the pressure of my shipmates, who, burning to gain the prize, or to avenge our fall, rushed on with the most undaunted bravery. I was supposed to be dead, and treated accordingly, my poor body being only used as a stop for the gangway, where the ladder was unshipped. There I lay fainting with the pressure, and nearly suffocated with the blood of my brave leader, on whose breast my face rested, with my hands crossed over the back of my head, to save my skull, if possible, from the heels of my friends, and the swords of my enemies; and while reason held her seat, I could not help thinking that I was just as well where I was, and that a change of position might not be for the better.

'About eight minutes decided the affair, though it certainly did seem to me, in my then unpleasant situation, much longer. Before it was over I had fainted, and before I regained my senses the vessel was under weigh, and out of gun-shot from the batteries.

'The first moments of respite from carnage were employed in examining the bodies of the killed and wounded. I was numbered among the former, and stretched out between the guns by the side of the first lieutenant and the other dead bodies. A fresh breeze blowing through the ports revived me a little, but, faint and sick, I had neither the power or inclination to move; my brain was confused; I had no recollection of what had happened, and continued to lie in a sort of stupor, until the prize came along-

side of the frigate, and I was roused by the cheers of congratulation and victory from those who had remained on board.

'A boat instantly brought the surgeon and his assistants to inspect the dead and assist the living. Murphy came along with them. He had not been of the boarding party; and seeing my supposed lifeless corpse, he gave it a slight kick, saying, at the same time, "Here is a young cock that has done crowing! Well, for a wonder, this chap has cheated the gallows!"

'The sound of the fellow's detested voice (he was the one Frank had quarrelled with on first entering the ship) was enough to recal me from the grave, if my orders had been signed: I faintly exclaimed, "You are a liar!" which, even with all the melancholy scene around us, produced a burst of laughter at his expense. I was removed to the ship, put to bed, and bled, and was soon able to narrate the particulars of my adventure; but I continued a long while dangerously ill.'—vol. i. pp. 134—139.

Scenes indeed of daring—of desperate daring, abound, and the vivacity with which they are described, is very superior and fixing. Take another—a fire-ship expedition.

'Being quite prepared, we started: it was a fearful moment; the wind freshened, and whistled through our rigging, and the night was so dark, that we could not see our bowsprit. We had only our fore-sail set; but with a strong flood-tide, and a fair wind, with plenty of it, we passed between the advanced frigates like an arrow. It seemed to me like entering the gates of hell. As we flew rapidly along, and our own ships disappeared in the intense darkness, I thought of Dante's inscription over the portals:—"You who enter here, leave hope behind."

'Our orders were to lay the vessel on the boom which the French had moored to the outer anchors of their ships of the line. In a few minutes after passing the frigates, we were close to it; our boat was towing astern, with three men it—one to hold the rope ready to let go, one to steer, and one to bail the water out, which, from our rapid motion, would otherwise have swamped her. The officer who accompanied me, steered the vessel, and I held the match in my hand. We came upon the boom with a horrid crash: he put the helm down, and laid her broadside to it. The force of the tide acting on the hull, and the wind upon the foresail, made her heel gunwhale to, and it was with difficulty I could keep my legs: at this moment, the boat was very near being swamped alongside. They had shifted her astern, and there the tide had almost lifted her over the boom; by great exertion they got her clear, and lay upon their oars: the tide and the wind formed a bubbling short sea, which almost buried her. My companion then got into the boat, desiring me to light the port-fire, and follow.

'If ever I felt the sensation of fear, it was after I had lighted this port-fire, which was connected with the train. Until I was fairly in the boat, and out of the reach of the explosion—which was inevitable, and might be instantaneous—the sensation was horrid. I was standing on a mine: any fault in the port-fire, which sometimes will happen, any trifling quantity of gunpowder lying in the interstices of the deck, would have exploded the whole in a moment: had my hand trembled, which I am proud to say it did not, the same might have occurred. Only one minute and a half of

port-fire was allowed. I had therefore no time to lose. The moment I had lit it, I laid it down very gently, and then jumped into the gig, with a nimbleness suitable to the occasion; we were off in a moment. I pulled the stroke oar, and I never plied with more zeal in all my life; we were not two hundred yards from her when she exploded.

'A more terrific and beautiful sight cannot be conceived; but we were not quite enough at our ease to enjoy it. The shells flew up in the air to a prodigious height, some bursting as they rose, and others as they descended. The shower fell about us, but we escaped without injury. We made but little progress against the wind and tide; and we had the pleasure to run the gauntlet among all the other fire-ships, which had been ignited, and bore down on us in flames fore and aft. Their rigging was hung with Congreve rockets; and as they took fire, they darted through the air in every direction with an astounding noise, looking like large fiery serpents.'—Vol. ii. pp. 13—16.

Another, in a moment of awful peril. Things are in extremity—one only hope remains, and none are daring enough to risk the danger—that of mounting aloft to cut away the rigging and wreck which hung upon the fore and main-masts, and pressed like a lever, the labouring vessel down on her side.

'At this moment every wave seemed to make a deeper and more fatal impression on her. She descended rapidly in the hollows of the sea, and rose with dull and exhausted motion, as if she felt she could do no more. She was worn out in the contest, and about to surrender, like a noble and battered fortress, to the overwhelming power of her enemies. The men seemed stupified with the danger; and I have no doubt, could they have got at the spirits, would have made themselves drunk; and in that state, have met their inevitable fate. At every lurch, the mainmast appeared as if making the most violent efforts to disengage itself from the ship: the weather shrouds became like straight bars of iron, while the lee shrouds hung over in a semicircle to leeward, or with the weather-roll, banged against the mast, and threatened instant destruction, each moment, from the convulsive jerks. We expected to see the mast fall, and with it the side of the ship to be beat in. No man could be found daring enough, at the captain's request, to venture aloft, and cut away the wreck of the main-top mast, and the main-yard, which was hanging up and down, with the weight of the top-mast and top-sail yard resting upon it. There was a dead and stupid pause, while the hurricane, if any thing, increased in violence.

'I confess that I felt gratified at this acknowledgment of a danger which none dare face. I waited a few seconds, to see if a volunteer would step forward, resolved, if he did, that I would be his enemy for life, inasmuch as he would have robbed me of the gratification of my darling passion—unbounded pride. Dangers, in common with others, I had often faced, and been the first to encounter; but to dare that which a gallant and hardy crew of a frigate had declined, was a climax of superiority which I had never dreamed of attaining. Seizing a sharp tomahawk, I made signs to the captain that I would attempt to cut away the wreck, follow me who dared. I mounted the weather-rigging; five or six hardy seamen followed me; sailors will rarely refuse to follow where they find an officer to lead the way.

'The jerks of the rigging had nearly thrown us overboard, or jammed us with the wreck. We were forced to embrace the shrouds with arms and legs; and anxiously, and with breathless apprehension for our lives, did the captain, officers, and crew, gaze on us as we mounted, and cheered us at every stroke of the tomahawk. The danger seemed passed when we reached the catharpans, where we had foot room. We divided our work, some took the lanyards of the topmast rigging. I, the slings of the main-yard. The lusty blows we dealt, were answered by corresponding crashes; and at length, down fell the tremendous wreck over the larboard gun-wale. The ship felt instant relief; she righted, and we descended amidst the cheers, the applauses, the congratulations, and, I may add, the tears of gratitude, of most of our shipmates. The work now became lighter, the gale abated every moment, the wreck was gradually cleared away, and we forgot our cares.

'This was the proudest moment of my life, and no earthly possession would I have taken in exchange for what I felt when I once more placed my foot on the quarter-deck. The approving smile of the captain—the hearty shake by the hand—the praises of the officers—the eager gaze of the ship's company, who looked on me with astonishment and obeyed me with alacrity, were something in my mind, when abstractedly considered, but nothing compared to the inward feeling of gratified ambition, a passion so intimately interwoven in my existence, that to have eradicated it, the whole fabric of my frame must have been demolished. I felt pride justified.—vol. ii. pp. 100—103.

Frank's adventures also, like the Cornet's, are mixed up with a love affair—one pre-eminently we mean—for there are scores. The last volume is a good deal occupied with the details. But the conclusion is really one of the grossest absurdities that man ever imagined, and which could have entered into the head of no person accustomed to think of serious matters with serious thoughts. The impression intended to be left, is the story and efficacy of his *conversion*, as he phrases it. A marriage had been suddenly broken off, by the discovery, and that in a very offensive manner, on the part of the bride, of a previous liaison with an actress. To remove this impediment—we mean such is the contrivance of the *novelist*—a child he has by her is drowned, and the mother dies of grief. Frank is abroad at the time, but on learning the intelligence, he hastens to England, flies to the church-yard, and places himself on the grave of his child and mistress, in all the extravagance of towering grief. Suddenly passes by a bishop, in full state. Up starts the distracted hero; the thought seizes him to try the actual experiment, if a bishop can administer spiritual consolation with the unction and efficiency of a curate. He rushes impetuously after the episcopal carriage, and enters abruptly and rudely into the palace—is nevertheless kindly received by the bishop, who, on hearing his case, undertakes his care secundum artem, or rather according to the rules, which the writer obviously supposes, are made and provided as specifics for such ocasions. The good bishop locks himself up with the repentant sinner—gives him a glass of wine—listens to his story—orders dinner tête-

à-tête—talks a little and reads a little—sends him to bed, and for five or six days, in succession, talks again and reads again two or three hours every morning, and assigns him a certain number of pages to read by himself. He then leaves him for three days, in the full range of the library, house and table, apparently, because he has occasion to leave him—in the interval he is to read an assigned quantity, which will duly qualify him for *communion*, on his return, which accordingly takes place, privately solus cum solo in the bishop's private chapel, the seat and security of his perfect conversion. At the close, the considerate bishop presents him with a letter of conciliation from the offended lady—to whom he had actually paid a visit, and lectured into a subjugation of her pride and inflexibility—and even had the triumph of thus securing at once the spiritual and temporal felicity of the charming pair.

ART. VI.—*La Vénus de Paphos et son Temple.* Par J. D. Guigniaut, professeur de litterature Greque, &c. Paris. Hachette.

THE student of human nature cannot with impunity neglect researches into antiquity. To obtain just notions of society as it now exists, we must trace it from its feeble beginnings, to its greatest known development, watch its increase, its modifications, its vicissitudes, and learn exactly to appreciate every successive form through which it has passed. It is unquestionably an easy matter to affect a disdain for the wanderings of man's intellect, before the light of truth burst in upon it. But this contempt, even were it real and well-founded, will not satisfy the mind. It is more agreeable to understand than to despise our forefathers; and therefore, researches into their opinions, particularly such as regarded their religion and philosophy, possess peculiar attractions for every individual above a mere newspaper or novel reader.

Before we enter upon any examination of the dissertation of M. Guigniaut, it may, perhaps, be useful to trace from other sources, a rapid sketch of the history of the worship of beauty, which, according to the best authorities, sprung up together with most other forms of superstition, in the East, and gradually found its way into Greece, where it attained a perfection and consistency unknown to its original inventors. About the middle of the last century, the Academie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, of Paris, proposed as the subject of a prize essay, "An inquiry concerning the various names and attributes of Venus, among the different nations of Greece and Italy; the origin and reason of those attributes; the nature of her worship; the celebrated temples, statues, and pictures of this goddess; and the artists who had rendered themselves celebrated by representing her." The essay which obtained the prize, was that of M. Larcher, the well-known translator of Herodotus. With some taste, and immense learning, he amassed almost every-

thing respecting this goddess, to be found in the works of the ancients; and if he did not succeed in composing an agreeable book, his judgment, not his knowledge, was to blame. Hyginus, Apollodorus, and the other ancient mythologists, have left us brief abstracts of the fables concerning Venus; and Tacitus, with that energetic conciseness for which he is remarkable, has given in one page an outline of the whole history of her worship. Before we come to this passage, however, we shall cast a glance over the history of its migration westward through Asia, taking up the thread of the narrative in Assyria.

The earliest notice we find of Venus, is under the name of Mylitta, Mithra, Alitta, &c. By this word, according to the interpretation of Julius Firmicus, the orientals, who represent all the operations of nature allegorically, meant to designate the vivifying power of the universe. Those writers who consider fire the first principle of all things, speak of Venus as the daughter of Cœlus or Ouranos; the Neptunians say she sprang from the foam of the sea; others call her the daughter of Jupiter and Dione. Whatever was her origin, she was from the beginning thought to preside over the union of the sexes; and is spoken of by the mystical Orpheus, as reason is by Lao-tseu, the celebrated Chinese philosopher, as the mother of the universe—πάντα γὰρ ἐκ σέθεν ἐστὶν, says he, in his hymn to this goddess. Servius also observes to the same effect—"Dicunt ipsam Venerem esse matrem Deûm." So great and universal was the power of Venus, that she exercised authority even over the fates, the iron goddesses, who resisted all other rule.

From Assyria the worship of Venus passed to Phœnicia, and thence to Cyprus. This worship, which in the course of time degenerated into prostitution, was pure at first, and offered up to Venus Urania, a virgin goddess. Herodotus speaks of a shameful custom which had insinuated itself at Babylon, into the ceremonies of this worship, and afterwards prevailed at Heliopolis of Phœnicia, and at Aphka (Hodie Afka) near Mount Lebanon. M. Larcher says that Constantine destroyed the temples, and abolished the infamous custom in the last two cities: but in this he is perfectly mistaken; for, whatever may have been the fate of the temples, the custom still survives, in the midst of other manners, and other creeds. Zosimus, who passes over the practice to which we have alluded, amuses his readers with the fabulous history of a globe of fire or lighted torch, which appeared in the air, in the environs of the temple; and gravely says, that the offerings made to the goddess were thrown into a lake close at hand, and that such as were accepted sunk to the bottom, while those which the divinity of the place refused, floated upon the top.

The remarks of Mr. Larcher on the name Salambo, which according to Hesychius, the Babylonians applied to Venus, are very ingenious. They could not, says he, have made use of this term, since

it is a Greek word, derived from σάλα which properly signifies the agitation of the sea, and metaphorically that of the soul. From σάλα is derived σαλαΐζειν, to strike the bosom, as in grief; or to lament the loss of something. Σαλαΐς, groans; σαλάδη, the agitation of the soul. According to the author of the Etymologicum Magnum, Σαλάμβας was a goddess thus named, because she wandered about, weeping for Adonis. Anacreon uses the word σαλαΐζειν in the sense of, "to weep," "to deplore;" for grief and trouble agitate and disturb the soul. Thus, Salambo, signifies Venus lamenting the death of Adonis. Selden supposes Delephat, and the Syrian goddess, to have been identical with Venus. Strabo says she was called Atargatis; and Eratosthenes gives her the name of Derceto.

This Venus, in fact, was known under many different names. According to Cicero, in his work on the Nature of the Gods, she was called Astarte in Syria. It was to this goddess that the Emperor Helagabalus married the new god, which under his own name he had added to the Roman Pantheon. Astarte, who is represented by the Pagans as the wife of Adonis, was worshipped with peculiar honours at Byblos: I have seen, says Lucian, at Byblos, a vast temple dedicated to Venus, in which the orgies of Adonis are celebrated. I have examined these orgies; for pretending that Adonis was killed in their country by the bear, they every year strike themselves in commemoration of this event; they give way to lamentations, perform the prescribed rites, and an air of mourning pervades the whole country. When their weeping and self-tormenting cease, sacrifices, such as are performed in honour of the dead, are offered to Adonis. On the following day he is supposed to return to life, his statue is exposed in the open air, and his worshippers shave their heads, as the Egyptians do at the death of Apis.

This festival was observed in nearly all the countries of the East, to perpetuate, according to the mythologists, the remembrance of the loves of Venus and Adonis. The physical interpretation of this fable we leave to others, persuaded that whatever meaning we might attribute to it, a hundred other interpretations equally probable might be discovered. We shall merely observe that a statue of this goddess, supposed to represent the earth when stripped of its beauty by winter, was found on Mount Libanus, with the left hand enveloped in the drapery, the head covered, the countenance sad; and it was even supposed by some, that tears were represented trickling from the eyes.

Shakspeare, who penetrated with philosophical acuteness into the depths of ancient fable, and breathed a new life into worn-out legends, has entered with his accustomed truth to nature, into the spirit of this magnificent fable. The goddess is represented wandering about the mountains, dejected, apprehensive, sorrowful

for the absence of Adonis. She commences her search with the dawn.

'Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty:
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
O thou clear God, and patron of all light!
From whom each Lamp and shining Star doth borrow
The beauteous influence, that makes him bright:
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'er-worn;
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn:
Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.—p. 85.

Proceeding some little distance, she discovers, by the fierce and eager baying of the hounds, that her lover is engaged in no gentle sport, but attacking the boar, the bear, or the lion. Sad forebodings now throng on her heart. She trembles, and remains rooted to the spot. Anon she sees the tremendous boar dashing by, his snout covered with foam and blood, and bearing all the marks of having been engaged in a fierce struggle.

'And with that word, she spy'd the hunted boar,
Whose frothy mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear thro' all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither.'—p. 86.

Her terrors now increasing every moment, are presently after enhanced by perceiving the wounded and discomfited hounds roaming about without their master. Anticipating the worst—

'As faulcon to the lure, away she flies:
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light,
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight.
Which seen her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

'Or as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again:
So, at his bloody view her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head.

'Where they resign'd their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain:
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again:
Who like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestions gives a deadly groan.

'Whereat each tributary subject quakes,
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terrors doth men's minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds, once more, leap her eyes.

'And, being open'd, threw unwilling sight
Upon the wide wound, that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lilly white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd.
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

'This solemn sympathy poor *Venus* noteth,
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head:
Dumbly she passions, frantickly she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow,
Her eyes are mad, that they have wept till now.

'Upon his hurt she looks so stedfastly,
That her sight dazzling, makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be;
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled,
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

'My tongue cannot express my grief for one:
And yet (quoth she) behold two *Adons* dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turned to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy hearts lead melt at mine eyes as fire,
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

'Alas! poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is musick now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim,
But true sweet beauty liv'd and dy'd in him.

'Bonnet, or veil, henceforth no creature wear;
Nor sun, nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you.
But when *Adonis* liv'd, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair.

'And therefore wou'd he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun wou'd peep;
The wind wou'd blow it off, and being gone,
Play with his locks, then wou'd *Adonis* weep:
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both wou'd strive who first shou'd dry his tears.

'To see his face, the lion walks along
Behind some hedge, because he wou'd not fear him;
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tyger wou'd be tame, and gently hear him:
If he had spoke, the wolf wou'd leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

'When he beheld his shadow in a brook,
There fishes spread on it their golden gills:
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

The goddess continues her lamentation; and with a conceit not altogether in keeping with the spirit of Greek poetry, imagines the wild beast to have become enamoured of the beautiful form of Adonis, and to have rushed upon him to kiss him. Pursuing this idea she says:—

''Tis true, true, true, thus was *Adonis* slain,
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who wou'd not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there:
And nousling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd unaware his tusk in his soft groin.

'Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him, I shou'd have kill'd him first.
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My mouth with his; the more am I accurs'd.
With this she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

'She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ear a heavy tale,
As if he heard the woful words she told:
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo! two lamps burnt out in darkness lies.

'Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excel'd,
And every beauty rob'd of his effect.
Wonder of time! (quoth she) this is my spight,
That, you being dead, the day shou'd yet be light.

'Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end,
Ne'er settled equally to high or low;
That all love's pleasures shall not match his woe.

'It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
And shall be blasted in a breathing while,
The bottom poison, and the top o'er-straw'd
With sweets, that shall the sharpest sight beguile.
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

'It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, inrich the poor with treasures;
It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

'It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just:
Perverse it shall be when it seems most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

'It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissention 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire.
Sith, in his prime, death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their love shall not enjoy.

'By this the boy that by her side lay kill'd,
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up chequer'd with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood,
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

'She bows her head the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her *Adonis'* breath:
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death:
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

'Poor flower! (quoth she) this was thy father's guise,
(Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire)
For every little grief to wet his eyes,
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine; but know it is as good
To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

'Here was thy father's bed, here is my breast,
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
Lo! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:
There shall not be one minute of an hour,
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.

'Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves, by whose swift aid,
Their mistress mounted, thro' the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself, and not be seen.'—pp. 90—94.

To return, however, from this digression. We now come to the introduction of the worship of this goddess into Cyprus, the history of which is thus given by Tacitus. According to the most ancient tradition, a certain king called Aërias, was the founder of the temple of Venus at Paphos. Some, however, pretend, that Aërias was an appellation of the goddess herself. According to a more modern opinion, the temple was consecrated by Cinyras, on the very spot where Venus first landed when she sprang from the sea. It is added that the science of the Haruspices and all the secrets of their art, were brought hither from foreign countries, by Tamiras, the Cilician, and that it was decreed that the descendants of these two families should prescribe in concert over every thing that related to public worship. In a short time, however, in order that the royal family might in all respects be superior to the foreign race, the strangers renounced the science which they had introduced, and from that time forward, the priest consulted has always been a descendant of Cinyras. The male of all kinds of animals is offered up as a victim to the goddess; but in looking into the future, the entrails of goats are always preferred. It is prohibited to stain the altars with blood; prayers and a pure flame alone are offered upon them, and these altars, although in the open air, are never moistened by rain. The goddess is not represented under the human form; the image is a circular block of stone, which, rising in the form of a cone, diminishes gradually from the base to the summit. The reason of this form is unknown.

In his learned and curious dissertation, or *Excursus*, as he terms it, on this passage, M. Guigniaut confirms an opinion which we had previously entertained, respecting this ancient statue. He supposes it to be the symbol adored in Hindoostan, by the worshippers of Siva; but, in this instance, joined with the corresponding symbol, which, though admitted into the apparatus of several ancient religions, has always been covered by a thicker veil. He observes, that the Greeks, who were much addicted to borrowing foreign mythi, or fables, and mixing them with their national legends, had, in the worship of Venus, adhered more closely than usual to their own traditions. Cinyras, the founder of the temple,

and a descendant in the sixth degree from Cephalus and Aurora, was the grandson of Cecrops, first king of Attica. From this tradition, it is inferred that Paphos, as well as several other cities of Cyprus, was founded by Athenian colonists, after the siege of Troy. A portion of the population of Cyprus, according to Herodotus, was of African origin, having come into the island from Ethiopia, or more probably from Egypt. M. Creuzer, indeed, discovers an Egyptian in Aërias, and observes, that the ancient name of this country, about which so much uncertainty, and so many fables prevail, was Aëria. M. Guigniaut, however, with whom, on this occasion, we are much more disposed to agree, thinks that the name of Aërias, or Aëria, attributed by many to the goddess herself, has a natural affinity with that of *Aous*,* first king of the country, who is, in fact, no other than Tithon, or Phaeton, and means, *child of Aurora*. Possibly, also, Cinyras and Adonis may be only one and the same person under different names; in which case, we should have here a striking example of a phenomenon by no means rare in the religions of antiquity, in which the God, the object of adoration, is also represented as the institutor of his own worship, as the first king and the first priest. In the first place, Adonis reigned in Cyprus, as well as Cinyras. The latter, on the other hand, was a native of Byblos, in Phœnicia, a city renowned for the worship of Adonis, or Thammuz, a deity purely Phœnician: he had erected a temple to Venus on mount Libanus, and, pursuing the genealogical thread with which we are now engaged, Adonis was his son, by a daughter of Pygmalion, king of Phœnicia. Now, the name of the latter was Gingras, the name also of a peculiar kind of flute used in Phœnicia to express mourning; and the name of Cinyras, which is not at all unlike that of Gingras, while it expressed tears and mourning, was also applied to an instrument of music. Let us add, that Adonis, the unfortunate lover of Venus, was known at Lacedemon under the name of Ciris, or Cyris, an appellation which might be derived from κυριος and would in that case be merely a translation of the Phœnician Adonai, or Lord. It may be added, that Cinyras and his descendants were said to be buried in the temple at Paphos, and that Venus herself was also interred in the same spot, beside her lover, evidently confounded with Adonis. Milton, who had looked with a curious eye into the fables of antiquity, represents Astarte as the moon, in the following beautiful passage—

> "——— With those in troop
> Came Ashtoreth, whom the Phœnicians called
> Astarte, Queen of Heaven, with crescent horns:
> To whose bright image nightly by the moon,

* 'Aous was also a river of Chaonia. Palmer à Grentemenil. Ant. Græc. Descrip. p. 144.'

Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs,
In Sion also not unsury, where stood
Her temple on the offensive mountain, built,
By that uxorious King, whose heart tho' large,
Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell,
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate,
In amorous ditties all a summer's day.
While smooth Adonis from his native rock,
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led
His eye surveyed the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah."

We here discover, says M. Guigniaut, through the mists of Grecian fable, the real origin and character of the Paphian worship. It was an Asiatic and Phœnician worship, in which sadness was mingled with pleasure, as we may infer from the very names of Cinyras and Adonis, which lead us to believe that at some very early period, Cyprus was colonized by the Phœnicians. It was they who built the ancient Golgi, a name which bears evident marks of its Phœnician origin; who instituted both here and at the ancient Paphos, the worship of Venus Urania, long before the Arcadian Agapenor, on his return from Troy, had built the new city, and adorned it with superb temples. In proof of the justness of Milton's views on this subject, the most learned mythologists of our own days, represent Venus as the great goddess of nature, generally identified with the moon, but occasionally, in the opinion of M. Guigniaut, with the planet Venus, the morning star, Aurora.

From Cyprus, or Cythera, the worship of Venus passed into the Peloponnesus and the other parts of Greece, where it was soon confounded with that of the ancient national goddess, Aphrodite. This is the ordinary way of tracing the history of this worship. But if the Greeks had already an Aphrodite, a goddess embodying the principle of beauty, and presiding over the empire of love, wherefore borrow the Astarte of the Orientals, and mingle up a coarser and more material fable with their own exquisite legend? We cannot, for our part, discover the grounds upon which mythologists build up this specious theory, and are rather disposed to believe that although the Greeks may have naturalized some of the fables of the Orientals, the original type of the goddess existed among them previous to all communication with the East. Before we pass, however, from Cyprus to the continent, we will present the reader with a short description of the temple of Venus, at Cyprus:—

—" With speed the two immortals came
To the grand mansion of the Cyprian dame,
Which crippled Vulcan raised, when first he led
The Paphian goddess to his nuptial bed.
The gate they pass, and to the dome retire,
Where Venus oft regales the god of fire:
He to his forge had gone at early day,
A floating isle contained it on the bay,
Here wond'rous works by fire's fierce power he wrought,
And on his anvil to perfection brought.
Fronting the door, all lovely and alone,
Sat Cythera on a polished throne.
Adown the shoulders of the heavenly fair
In easy ringlets flowed her yellow hair;
And with a golden comb, in matchless grace,
She taught each lock its most becoming place."

Being thus introduced to the goddess and her dwelling by one poet, Apollonius Rhodius, we shall proceed to borrow from another an account of the site and appearance of this palace. It was situated, says Claudian, on the eastern side of the island, on a lofty mountain, inaccessible to men. The rigour of winter, the burning heats of summer, are never felt upon this mountain; the winds fear to approach it; and a perpetual spring prevails there. A spacious plain occupies the summit, and is enclosed by a wall of gold, which prohibits the entrance of mortals. Flowers of eternal beauty spring up spontaneously, and their exquisite scents are carried hither and thither by the zephyrs. In a dark wood, which stands on one part of the plain, birds of the most lovely notes sing perpetually. Even the very trees are here capable of love, and entertain and are the objects of tender sentiments. The palm tree bends over its beloved; poplar sighs for poplar; plane for plane; and a soft murmur pervades the wood. Two fountains flow from this spot: the one sweet, the other so bitter that even honey is rendered disagreeable when mingled with its waters. In these fountains Cupid, it is said, dips his arrows. A thousand little loves, with their quivers on their shoulders, sport upon the banks. These little deities are all brethren, and resemble each other. They are the children of the nymphs. Cupid alone is the son of Venus. It is he, who, with his bow in his hand, rules over both heaven and earth; it is he who wounds princes with his arrows, while the other Loves shoot their darts at inferior persons. In those lovely regions reign liberty, the placable anger of lovers, vigils steeped in wine, tears unshed, the sweet paleness of lovers, their timid boldness, agreeable fears, and insecure pleasures. Broken vows flit about upon their light wings, and proud, self-confiding youth forbids age to enter the grove. The palace of the goddess reflects the rays of the sun in a thousand ways; it is constructed of gold and jewels with the greatest art; its beams are of emerald, its pillars of jacinth, its walls of beryl,

its threshold of jasper, and its floors of agate. The atmosphere is filled with all the perfumes of Arabia. The Graces stand at the side of the goddess, and while one of them pours out the nectar, the other two adjust her ringlets in an easy negligent manner, which enchants the eye.

Entering the Peloponnesus we find at Lacedemon, a round temple dedicated to Olympian Jupiter and Venus. Another temple in the same city was sacred to the worship of Venus-Juno. At Megalopolis, in Arcadia, at Tegea, at Olympia, were temples dedicated to this goddess; and at Elis, near the forum, and behind the portico erected from the spoils of the Corcyreans, there was also a temple of Venus, with a small estate belonging to it. The statue of the goddess, formed of gold and ivory by Phidias, stood with one foot upon a tortoise, to signify, says Plutarch, that married women should remain at home and be silent. At Sicyon the worship of Venus was conducted in a very extraordinary manner. To cast a kind of mystery around the rites, no person was permitted to enter the temple but the sacristan and priestess, who, while they officiated in the temple, were compelled to lead a life of rigid chastity. The worshippers were constrained to kneel on the threshold of the temple, and from thence offer their vows to the unseen deity within. A very learned writer supposes that this custom was derived from Egypt, where, from the melancholy character of the people, it was thought that fasting and abstaining even from lawful pleasures were agreeable to heaven.

Venus had several temples at Athens. In the quarter of the city called "the gardens," there was a temple, near which the goddess was represented by a quadrangular stone, with an inscription engraven upon it, in which Venus was said to be more ancient than the Fates. Above the Ceramicus was another temple to Venus, containing a statue from the hand of Phidias. One of the temples of this goddess was dedicated to her under the name of Venus Psithyros, or the whisperer, because the women who addressed their vows to her, whispered in the ear of the statue. Upon this practice Seneca remarks,—"Turpissima vota diis insusurrunt, si quis ad moverit auem, conticescent, et quod scire hominem nolunt, des narrant." One of the three parts of the Piræus was called Aphrodisium, and probably derived its name from the temple erected there by Conon, in memory of the victory obtained over the Lacedemonians, near Cnidos in Caria.

The epithets of this goddess were numerous and significant; but we shall abstain from repeating them. From her temple, however, on mount Eryx in Sicily, she obtained the epithet *Erycina*, which occurs constantly in the works of the ancient poets. Mount Eryx is near the sea, between Drepanum and Panormus, in that part of Sicily which faces Italy. Upon the summit of this mountain, which is exceedingly steep, on the the side of Drepanum, and, next to Etna, the highest in the whole island, was a small

plain, which, according to tradition, was artificially enlarged, by Dædalus. Upon this plain stood the famous temple of Venus, overlooking the city of Drepanum, which was built on the slope of the mountain, where Trapani del Monte now stands. This temple was scarcely less rich than that of Paphos; and among its curiosities, which consisted of antique phials, crateras, censers, &c., was a honey-comb in gold, said to be the work of Dædalus. Diodorus of Sicily, who enlarges with complacency upon this great ornament of his native country, remarks, that no person could fail to admire the glory of this temple. Other fanes, says he, have acquired celebrity, but the revolutions of time have humbled or destroyed them. This temple alone, founded in the remotest antiquity, has gone on increasing in consideration to the present day. To say nothing of the devotion of Eryx, (a king who, according to some tradition, was founder of the temple), Æneas, landing in Sicily, on his way to Italy, adorned this temple with a number of offerings. The Sicanians continued to pay divine honours to the goddess during many generations, and perpetually adorned her temple with magnificent presents. When the Carthaginians made themselves masters of the island, they treated the goddess with particular marks of respect; and, to conclude, the Romans, having added Sicily to their empire, surpassed all their predecessors, in their veneration of the deity of this temple. This, however, was to be expected; for since they pretended to derive their origin from Venus, and had filled their city with temples, erected to her, to whom they thought their success in wars and peace was to be attributed, it was natural they should honour her temples, wherever they might be found. The consuls, the prætors, in one word, all the magistrates who come into this island, offer magnificent sacrifices, and pay extraordinary honours to the goddess; and as soon as they arrive at mount Eryx, lay aside all the insignia of power, in order to amuse themselves gaily and at their ease, with their mistresses, that they may thus render the goddess propitious. The Roman senate, with singular piety, have issued a decree, authorizing seventeen of the most faithful cities in Sicily, to wear gold in honour of the goddess, and to guard her temple with two hundred soldiers.

Both the inhabitants and strangers daily offered sacrifices to Venus, on the great altar of the temple, which was constructed in the open air. These sacrifices generally occupied the worshippers from morning until night, and must have produced large heaps of cinders, charcoal, &c., but Elian, with true Pagan credulity, informs us that nothing of all these was visible next morning, but that a heavy dew was upon the ground, and fresh grass which had sprang up during the night. To render matters still more astonishing, he adds that no force was necessary to bring the victims to the altar, but that the animals, pleased to be sacrificed

to so beautiful a goddess, came of their own accord to the hand of the priest or sacrificer.

The principal festival of this ancient divinity occurred in the spring, at which season she is thought to exercise the most powerful sway over both men and animals. The most beautiful and complete description of the mode in which the Eve of Venus was celebrated, is contained in the poem entitled "Pervigilium Veneris," attributed to Catullus. We give a portion of this poem, as translated by Archdeacon Parnell.

'She comes; to-morrow Beauty's Empress roves
Thro' walks that winding run within the groves;
She twines the shooting myrtle into bow'rs,
And ties their meeting tops with wreaths of flow'rs,
Then rais'd sublimely on her easy throne
From Nature's pow'rful dictates draws her own.
"Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
"Let those who always lov'd, now love the more."
'Twas on that day which saw the teeming flood
Swell round, impregnate with celestial blood;
Wand'ring in circles stood the sinny crew,
The midst was left a void expanse of blue,
There parent Ocean work'd with heaving throes,
And dropping wet the fair Dione rose.
"Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
"Let those who always lov'd, now love the more."
She paints the purple year with vary'd show,
Tips the green gem, and makes the blossom glow.
She makes the turgid buds receive the breeze,
Expand to leaves, and shade the naked trees.
When gath'ring damps the misty nights diffuse,
She sprinkles all the morn with balmy dews;
Bright trembling pearls depend at every spray,
And kept from falling, seem to fall away.
A glossy freshness hence the Rose receives,
And blushes sweet through all her silken leaves;
(The drops descending through the silent night,
While stars serenely roll their golden light,)
Close 'till the morn, her humid veil she holds;
Then deckt with virgin pomp the flow'r unfolds.
Soon will the morning blush: ye maids! prepare,
In rosy garlands bind your flowing hair;
'Tis Venus' plant: the blood fair Venus shed,
O'er the gay beauty pour'd immortal red;
From Love's soft kiss a sweet Ambrosial smell
Was taught for ever on the leaves to dwell;
From gemms, from flames, from orient rays of light
The richest lustre makes her purple bright;
And she to-morrow weds; the sporting gale
Unties her zone, she bursts the verdant veil;

Thro' all her sweets the rifling lover flies,
And as he breathes, her glowing fires arise.
" Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
" Let those who always lov'd, now love the more."
Now fair Dione to the myrtle grove
Sends the gay nymphs, and sends her tender Love.
And shall they venture? is it safe to go?
While nymphs have hearts, and Cupid wears a bow?
Yes, safely venture, 'tis his mother's will;
He walks unarm'd, and undesigning ill,
His torch extinct, his quiver useless hung,
His arrows idle, and his bow unstrung.
And yet, ye Nymphs, beware, his eyes have charms,
And Love that's naked, still is Love in arms.
' " Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
" Let those who always lov'd, now love the more."
From Venus' bow'r to Delia's lodge repairs
A virgin train compleat with modest airs:
' Chaste Delia! grant our suit! or shun the wood,
' Nor stain this sacred lawn with savage blood.
' Venus, O Delia! if she cou'd persuade,
' Wou'd ask thy presence, might she ask a maid.'
Here chearful quires for three auspicious nights
With songs prolong the pleasurable rites:
Here crouds in measures lightly-decent rove;
Or seek by pairs the covert of the grove,
Where meeting greens for arbours arch above,
And mingling flowrets strow the scenes of love.
Here dancing Ceres shakes her golden sheaves:
Here Bacchus revels, deckt with viny leaves:
Here wit's enchanting God in laurel crown'd
Wakes all the ravish'd Hours with silver sound.
Ye fields, ye forests, own Dione's reign,
And Delia, huntress Delia, shun the plain
" Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
" Let those who always lov'd, now love the more."
Gay with the bloom of all her opening year,
The Queen at Hybla bids her throne appear;
And there presides; and there the fav'rite band
(Her smiling Graces) share the great command,
Now beauteous Hybla! dress thy flow'ry beds
With all the pride the lavish season sheds;
Now all thy colours, all thy fragrance yield,
And rival Enna's aromatic field.
To fill the presence of the gentle court
From ev'ry quarter rural Nymphs resort,
From woods, from mountains, from their humble vales,
From waters curling with the wanton gales.
Pleas'd with the joyful train, the laughing Queen
In circles seats them round the bank of green;

And 'lovely girls, (she whispers) guard your hearts;
'My boy, tho' stript of arms, abounds in arts.
"Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
"Let those who always lov'd now love the more."
Let tender grass in shaded alleys spread,
Let early flow'rs erect their painted head.
To-morrow's glory be to-morrow seen,
That day, old Ether wedded Earth in green.
The Vernal Father bid the Spring appear,
In clouds he coupled to produce the year,
The sap descending o'er her bosom ran,
And all the various sorts of soul began.
By wheels unknown to sight, by secret veins
Distilling life, the fruitful Goddess reigns,
Through all the lovely realms of native day,
Through all the circled land, and circling sea;
With fertil seed she fill'd the pervious earth,
And ever fix'd the mystic ways of birth.'—pp. 30—36.

The light in which the goddess appeared to those among the Pagans, who were disposed to give a physical interpretation of their fables, may be conjectured from the beautiful invocation of Lucretius, thus translated by Creech:

'Kind Venus, glory of the best abodes,
Parent of Rome, and joy of men and gods;
Delight of all, comfort of sea and earth;
To whose kind powers all creatures owe their birth.
At thy approach, great goddess, straight remove
Whate'er are rough, and enemies to love;
The clouds disperse, the winds do swiftly mast,
And reverently in murmurs breathe their last;
The earth with various art (for thy warm powers
That dull mass feels) puts forth their gaudy flowers,
For thee doth subtle luxury prepare,
The choicest stores of earth, of sea, of air;
To welcome thee she comes profusely drest,
With all the spices of the wanton East;
To pleasure thee e'en lazy luxury toils,
The roughest sea puts on smooth looks and smiles:
The well pleased heaven assumes a brighter ray
At thy approach, and makes a double day.'

To trace the worship of Venus to its source in Hindoostan, where it is still intimately connected with Sivaism, it would be necessary to enter into details by no means suited to the pages of a popular Review. The Orientals are incapable of shrouding their symbols in those veils of beauty, which the Grecians threw over all their worship, and leave too much open to the eye of sense.

ART. VII.—*The History of the Hebrew Commonwealth, from the earliest Times, to the Destruction of Jerusalem, A. D. 72.* Translated from the German of John Jahn, D.D. Formerly Professor of the Oriental Languages, of Biblical Antiquities, &c. &c., in the University of Vienna. With a Continuation to the time of Adrian. 2 vols. London: Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1829.

THIS very able work of Professor Jahn, one of the most learned of continental biblical scholars, has long been a desideratum in the English language. We possess many admirable treatises on Jewish antiquities, but no compact, and at the same time general history of the Israelitish commonwealth. In presenting, therefore, the excellent work of Dr. Jahn to the English reader, Mr. Stowe has performed a very acceptable service, and deserves considerable praise, both for undertaking so laborious a task, and for the creditable manner in which he has executed it. The low state of biblical learning in this country—the almost entire absence of that spirit of research which is so essential to its pursuit—the want of a sufficient idea of its importance, both in writers and readers—these circumstances render the occasional importation of foreign productions, on this branch of study, of great value, and we shall always hail the appearance of such with satisfaction.

The study of Jewish history requires more qualifications than an inquiry into the progress, or fate, of other nations; but it is by no means so confined in its interest as is commonly supposed. The professional reader pursues it out of necessity, but there are few branches of knowledge from which the general scholar may receive more profit or satisfaction. Owing its establishment to a set of circumstances which strike the imagination with awe, the Hebrew commonwealth is the most remarkable object which we meet with in the dim fields of antiquity. It towers amid perished generations and ruined empires, like a mighty pillar, of which the traveller in the wilderness of time, must never lose sight—a monument, engraven with characters and emblems, which require to be read and interpreted, before we can be fully sure of the path before us. Though originating in a divine dispensation, the Jewish nation has not been separate from others in its general history. The seed from which it sprung was sacred, but it was sown in an earthly soil, and sprung forth among a heathen people. It was watered and nurtured with dews from above, but it grew up among the wild thorns and briars, that spoke of the land in which it flourished being cursed. When its branches began to extend, and to put forth blossoms and bear fruit, it was taken up, and transplanted into another land, but not one in which it was to bloom solitarily, and multiply itself, with no hand but that of its Divine Planter to prune it. A great and glorious tree, under the shadow of which the strange land of its nursery grew dark, it was borne back again

to its native soil, but neither was it there to stand alone, nor to be seen rising uninjured in its strength and beauty towards heaven. "The boar out of the wood did waste it,"—at one time blight threatened its branches,—at another, rottenness its roots. The hedge which had been planted round it was broken down; there were noises in the mountains of destroying enemies; and no eye could rest upon its awful and towering majesty, without discovering that there was a wondrous and strong mystery in its nature, which the other things of the earth felt and acknowledged.

The Jewish history is, indeed, the very core of antient records. The father of the nation is the most renowned character of antiquity, and is reverenced by the follower of Mahomet, by the Persian and the Hindoo, as well as by the believers in the sacred books of his descendants. He appears, from universal report, to have been one of the most powerful men of his times, and the brief account which remains of his life and actions, throws no little light upon the state of the world at the period in which he lived. The traditions which exist respecting him, serve to confirm the relations of the inspired history, and to convince us of the important part he acted in the affairs of that early age. Little less remarkable are the circumstances attending his immediate offspring, traces of whose history are to be discovered in the records of the most ancient people. The restless Arab, unstable as the drifting sand of his deserts, can never be mistaken for the descendant of any other than the reckless son of Isaac. Of the other grandson of Abraham, several accounts remain in antient and heathen historians, and his migration into Egypt, though with a comparatively small number of followers, is spoken of as an event worthy of general note.

It is pretty evident, therefore, that from the very earliest times, and long before it was enlarged into a nation, the chosen family was, from a variety of circumstances, of great importance in the quarter of the world in which it arose, and which was at that period the sole cradle of power, intelligence and civilization. On the Abrahamic race being settled in Egypt, a new era was commenced in its history, which thenceforward was closely united with those of the then most powerful nations of the earth.

Some idea may be formed of the condition of Egypt at this period, from the circumstances which are related respecting the first establishment of the children of Jacob in its remote province of Goshen. The hatred of the natives to pastoral occupations, the high veneration in which the priesthood was then held, the richness and fertility of the country, and a variety of minor circumstances relating to the nature of the government of the nation, are to be understood from the notices given of them in the Mosaic records, and they all tend to shew in a clearer light the connection which the Jewish history has with that of the most important portions of the ancient world. But if this be true in its earlier divisions, it

is infinitely more so as the stream of the narrative increases, and proceeds on in its mysterious course. On the establishment of a new dynasty on the throne of the Pharaohs, the consequence of the Israelites was more distinctly seen. An invasion having been made by some strange people, under Salatis their leader, the ancient government was overthrown, the captain of the foreign host was made king, and a new order of things immediately introduced.* According to a variety of testimonies, it was not only the children of Israel who suffered from this change. The native inhabitants of the country were oppressed, and driven to so great an extremity of distress, that they determined on forsaking their houses and seeking refuge in a foreign land. Independent of the singular manner in which Providence thus brought about the removal of the chosen race to their destined habitations, there are circumstances sufficiently curious in this part of the Jewish annals, to shew their value as a portion of general history. The alterations which take place in nations are easier to be understood from collateral effects than from their immediate results, and thus the change which the invasion of Salatis produced in the state of the newly established descendants of Abraham, proves of what importance it must have been to the country and people at large. It being rarely the case that an usurper troubles what is new and foreign in a nation, till he have almost totally overthrown what has been long established.

But the Jewish history was to this period, an under-current in the history of the world, and only began to run in a channel of its own from the appearance of the great Hebrew legislator before the monarch of Mizraim. From that time it became the record of a distinct people—a people united together for a political as well as religious purpose, and led, and represented, by solemnly appointed chiefs. The memory of their fathers had, from the earliest period of their residence in the country, impressed them with a sense of their future destiny—the miracles with which their great leader astounded their enemies, filled them with a still firmer assurance of deliverance. They now felt that the hour was come, when they were to be no longer under bondage—when the promises which had been left them as a sacred patrimony, were to be fulfilled, and that they were to go forth, a congregation of chosen people, to be a nation among nations.

The publication of an established code of laws gave at once a fixed and regular form to the Hebrew polity. Unlike others, the Jewish people had their government, the statutes and ordinances by which its most minute departments were to be managed, perfected at its very commencement. Before they were settled in the country where it was destined to operate, it had attained the completeness of centuries, and one which is only gained in other governments after a long series of struggles and civil commotions. This, a strong evi-

* Josephus.—Schuckford.

dence of its divine origin, must have given the Israelites, independent of the miraculous assistance afforded them, a prodigious advantage over the surrounding nations. In the midst of the contests which they carried on, they remained bound by the regular duties of their sacred citizenship: the reason for which they warred was constantly presented to their minds in such a manner as to prevent their becoming licentious, and the progress they made in obtaining possession of the conquered land, was consequently followed by none of those evils which usually attend such events. As each barrier was broken down, and the land cleared of its polluted inhabitants, they settled themselves in its various divisions, and presented the appearance, as was in fact the case, of a mighty family taking possession of the homes which were their birth-right.

The power and consequence of which the descendants of Abraham thus became masters, gave them a high rank among the nations of that remote antiquity. There is reason to suppose that several of the circumstances which shortly occurred, are alluded to in the fables with which the heathen mythologists have obscured the page of history. But the most interesting subject which the narrative affords for our reflection, is the comparative state of civilization, or political strength, then enjoyed by this and the other great divisions of mankind. Egypt, it is well known, was far advanced in the knowledge of the arts, and in many of the sciences most serviceable to the improvement of society. It is also commonly believed that the Jupiter of the Greeks lived about the same time, and acquired his reputation by the building of cities, promulgating laws, and introducing the general institutions of civil life. The government of Crete, which was also established under Minos not long after, and is reported to have been modelled according to a perfect form of justice, speaks in the same manner of the progress which the different nations were about this period making in knowledge and civilization. The subject is one to which we can here only barely allude, but it is fraught with interest, and is too seldom considered in the light in which it is most really worth being regarded attentively.

The common source of these yet infant nations was Egypt, and they all alike drew their acquaintance with civility from her ancient stores of knowledge. The legislator of the Israelites has left in his writings a record, that he was skilled in all their learning, intimating thereby its extent and value. That the founders of the Grecian states derived their's from the same fountain, is the common report of history; and it becomes, therefore, a most curious and important inquiry, what were the different results produced by, to human appearances, nearly the same causes? for if it should seem that nothing more was effected by the Hebrews than by the other emigrants from Egypt, there would be good reason to doubt the miraculous part of their story; while, on the other hand, should it appear that the circumstances attending their establishment in the country which they sought, the system of laws which they

adopted, and the whole form of the polity under which they lived—should it be seen that all these were in a high degree superior to any thing of the kind which existed among their fellow exiles from the same common country, there can be no reasonable doubt entertained of the existence of some invisible and powerful agency, as the prime mover in their affairs. But that there was this superiority in the laws, circumstances, and polity of the Israelites, may be made manifest in the clearest manner, and deserves the very serious attention of the antiquary as well as theologian.

The remarkable nature of the Hebrew constitution, has occupied the minds of many of the most eminent scholars, nor do we know a subject of higher interest, considered either in relation to the history of the ancient world, or in itself. Established throughout on the principle of preserving the worship of the one Almighty Creator, pure and unmixed, it was at the same time admirably adapted to secure the liberty and well-being of the people. A form of government could indeed hardly be devised, in which there should be greater securities against the encroachments of power. Even in its most mysterious portions, it was based on procedures which favoured the freedom of the people. The extraordinary man who had become possessed of sufficient power to lead them forth, in despite of the resistance of a great monarch, enjoyed only a very limited authority. Every tribe had its representative, without whose aid, armed as he was with miracles, he could not control them. In his intercourse with the omnipotent ruler under whom he acted, he was, strictly speaking, the representative of the people—having no suit of his own to prefer—bringing back no message which could serve to aggrandize him with new and individual power, and so constantly preserving the character of a mediator, that it could never be forgotten to what a limited degree he was endowed with the authority of a leader. There is also another point which deserves to be considered, and that with attention. Besides providing by the very principles of its constitution for preserving the purity of a true religion, the Hebrew polity had an especial view to the general enlightenment of the people. No one could be the subject of its laws without being instructed in the most important branches of then existing knowledge. There was what might be termed a learned class, who were freed from the ordinary toils of life, and more particularly devoted to study; but the lowest in rank, and the least wealthy among the Israelites, was obliged to spend a portion of his attention on acquiring the science which existed in his nation. The religious rites which he had to perform, and even the duties of domestic life, imposed upon him this necessity, and it would have been impossible for him to continue a member of the community without possessing, and to a certain degree communicating, the elements of knowledge.

When this circumstance is considered, we have before us a very striking proof of the remarkable distinction which prevailed between this singular people and other nations, and of the great superiority

which they must have in many respects enjoyed. That they did not reap the full profit of their advantages is well known, but with all the drawbacks of their frequent and obstinate rebellions, society in Palestine must have exhibited many marks of civilization and refinement, at a much earlier period than they existed any where else. Wherever a system of pure Theism prevails, the sublimest principles of knowledge are necessarily somewhere preserved. In ancient times this foundation-stone of truth—this well, in fact, in which she lies hidden—was in most nations known only to sages and philosophers. Among the Hebrews it was taught as the first lesson of childhood—it was the essential principle of all religion—the source of all confidence and hope, and could only be obscured by the direct overthrow of the commonwealth itself. The justest views of equity, and the reciprocal duties of man to man, were also in the same manner promulgated among the Israelites by the institutions of their government. The clear and admirable code of laws which they possessed, set before them at one view, the whole system of human morality. No doubt or obscurity existed in the ethical chart which was thus hung up in the sight of the community. The inward sense of justice taught them it was founded on truth, and the firmness with which they were generally devoted to the faith of their ancestors, afforded them sufficient confidence in its sacred origin, to make them consider obedience necessary.

Not to pursue the subject any farther, it may be understood from these few remarks, that it presents many points of interest to the general scholar, and that it is not the exclusive property of the theologian. Much talent and erudition has already been employed upon it, there is still ample room for their employment, and we hope one day to find the interest of the literary world strongly excited by the materials which it offers for profitable investigation. We shall now endeavour to give a few illustrations of what we have above said, from the very excellent work before us, which we strongly recommend to the attention of our readers. The following is an account of the office of Judges, who began to be appointed on the death of Joshua.

'From what has already been said respecting the judges and their achievements, we can ascertain, with a tolerable degree of certainty, the nature of their office. Most of them indeed had been at the head of armies, and delivered their country from foreign oppression; Eli and Samuel, however, were not military men; Deborah was judge before she planned the war against Jabin; and of Jair, Ibzan, Elon, and Abdon, it is at least uncertain whether they ever held any military command. Judges are mentioned in the Mosaic law in connection with the high priest, as arbiters of civil controversies, without any allusion to war. In like manner the judges who were appointed over Tyre after king Baal, were certainly not military officers, for the city at that time was tributary to Babylon. The command of the army, therefore, can scarcely be considered as the peculiar destination of these magistrates. But as in ancient times the duties of a judge were reckoned among the first and most im-

portant duties of a ruler, so the Hebrew judges seem to have been appointed for the general administration of public affairs, and the command of armies fell to them as the supreme executive officers. In many cases, it is true, military achievments were the means by which men elevated themselves to the rank of judges; but our inquiry is, not how the office was obtained, but for what purpose it was instituted. It may, however, be proper to recollect, that Jephthah, Eli, and Samuel, and, for aught that appears, Jair, Elon, Ibzan, and Abdon, were raised to this office by the free unsolicited choice of the people.

The office of these judges or regents was held during life, but it was not hereditary; neither could they appoint their successors. This arrangement was attended with this one disadvantage, that at the death of a judge the supreme executive authority ceased; perhaps, however, it was more than counterbalanced by its preventing a degenerate heir or successor from giving to idolatry the support of his influence. Their authority was limited by the law alone; and in doubtful cases they were directed to the sacred lot of Urim and Thummim. They were not obliged in common cases to ask advice of the ordinary rulers; it was sufficient if these did not remonstrate against the measures of the judge. In important emergencies, however, they convoked a general assembly of the rulers, over which they presided and exerted a powerful influence. They could issue orders, but not enact laws; they could neither levy taxes, nor appoint officers, except perhaps in the army. Their authority extended only over those tribes by whom they had been elected or acknowledged; for, as we have before remarked, several of the judges presided over separate tribes. There was no salary attached to their office, nor was there any income appropriated to them, unless it might be a larger share in the spoils, and those presents which were made them as testimonials of respect. They bore no external marks of dignity, and maintained no retinue of courtiers, though some of them were very opulent. They were not only simple in their manners, moderate in their desires, and free from avarice and ambition, but noble and magnanimous men, who felt that whatever they did for their country was above all reward, and could not be recompensed; who desired merely to promote the public good, and who chose rather to deserve well of their country, than to be enriched by its wealth. This exalted patriotism, like everything else connected with politics in the theocratical state of the Hebrews, was partly of a religious character; and those regents always conducted themselves as the officers of God; in all their enterprises they relied upon Him, and their only care was, that their countrymen should acknowledge the authority of Jehovah, their invisible king. Still they were not without faults, neither are they so represented by their historians; they relate, on the contrary, with the utmost frankness, the great sins of which some of them were guilty. They were not merely deliverers of the state from a foreign yoke, but destroyers of idolatry, foes of pagan vices, promoters of the knowledge of God, of religion, and of morality; restorers of theocracy in the minds of the Hebrews, and powerful instruments of divine Providence in the promotion of the great design of preserving the Hebrew constitution, and, by that means, of rescuing the true religion from destruction.'—vol. i. pp. 86—88.

The institution of this office contributed greatly to the preservation of the commonwealth. There was no opportunity for the

celebrated men who enjoyed it to make use of their authority to injure the people. They were appointed only in times of difficulty, and when the object of their appointment was completed, their influence ceased.

The noblest instances of heroism and self-devotion were evinced by these heroes of Israel; and it would well repay the trouble of reflection, to compare their characters with that of other distinguished men in similar situations. The condition of the Hebrews in the time of the Judges, is thus described.

'By comparing the periods during which the Hebrews were oppressed by their enemies, with those in which they were independent and governed by their own constitution, it is apparent that the nation in general experienced much more prosperity than adversity in the time of the judges. Their dominion continued four hundred and fifty years, but the whole time of foreign oppression amounts only to one hundred and eleven years, scarcely a fourth part of that period. Even during these one hundred and eleven years, the whole nation was seldom under the yoke at the same time, but for the most part separate tribes only were held in servitude; nor were their oppressions always very severe; and all the calamities terminated in the advantage and glory of the people, so soon as they abolished idolatry and returned to their king, Jehovah. Neither was the nation in such a state of anarchy at this time, as has been generally supposed. There were regular judicial tribunals at which justice could be obtained; and when there was no supreme regent, the public welfare was provided for by the ordinary rulers. These rulers, it is true, were jealous of each other, and their jealousies not unfrequently broke out into civil war; but the union of the state was never entirely destroyed. They were not always provided with arms; but yet, when united under their king, Jehovah, they gained splendid victories. They were not sufficiently careful to suppress idolatry; but they never suffered it to become universally predominant. The sacred tabernacle was never entirely deserted and shut up, nor was it ever polluted by the rites of heathen superstition.

'These times would certainly not be considered so turbulent and barbarous, much less would they be taken, contrary to the clearest evidence, and to the analogy of all history, for a heroic age, if they were viewed without the prejudices of a preconceived hypothesis. It must never be forgotten that the Book of Judges is by no means a complete history. This no impartial inquirer can ever deny. It is, in a manner, a mere register of diseases, from which, however, we have no right to conclude that there were no healthy men, much less that there were no healthy seasons; when the book itself, for the most part, mentions only a few tribes in which the epidemic prevailed, and notices long periods during which it had universally ceased. Whatever may be the result of more accurate investigation, it remains undeniable that the condition of the Hebrews during this period, perfectly corresponds, throughout, to the sanctions of the law; and they were always prosperous when they complied with the conditions on which prosperity was promised them; it remains undeniable that the government of God was clearly manifested not only to the Hebrews, but to their heathen neighbours; that the fulfilling of the promises and threatenings of the law were so many sensible proofs of the universal dominion of the

divine king of the Hebrews; and, consequently, that all the various fortunes of that nation were so many means of preserving the knowledge of God on the earth. The Hebrews had no sufficient reason to desire a change in their constitution, all required was, that they should observe the conditions on which national prosperity was promised them.

'The great causes of the frequent interruptions in the welfare of the Hebrew state were: 1. The effeminacy and cowardice of the people; and 2. The disunion and jealousy of the tribes, who never assisted each other with the requisite zeal and alacrity. But as this effeminacy arose from the vices of idolatry, and their cowardice from a want of confidence in Jehovah; so, the disunion and jealousy of the tribes, though selfishness was the immediate cause, resulted from a disposition to neglect their divine king, and not to consider themselves as the united and only people of Jehovah. This disposition, if it did not originate from, was at least very much heightened by the multiplication of deities. Thus both these causes of their misfortunes owed their origin to idolatry, that great source of all their calamities, so often mentioned in the sanctions of the law. Thus the people, by increasing their gods, enervated themselves; and prepared for themselves those sufferings and chastisements, by which they were again to be brought back to their king, Jehovah.'—vol. i. pp. 88—90.

A tolerably full account is given of contemporary events in other countries, and the history is pursued with great learning through its successive periods to the destruction of Jerusalem, when the Jews ceased to hold a place among other nations, and saw the vast and mysterious fabric of their religious polity crumbled into dust. Its end was answerable to its beginning. Its destruction was equally demonstrative of the presence of a superhuman power as its establishment; and the pillar of the thunder cloud and of the red wrath which hung over the mouldering towers and citadels of the sacred city, was raised like the column of protecting mercy, in old times, by the same eternal and presiding monarch.

The history is continued in the work before us, to the reign of Adrian; the second part being a translation from Basnage's *Histoire des Juifs*. The condition of this ill-fated people, after the destruction of their city, may be understood from the number of revolts which were continually occurring. Among these, that of Barchochebas was the most remarkable, and the singular method by which he chose to pursue his designs, is deserving of notice.

'Coziba, or Barchochebas, assumed the character of Messiah with greater splendour than any other pretender to this dignity. He was a robber, as were the others, and wished to enrich himself by pillage, and to acquire an influence among his countrymen by opposition to the Romans. Some authors have thought that there were two impostors of this name, the grandfather and grandson; and the Jews thus relate their history. "Coziba the first was elected king fifty-two years after the destruction of the former temple, and died in Bither, the capital of his dominions, situated near Jerusalem. His son called the Red succeeded him, and the throne was afterwards filled by his grandson Romulus or Coziba, whom the Jews acknowledged as their Messiah. When the

Emperor Adrian was informed of their proceedings, he marched against them with a powerful army, stormed Bither, and slew a great number of Jews, in the seventy-third year from the destruction of the temple." Then the reigns of the three Cozibas lasted but twenty-one years, though some writers extend this term, because they place the elder Coziba under Domitian. The Ancient Jewish Chronicle allows but two years and a half to the Cozibas; but probably it only speaks of the grandson, who was slain by his followers because he could not completely personate the Messiah and distinguish criminals by their smell. The Talmud relates the same thing.

'This account is a fabrication so badly put together, that it is astonishing able commentators should be found among Christians, who maintain its correctness. 1. They are unfortunate in supposing two Cozibas, or Barchochebases, for the greater part of the Jews acknowledge but one, and they are correct. 2. The rebellion of the Jews towards the close of Trajan's reign was excited by a man named Andrew, not Barchochebas, and he made no pretensions to the Messiahship. Besides, his insurrection was in Egypt, whereas that of Coziba was in Judea. 3. They display an ignorance of the genealogy of Trajan, for they relate that he sent Adrian, his sister's son, against the Jews of Egypt. But Ulpia, the grandmother of Adrian, was Trajan's aunt, and therefore these princes were only cousins. 4. The critics are also in an error as to the length of Coziba's reign (twenty-one years), the duration of the war against him, and the successors and heirs to his throne and property; for he was the last of his race, and his war was soon ended, as we shall see in the sequel. 5. They place his death in the seventy-third year from the destruction of the temple, whereas Adrian, who in the eighteenth year of his reign closed the war by the storm of Bither and death of Coziba, died before A. D. 141. This chronological error plainly shows that the whole account is false. The author of the Jewish Chronicle is more correct than his commentators, for he allows but two years and a half to the reign of Coziba, and speaks of him only as an impostor. 6. Finally, the Jews relate a fable that savours of rabbinic conceit, when they tell us that Coziba was put to the test by being required to distinguish criminals from others. Is there the least probability, that the Jews would test the Messiah by his powers of smelling? I can admit but one Barchochebas, who lived under Adrian, and brought many dreadful calamities on his countrymen.

'This Coziba, endeavouring to persuade the Jews that he was their Messiah, furthered his design by changing his name, and calling himself the son of the star, or Barchochebas, to spread a belief that he was the star seen by Balaam in his vision, Num. xxiv. 17. He proclaimed himself a light from heaven, sent to succour the people, and to deliver them from the oppression of the Romans. To confirm his assertions, he made fire issue from his mouth when he spoke; at least St. Jerome relates that he made the people believe this, by means of lighted tow. He chose a precursor with a character like his own, and thus materially furthered his purposes.

'Coziba selected for this dignity Akiba, who was supposed to be a descendant from Sisera, commander-in-chief under Jabin king of Tyre, by a Jewish mother. He passed forty years of his life as a shepherd, guarding the flocks of a rich citizen of Jerusalem named Calba Chuva.

His master's daughter fell in love with him, and urged him to apply himself to study, because she did not wish a shepherd to be her husband. They were secretly married, and Akiba left her, and spent about twelve years at a college. When he returned to his wife, twelve thousand disciples followed him; but his wife advised him to back to his college, and he complied. At the close of the next twelve years he went again to his wife with twenty-four thousand disciples. She came before him with her dress torn and disordered; for her father in his rage, at her marriage, had disinherited her. But when he saw Akiba, he knelt before him, and gave him a large amount of property, though in violation of an oath which he had taken.

'We have no mention of the location of the college whence Akiba drew his disciples. Their immense number surprises us; and our wonder is increased when we learnt that these twenty-four thousand followers all died between the Passover and Pentecost, that no one should have any advantage over another, and that they were buried, together with Akiba and his wife, at the foot of a hill near Tiberias. Akiba continued to instruct his followers, and he wrote two works, one of which is cabalistic, and called Jetsirah, and must be distinguished from the book, with the same title, attributed to Abraham. He was so wise a man that he could give a reason for the use of the most insignificant letter in the law; and it is boldly asserted, that God revealed more to him than to Moses. The Mishna and Talmud contain a thousand maxims, which the rabbins attribute to him, and believe to inculcate the most profound wisdom. Indeed, a whole volume would not contain the wonderful things which he did and said. The Deity permitted Akiba to enter paradise with doctor Asia, to whom his sister was betrothed. Thus the rabbins praise this man, who brought desolation on his country, and aided an impostor who pretended to the Messiahship.'—Vol. ii. pp. 238—241.

Never did the world present such a singularly constituted race as were the Jews just previous to, and immediately after, the destruction of their city. It was not the depth of ruin into which they were plunged, the mere consequences, however dire, of resistance to a superior force, which made the horror of their condition so deep and dreadful. There was a mystery and supernatural darkness in the character of their minds. False prophecying, necromancy, imposture in all its death-working energy, obscured and poisoned the very air about them. Nature and revelation were alike clothed in darkness. A mortal sickness and phrenzy attacked all that spoke or thought of faith, or freedom, and men looked every instant either for the dead to rise from the graves, or a conqueror to descend from heaven. There was no cool spot, no green shelter in this arid wilderness of human thought, to which the fevered wretch could flee—none but that which he had learnt to avoid as perdition, and which his phrenzied imagination had heaped round with the burning ashes of his lost home. The louder, therefore, the false prophet lifted up his voice, the better was he received. The more daring the gloss of the scribe, the more acceptable was it to the reader of the law. Never was truth so simultaneously banished from a whole people—never was a people so completely

under the influence of a wild and self-renewing superstition. Famine, pestilence, and all the horrors for which the sword of war makes a path, have worked their full work on other lands. The darkest page of one history is in these things the parallel of the darkest in another. Judea stands alone in the moral awfulness of her later doom.

'However uninteresting our history may be in other respects, it presents one fact which excites our admiration. We refer to the preservation of the Jews as a distinct nation, notwithstanding all the miseries which they have endured for seventeen hundred years. The religions of other nations have depended on temporal prosperity for their duration; they have triumphed under the protection of conquerors, and have fallen and given place to others under a succession of weak monarchs. Paganism once overspread the known world, even where it now no longer exists. The Christian church, glorious in her martyrs, has survived the persecutions of her enemies, though she cannot soon heal the wounds which they have inflicted. But Judaism, hated and persecuted for seventeen centuries, has not merely escaped destruction; but it has always been powerful and flourishing. Kings have employed the severity of laws and the hands of the executioner to eradicate it, and a seditious populace have injured it by their massacres more than kings. Sovereigns and their subjects, Pagans, Christians, Mohammedans, opposed to each other in everything else, have formed a common design to annihilate this nation; but without success. The bush of Moses has always continued burning and never been consumed. The expulsion of the Jews from the great cities of kingdoms, has only scattered them through the world. They have lived from age to age in wretchedness, and shed their blood freely in persecution; they have continued to our day in spite of the disgrace and hatred which have everywhere clung to them, while the greatest empires have fallen and been almost forgotten.

'After the destruction of Jerusalem, the wretchedness of the Jews was peculiar in its nature. During their other captivities, God always fixed a time when he would break the yoke of their tyrants and restore them to liberty and the Holy Land. Their longest captivity was that of Egypt, which lasted but a few centuries. They returned from Babylon at the end of seventy years, and the persecution of Antiochus ceased after three years and ten days. But God has not foretold by his prophets the length of their present sufferings, although the evangelists inform us that they are to be restored. God consoled them under former misfortunes, by raising up heroes and inspired men. Ezekiel prophecied at Babylon, and Daniel foretold the advent of the Messiah. The Maccabees too supported the glory of the Jews against the kings of Syria; but from the destruction of Jerusalem, false Messiahs only have appeared, and rendered the yoke which they wished to break the more burthensome. The succession of prophets has ceased, and there is no one to mark out the time when the Jews shall regain their liberty. Formerly, when God delivered over his people to the heathen, he preserved the body of the nation in one place; as for instance, the Jews were assembled in the valley of Goshen previous to leaving Egypt. Cyrus had no difficulty in uniting the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, when he restored them to their country. A part of the

nation lived in the same villages, and the Israelites cultivated the banks of both branches of the Chaboras. But after the destruction of Jerusalem, and during the war of Adrian, the Jewish nation, weakened by horrid massacres, were scattered through every province of the empire. This dispersion continues to the present day, and a remnant of the ten tribes can now hardly be found in the east, where formerly they were numerous and powerful.'—vol. ii. pp. 269—271.

The following very remarkable speech of one of the rabbis, merits being quoted as an accompaniment to the foregoing:—

'A rabbi, who instructed the king of Cozar, wishing to explain the cause of the miseries which afflicted the Jews, maintained that they bore the penalty of the sins of mankind. "My nation," said he, "is to the world what the heart is to the human body. As the heart suffers from weakness of constitution, copiousness of the juices, bad digestion, and the passions, so the Jews are punished for the sins of mankind. As the veins discharge themselves into the heart, so every nation burthen the Jews with their crimes, who become the more sinful by an intercourse with pagans, as David predicted: 'they were mingled among the heathen, and learned their works.' While the Jews are oppressed and wretched, the world enjoys a profound peace. But as an abscess does not form itself in the heart, so guilt belongs to the heathen and not to the Jew. Calamities will one day re-establish the law, and effect the object of God in preserving the Jews; that is, the separation of the chaff from the wheat." In a word, the Jews look upon themselves as the cause of happiness to every creature; as the heart of mankind, which, though it may be diseased, is still the source of life and activity to all the members. Thus the Jews, in spite of their afflictions and calamities, consider themselves as exalted above every other people, to be the favourites of heaven. They represent God as prescribing for two sick men, one of whom is incurable and the other may be healed. The first is permitted to indulge in wine and delicacies, which are forbidden to the second, lest they should increase his fever and destroy his life. The sick man whose case is hopeless is intended for the Gentiles and Christians, who are permitted to enjoy worldly pleasures and prosperity: but the Jew is confined to a regular diet, lest he should become corrupt and be condemned. It is thus that they gloss over their calamities, instead of confessing their own guilt.'

The account given of the Jewish people in the remainder of the volume, carries their history down to the time of their utter dispersion. But we have said enough of the character of the work to evince our high opinion of its merit and usefulness. No biblical student should be without it, unless he can afford, which few can, the purchase of many expensive books, and it will be readily understood, from the nature of the extracts we have given, that it may be read with interest and profit by the general inquirer into the character and situation of the nations of antiquity.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Legendary Cabinet, or a Collection of British National Ballads, Ancient and Modern, from the best Authorities, with Notes and Illustrations.* By the Rev. J. D. Parry, M.A., of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. 8vo. London: Joy. 1829.

2. *Minstrelsy, Antient and Modern, with an Historical Introduction and Notes.* By William Motherwell. Glasgow: Wylie. 1829.

WE did not anticipate, when in noticing a volume of Poetical Extracts, a short time since. (Vide *Monthly Rev.*, for May,* Schultes) we digressed into praises of the more meritorious editors and collectors of metrical tradition, that we should so soon be called upon to turn our attention to two new and highly meritorious labourers in this walk. Mr. Motherwell is of the higher class, but Mr. Parry deserves all the praise which belongs to a diligent and conscientious student, who is anxious to render easily accessible and intelligible to the mass of youthful readers, those Legendary Tales, which have, at the same time, gratified his own taste, and which his scrupulous morality has found unobjectionable. The man of letters who is desirous of obtaining the most comprehensive, minute, and *literal* information respecting the earliest English narrative poetry, will not feel himself largely indebted to Mr. Parry; but if he is habituated to estimate the merit of publications by their effect on numerous classes of society, and not merely by the variety of new ideas, which he individually derives from them, he will find in the 'Legendary Cabinet,' much that he can dwell upon with disinterested approbation.

The editor states in his preface, the principle by which he has been guided in making his selections. He refers to—

'A previous announcement, of its being conducted, as far as the subject would admit, on a MORAL plan; or, at the least, with the exclusion of all articles of a directly exceptionable character. At the same time, it is hoped that no candid and intelligent reader will mistake this for an unqualified panegyric on its contents; or subject *that* to a rigid assay, which was never intended for, and consequently never can come forth as, pure and unmixed metal.

'It is well known that this description of poetry possesses to many minds, and particularly to those of the young, peculiar charms; it is also a fact which may easily be verified by observation, that in no previous selection of this kind, has any discretion been exercised as to the general character and effect of their miscellaneous contents. To render, then, that which is popular, at least comparatively innocent, is surely an object which a superior mind might not consider beneath its notice;—and in this view of the subject, the editor has had the satisfaction of coinciding with the ideas of a high ecclesiastical character, but whose name he is not at liberty here to mention. Such then has been his prevailing design in the production of this little volume; and whether or not he shall be pronounced by

* Vol. xi. pp. 31—33.

rigid, or lenient criticism, to have attained his object, he feels conscious that, to the best of his humble abilities, no care or pains have been spared in pursuing it.'—pp. iii. iv.

And with reference to its literary pretensions,

'About one third of the ballads in this collection, have been taken from "Percy's Reliques," and the rest from the most esteemed authors and compilers; upwards of forty volumes have been consulted for that purpose. *The spelling in the older ballads has been modernized;—a liberty which the scrupulous antiquary may well excuse, in consideration of the additional facility and pleasure which is thus afforded to the mass of general readers.* Whilst, at the same time, the original style and idiom has either been minutely preserved, or with such a trifling deviation as may fairly dispense with the necessity of apology. The notes, which have been partly abridged from the authors themselves, and otherwise gleaned from a few common works of history and antiquities, are added for the convenience of such readers as are not particularly conversant with the subjects in question. To the "*Esoteric*" disciples of antiquity, to whom the editor himself is as one of the uninitiated, this will doubtless be a sufficient excuse; and should there be any readers to whom they are no objects of interest, they may at all events, pass them over, without notice or interruption.'—pp. iv. v.

Nothing occurs in the course of the book that can be made the basis of any charge of inconsistency with these professions, though we think that many ballads, not inserted here, have more of moral and poetical merit than some of those to which place is given.

"Hart Leap Well," by Mr. Wordsworth, is a beautiful and effective remonstrance to the wanton destroyers of existence—this cannot be said of Mr. Hayley's 'Fatal Horse,' (pp. 376—381) which is feeble and mawkish. Mr. Parry might think "Hart Leap Well" had too questionable a claim to the title of ballad, for him to be warranted in making it part of a professed collection of that class of compositions. We allow him the benefit of this anticipated plea, in this instance. How can he defend himself for his sin of omitting the "Antient Mariner?"—where the moral drift is identical with that of the poem just mentioned, and which has no rival, among the modern imitations of the old ballad, in solemnity, splendour, and impressiveness. We read the whole seven parts, into which it is divided, with the most intense interest—we might say, mental agitation—and we do not find, on repeated re-perusal, that the power of the author's poetical spells is at all weakened. The poet, though writing in the 19th century, no where betrays the contamination of a modern taste. We seem to drink from the pure well head of native minstrelsy, its freshest, clearest waters.

A small portion only of the contents of this volume is now the fair subject of criticism. We should not obtain much attention were we to enter into the merits of St. George and the Dragon, and others, which we here meet with—but we may be allowed to make our remarks on the defect of judgment and knowledge manifested in

the choice; and we are more ready to undertake this, because we have a simultaneous opportunity of pointing out new and valuable sources of additional matter, which have been overlooked by Mr. Parry, and in this we comply with his own request at the end of the book. The probability of a second volume is intimated at the close of the preface, but we will only anticipate another edition of the one before us, and give such hints as would, we think, improve it, without increasing its bulk or cost.

Of sixty-three pieces in the volume, twenty are from Dr. Percy; seven from the "Popular Ballads" of Mr. Jamieson; five from the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;" ten from Ritson and Evans, (so we find them joined together by Mr. Parry); and the remaining twenty-one from sixteen different writers, including Mickle, Warton, Wiffen, Southey, Wordsworth, Hull, Rogers, Hemans, &c. There are some which have not before appeared in *any collection of ballads*, and we shrewdly suspect that Mr. Parry's acknowledged Version of the Saxon Ode, on the Victory of King Athelstan at Brunanburgh, (A. D.) 938, together with his original ballad of 'Ella,' are not the only new compositions: we do not remember to have met in print with the pleasing ballad, called the 'Luck of Eden-Hall,' for which, he states in a note, that he is indebted to its author, Mr. J. H. Wiffen;—it is founded on the belief still entertained in Scotland, as Sir Walter Scott informs us, that he who has courage to rush upon a fairy-festival, and snatch away the drinking-cup, shall find it prove to him a cornucopia of good fortune, if he can bear it in safety across a running stream. A goblet is still carefully preserved in Eden-Hall, Cumberland, which is supposed to have been seized at such a banquet, by one of the ancient family of Musgrave. The fairy train vanished, crying aloud—

> "If that glass either break or fall,
> Farewell the luck of Eden-Hall!"

From this prophecy the goblet took the name it bears,—The Luck of Eden-Hall.

It will be admitted that there is here a good subject for poetry. We cannot afford room for more than one specimen of the manner in which Mr. Wiffen has amplified it. When the fairies are all assembled—Lord Musgrave witnesses their dancing—after which the feast begins:—

> 'The monarch sits;—all helms are doffed,
> Plumes, scarfs, and mantles cast aside,
> And to the sound of music soft,
> They ply their cups with mickle pride.
>
> 'O'er sparkling mead, or spangling dew,
> Or livelier hyppocras they sip;
> And strawberries red, and mulberries blue,
> Refresh each elf's luxurious lip.

'With "nod, and beck, and wreathed smile,"
They heap their jewelled patines high;
Nor want their mirthful airs the while,
To crown the festive revelry.

'A minstrel dwarf, in silk arrayed,
Lay on a mossy bank, o'er which
The wild thyme wove its fragrant braid,
The violet spread its perfume rich;

'And whilst a page at Oberon's knee
Presented high the wassail-cup,
This lay the little bard with glee
From harp of ivory offered up:

'"Health to our Sovereign!—fill, brave boy,
Yon glorious goblet to the brim!
There 's joy—in every drop there 's joy
That laughs within its charmed rim!

'"'Twas wrought within a wizard's mould,
When signs and spells had happiest power;—
Health to our King by wood and wold!
Health to our Queen in hall and bower!"

'They rise—the myriads rise, and shrill
The wild-wood echoes to their brawl,—
"Health to our King by wold and rill!
Health to our Queen in bower and hall!"

'A sudden thought fires Musgrave's brain,—
So help him all the Powers of Light,—
He rushes to the festal train,
And snatches up that goblet bright!

'With three brave bounds the lawn he crossed,
The fourth it seats him on his steed;
"Now, Courser! or thy lord is lost—
Stretch to the stream with lightning speed!"

''Tis uproar all around, behind,—
Leaps to his selle each screaming Fay,
"The charmed cup is fairly tined,
Stretch to the strife,—away! away!"

'As in a whirlwind forth they swept,
The green turf trembling as they passed;
But, forward still good Musgrave kept,—
The shallow stream approaching fast.

'A thousand quivers round him rained
Their shafts or ere he reached the shore;
But when the farther bank was gained,
This song the passing whirlwind bore:

'"Joy to thy banner, bold Sir Knight!
But if yon goblet break or fall,
Farewell thy vantage in the fight!
Farewell the luck of Eden-hall!"

'The forest cleared, he winds his horn,—
Rock, wood, and wave, return the din;
And soon, as though by Echo borne,
His gallant Squires come pricking in.—

''Tis dusk of day;—in Eden's towers
A mother o'er her infant bends,
And lists, amid the whispering bowers,
The sound that from the stream ascends.

'It comes in murmurs up the stairs,
A low, a sweet, a mellow voice,
And charms away the lady's cares,
And bids the mother's heart rejoice.

'"Sleep sweetly, babe!" 't was heard to say;
"But if the goblet break or fall,
Farewell thy vantage in the fray!
Farewell the luck of Eden-hall!"—

'Though years on years have taken flight,
Good-fortune's still the Musgrave's thrall;
Hail to his vantage in the fight!
All hail the LUCK OF EDEN-HALL!'—pp. 387—389.

This is elegant and full of invention; nor are the thirty-three verses which precede it inferior.

Until we saw Mr. Parry's book, we must acknowledge that we had no doubts about the moral tendency of Dr. Percy's Reliques, and we are not now convinced that any fear can reasonably be entertained of ill consequences from an early perusal of its entire contents. Would not Mr. Parry have acted more judiciously, if, instead of re-printing so many pieces from the Reliques, (many of them of great length), he had avoided every thing in those volumes, presuming that from the extent to which they have been circulated, and the multitude of admiring readers which they have gained, that it was not desirable to make any thing besides a good supplemental collection? Who, possessing the slightest taste in poetry, is without a copy of Percy—if he has any books whatever? Waiving these considerations for a moment, and allowing that the *source* of selection is a proper one, it may still be a question whether the pieces chosen are always the fittest.

The editor should have imitated the example of the managers of one of our principal theatres, who have laudably discontinued the performance of George Barnwell, at Easter.

He has, however, chosen to give again the original ballad story of

his seduction, crimes, and punishment. While we look in vain for the "Life and Death of Tom Thumb," so full of delightful and ingenious thoughts.* Mr. Ritson was in one of his happiest moods, when he edited the volume of which it forms a part. The introduction is full of learning and sagacity, and deserves an entire transplantation, when the legend which it illustrates, is again printed, and becomes as much known as it deserves to be. "The Lovers' Quarrel, or Cupid's Triumph," is as also worthy of insertion in the 'Legendary Cabinet.'

The best version which we have seen of the story of "Blue Beard," occurs in the "Monthly Magazine," (vol. 38, p. 437): this is overlooked. Two of Mr. Southey's ballads, the "Inchcape Bell," and the "Well of St. Keyne," both are very good, and the second is full of humour. "The Old Woman of Berkley," superior to either, is omitted, perhaps from a laudable delicacy, with respect to the portion of a living author's writings which it is fair to take; its existence and its merits might have obtained honourable mention.

Mr. Ireland's "*Ballads in imitation of the Antient,*" (1801) do not appear to be known to Mr. Parry, many of them are very happy, and they sufficiently prove that the author needed not have had recourse to artifice, to obtain attention to his writings. His talents would but for this have secured for him an enviable reputation. The ballad of "Richard Plantagenet," the last of the family, is again brought out, and we welcome it cordially.

What a race were the Plantagenets! No other single family ever produced such a succession of extraordinary men. Henry II. the greatest and ablest prince of his time; Richard, Lion Heart, with whose name the nurses to this very day frighten the young Turk at the breast; Edward, who conquered Wales, and well-nigh conquered Scotland; Edward III., the most illustrious of the kings of Europe, to whose court combatants came, even from America, to decide their quarrel; Edward, of Cressy and Poictiers, and Henry, of Agincourt; and last of all, Richard, III., the last of that illustrious race, whom Walpole and Malcolm Laing have fairly defended in respect to the crimes laid to his charge by a successful enemy, who according to them was as little wicked as he was deformed; who no more murdered his nephew, than he frightened his midwife, who was neither murderer nor usurper, nor tyrant, but lawful King of England, the worthy representative of the Plantagenets, the worthy favourite of the people. We are provoked into this eulogistic digression, by a very foolish note of Mr. Parry's (p. 253) blaming Mr. Hull's beautiful poem, 'for attempting to gloss over the character of the truly unprincipled and sanguinary Richard,' &c. &c. We will, in charity, suppose that Mr. Parry's reading has not yet extended to some of the best specimens of historic

* See in Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry (1791) the description of his dress, &c.

criticism which have ever appeared. We are confident that some change of opinion would be wrought on the mind of any ingenuous person, who looking upon Richard III. as a monster, would examine closely the anthenticity of the documents, which are the authorities for ascribing to him so many evil deeds.

"Hengist and Mey," by William Julius Mickle, was less worthy of reprinting than his "Sorceress," which is wanting here.

Two ballads by Mr. Wordsworth, the "Horn of Egremont Castle," and another, are inserted; another narrative poem by the same masterly hand, has already been mentioned by us. With one sentence more of advice, we bid adieu for the present to Mr. Parry, let him not swell his next volume with pieces that are in the poetical collections of every school girl,—such as "Edwin and Angelina," the "Friar of Orders Grey," &c., but seek *obscure* merit, even volumes of fugitive poetry, and we shall be glad to meet him again ere long. We hope to congratulate him on the improvement of his book, which already has a respectable degree of merit.

It is now time to return to the volume, which we may seem to have forgotten since we transcribed its title-page. We are anxious that our readers should not suppose that there is any disrespectful feeling towards the book, or its author, in this protracted notice—the case is quite otherwise. We had intended, on finding a collection of Scottish historical ballads, many of which were altogether new to typography—to enter into a copious bibliographic history of the subject:—Allan Ramsay's meritorious Miscellany; "Herd's Heroic Ballads;" "Pinkerton's Fabrications," and Retson's Exposure of them; last and greatest, the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," were to have been again characterised; their respective degrees of merit and originality would have occupied us for many a page. On reading, however, Mr. Motherwell's very learned and very able introduction, we desisted from our purpose. Nothing in the way of fact seems to escape him; he knows, and makes us know, how many new ballads each editor has brought to light; how complete or incomplete his copy of each is; and moreover, he continually supplies new materials for rendering them as entire as they ever were; of this we will soon give an example. The earliest collection of popular poetry mentioned by Mr. Motherwell, is that printed at Edinburgh, by Walter Chapman and Andrew Myllar, in the year 1508. He notices, in detail, every intervening publication, down to the "Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century," by Mr. Dalzell. 1801. The two first volumes of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," issued from the Kelso press, in 1802; a third volume was added in 1803. Mr. Motherwell entertains a due sense of the importance of this work, and he is worthy to be heard in its praise.

'Fortunate it was for the heroic and legendary song of Scotland, that

this work was undertaken, and still more fortunate that its execution devolved upon one so well qualified in every respect to do its subject the most ample justice. Long will it live a noble and interesting monument of the unwearied research, curious and minute learning, genius and taste of its illustrious editor. It is truly a patriot's legacy to posterity; and much as it may now be esteemed, it is only in times yet gathering in the bosom of far futurity, when the interesting traditions, the chivalrous and romantic legends, the wild superstitions, the tragic song of Scotland, have wholly faded from the living memory, that this gift can be duly appreciated. It is then that these volumes will be conned with feelings akin to religious enthusiasm—that their strange and mystick lore will be treasured up in the heart as the precious record of days for ever passed away—that their grand stern legends will be listened to with reverential awe, as if the voice of a remote ancestor, from the depths of the tomb, woke the thrilling strains of martial antiquity.'—*Introd.* p. 7.

After this beautiful, well-deserved, and heartfelt eulogium, any other praise would seem insipid and superfluous. The editor then proceeds to enumerate the Ballads which were not published till they appeared in the "Border Minstrelsy." No less than forty are named, previously unknown to the world; their titles are generally followed by curious and instructive notes. He observes of 'Proud Lady Margaret,' that it is imperfect in the Minstrelsy, for it omits the grave advice which the ghostly brother gave to his proud sister, who in his (Mr. Motherwell's) copy is named Janet. The full set of the Ballad concludes thus:—

'"My body's buried in Dumfermline,
And far beyond the sea;
But day nor night nae rest could get
A' for the pride o' thee.
Leave off your pride Jolly Janet, he says,
Use it not any mair,
Or when ye come where I hae been
Ye will repent it sair.
Cast aff, cast aff, sister, he says,
The gowd band frae your crown,
For if ye gang where I hae been
Ye'll wear it laigher down.
When ye're in the gude kirk set
The gowd pins in your hair;
Ye tak mair delyte in your feckless dress
Than ye do in your mornin pray'r:
And when ye waulk in the kirk yaird
And in your dress are seen,
There is nae lady that sees your face
But wishes your grave was green.
Ye're straight and tall, handsome withall,
But your pride overgangs your wit;
But if you do not your ways refrain
In *Pirie's chair* ye'll sit.

In Perie's ye'll sit, I say
The lowest seat o' hell,
If ye do not mend your ways
It's there that you must dwell.
We that he vanished frae her sight
In the twinklin o' an eye;
And naething mair the lady saw
But the gloomy cluds and sky."

These genuine additions will speak for themselves, and we can assure our readers that they may find more such if they will take up the 'Minstrelsy, Antient and Modern,' and peruse Mr. Motherwell's records of the recitations which he has heard, and his transcripts of the unprinted documents which he has seen.

The next work recorded is Mr. R. Jamieson's "Popular Ballads and Songs." The additions which his industry has made to the catalogue of our traditionary poetry are considerable. In the plan of his publication, he was in part anticipated by the "Border Minstrelsy," its materials having, in a great measure, been the same, and obtained from the same source, viz., Mrs. Brown, of Falkland. The merit of bringing forward seventeen new ballads, which are here recapitulated, is ascribed to him; and it is not a mere list that we have been reading—every title suggests to the editor some instructive comment.

The collections of Finlay, Laing, Sharpe, Cunningham, and others, are described, and the portions of their contents, which belong to the subject to which this volume is devoted, are appreciated with rigid equity. Mr. Cunningham incurs blame for the alterations he has made in the songs he undertook to edit; the severity of the animadversions does not proceed from spleen; they are written more in sorrow than in anger, and betray no feeling beyond that which the writer professes—an anxiety to preserve in their genuine forms, the precious remains of the antient minstrels.

There is but one exception, that we can find, to the praise of accuracy, which we have thought due to this volume. Dr. Percy's Reliques are antedated ten years, inasmuch as they are said to have appeared in 1755. Many of the Ballads in his Collection are claimed for Scotland, and others are alleged to be common to that country as well as England: these opinions are not stated without arguments and corroborative illustrations, which will repay the attention that they must ultimately obtain from those who feel an interest in the matter.

We should leave an erroneous impression respecting the nature of this introduction, were we to conclude our account of it here. It does not consist merely of bibliographic and corrective criticism, there are many parts which show a power of delineating the features of the compositions he labours upon, in very lively colours.

"Much is always left for imagination to fancy, and for the feelings of the auditors to supply, roused as they cannot fail to be by the scenick picture rapidly and distinctly traced before the mind's eye. In his narrative, the poet always appears to be acting in good faith with his audience. He does not sing to another what he discredits himself, nor does he appeal to other testimony in support of his statements. There is no reference to, "as the boke tells," or "as in Romans I rede," for a corroboration of what he affirms. He always speaks as if the subject which he handles were one quite familar to those whom he addresses, and touching which nothing but a perfectly honest and circumstantial statement of facts could be relished. If fifteen Stalworth foresters are slain by one stout knight, single handed, he never steps out of his way to prove the truth of such an achievement, by appealing to the exploits of any other notable manslayer. If a mermaid should, from a love of solitude and the picturesque, haunt some lone and lovely river, and there, while kembing her yellow locks, peradventure fascinate some unhappy wight, the poet never apologises for the appearance of the waterwoman, by covertly insinuating how marvellous be the inhabitants of the ocean; and though an Elfin Knight should unceremoniously adopt for his paramour some young lady whom he meets of a summer's evening, while rambling through the gay greenwood, and whose taste for the loveliness of nature, is certainly more remarkable than her prudence; he never betrays any surprise at the circumstance, but treats it as a matter of every-day occurrence and historical notoriety. Should an unhappy ghost wander back to earth, the poet is perfectly master of the dialogue he holds with the maid he left behind him; nor is he at a loss accurately to describe how the fiend can, with a single kick of his cloven foot, sink a goodly bark, although reasonable doubts may well be entertained how such facts could have transpired, seeing none of its crew ever reached the land to sing of such an "unhappy voyage," more terrifick, by a deal, than that performed under the melancholy auspices of that "brisk and tall young man," hight "William Glen," who was bound for, but, alas, never returned from, "New Barbarie."'—*Introd.* p. 13.

At the end of the Introduction, twelve ballads are spoken of, by Mr. Motherwell, as having been now just recovered from oral recitation; * they are not even referred to as being partially derived from any collateral sources, as most of the other pieces in the book are. They are not new, enlarged and genuine copies of ballads, previously known in less complete and genuine forms like the rest, but altogether new to the reader. We are not disposed to gainsay these claims, believing them to be well grounded.

We will now proceed to the new matter in the book, to the origin of which the editor does not give us a satisfactory clue. 'The Twa Corbies,' or Scottish Ballad, is the first we quote, being the first we meet with of this kind.

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* Hynde Horn, (p. 35). The Bonnie Banks of Fordie, (p. 88). Johnnie Scot, (p. 88). Bonnie Susie Cleland, (p. 221.) The Weary Coble of Cargill, (p. 230). Child Norice, (p. 257). Young Hastings the Groom, (p. 287). Redesdale and Wise William, (p. 298). Sweet William, (p. 307). Young Bearwell, (p. 345). Lord Derwentwater, (p. 349). Willie the Widow's Son, (p. 370).

'THE TWA CORBIES.

'There were twa Corbies sat on a tree,
Large and black, as black might be,
And one the other gan say,
Where shall we go and dine to-day?
Shall we go dine by the wild salt sea?
Shall we go dine 'neath the greenwood tree?

'As I sat on the deep sea sand,
I saw a fair ship nigh at land,
I waved my wings, I bent my beak,
The ship sunk, and I heard a shriek;
There they lie, one, two, and three,
I shall dine by the wild salt sea.

'Come, I will show you a sweeter sight,
A lonesome glen, and a new slain knight;
His blood yet on the grass is hot,
His sword half drawn, his shafts unshot,
And no one kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

'His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild fowl hame,
His lady's away with another mate,
So we shall make our dinner sweet;
Our dinner's sure, our feasting free,
Come, and dine by the greenwood tree.

'Ye shall sit on his white horse-bane,
I will pick out his bonny blue een;
Ye'll take a tress of his yellow hair,
To theak yere nest when it grows bare;
The gowden down on his young chin
Will do to sewe my young ones in.

'O cauld and bare will his bed be,
When winter storms sing in the tree;
At his head a turf, at his feet a stone,
He will sleep, nor hear the maiden's moan;
O'er his white bones the birds shall fly,
The wild deer bound and foxes cry.'

This certainly possesses great merit, but we suspect we have seen something like it before.

'Halbert the Grim,' is said to have been suggested to *the writer of it* by Matthew Paris's description of the abode of Pluto. We should have been glad to learn who the writer is. He need not be ashamed of acknowledging his performance.

'HALBERT THE GRIM.

'There is blood on that brow;
There is blood on that hand;
There is blood on that hauberk,
And blood on that brand.

'Oh! bloody all over
Is his war cloak, I weet;
And he's wrapped in the cover
Of murder's red sheet.

'There is pity in many;
Is there any in him?
No! Ruth is a strange guest
To Halbert the Grim.

'The hardest may soften,
The fiercest repent;
But the heart of Grim Halbert
May never relent.

'Death doing on earth
Is ever his cry;
And pillage and plunder
His hope in the sky!

'Tis midnight, deep midnight,
And dark is the heaven;
Halbert in mockery,
Wends to be shriven.

'He kneels not to stone,
And he bends not to wood;
But he swung round his brown blade,
And hewed down the rood.

'He stuck his long sword
With its point in the earth;
And he prayed to its cross hilt,
In mockery and mirth.

'Thus lowly he louteth,
And mumbles his beads;
Then lightly he riseth,
And homeward he speeds.

'His steed hurries on,
Darkling and dim;
All fearful it prances,
With Halbert the Grim.

'Fiereer it tramples,
The spur gored its side;
Now downward and downward
Grim Halbert doth ride.

'The brown wood is threaded,
The gray flood is passed;
And hoarser and wilder
Is the moan of the blast.

'No star lends its taper,
No moon sheds her glow;
For dark is the dull path
That Baron must go.

'Though dark is the sky,
And no moon shines abroad,
Yet, flushing with fire,
Now gleams the lone road!

'And his black steed, I trow,
As it galloped on,
With a hot sulphur halo,
And flame-flash all shone.

'From nostril and eye,
Out gushed the pale flame,
And from its chafed mouth, the
Churn'd fire-froth came.

'They are two! they are two!—
They are coal black as night,
That now staunchly follow
That grim Baron's flight.

'In each lull of the wild blast,
Out breaks their deep yell,
'Tis the slot of the Doomed One,
These hounds track so well.

'Oh downward, still downward,
Slopeth his way;
No let hath his progress,
No gate bids him stay.

'No noise hath his horse-hoof,
As onward it sped;
But silent it falls,
As the foot of the dead!

'But redder and redder,
Flares far its bright eye,
And harsher these dark hounds,
Yell out their fierce cry.

'Sheer downward, and downward,
Then dashed life and limb,
As, careering to hell,
Sunk *Halbert* the Grim.

Orate, pro anima, ejus.

Of the 'Master of Wemyss,' (p. 24) the editor only says, 'never before published.' It is very interesting, and it may be antient.

We now come to the 'Crusader's Farewell.' Nothing is stated of this in any part of the volume. It may be an elegant modern imitation, but it is nothing more.

'THE CRUSADER'S FAREWELL.

'The banners rustle in the wind,
The angry trumpets swell;
They call me, lady, from thy arms,
They bid me sigh farewell!

'They call me to a distant land
To quell a Paynim foe;
To leave the blandishments of love
For danger, strife, and woe.

'Yet deem not, lady, though afar
It be my hap to roam,
That e'er my constant heart shall stray
From love, from thee, and home.

'No! in the tumult of the fight—
'Midst Salem's chivalrie,
The thought that arms this hand with death
Shall be the thought of thee.'

We have preferred selecting these parts of the volume, to those of which the authorship can be traced; even if these beautiful poems are written by the editor, or any of his cotemporaries, they do not fall under the censure which he has justly passed upon those who *alter* the works they *profess* to reprint.

No antient name or volume is attached to the exquisite song of the 'Queen of May.'—p. 256.

'THE QUEEN OF MAY, HER SONG.

'In the quiet and solemn night,
When the moon is silvery bright,
Then the scritch owl's eerie cry,
Mocks the beauties of the sky.
Tu whit tu whoo!
Its wild halloo,
Doth read a drowsy homily.

'From yon old castle's chimney's tall,
The bat on leathern sail doth fall,
In wanton-wise to skim the earth,
And flout the mouse that gave it birth.
Tu whit tu whoo!
That wild halloo
Hath marr'd the little monster's mirth.

'Fond lovers seek the dewy vale,
That swimmeth in the moonshine pale,

But maids beware, when in your ear
The scritch owl screams so loud and clear,
Tu whit tu whoo!
Its wild halloo
Doth speak of danger lurking near.

'It bids beware of murmur'd sigh,
Of air-spun oath, and wistful eye,
Of star that winks to conscious flower,
Thorough the roof of leaf-clad bower.
Tu whit tu whoo!
That wild halloo
Bids startled virtue own its power!'

We can cite no more of these delightful combinations of fine sentiment and appropriate imagery.

In the name of all lovers of poetry, we call upon Mr. Motherwell to inform us respecting their authors, that we may pay to them our grateful admiration.

We trust we have said enough on the learning, power, and beauty, in which this works abounds, to recommend it to all those who are at all influenced by our opinion—and that we shall induce many to possess themselves of this treasury of ancient poetry; he must indeed, be profoundly versed in traditionary lore, who does not feel, after studying it, that he knows much more than he did previously. In a future impression the editor will frankly state the source of the poems we have quoted—and thus destroy our only complaint. His introduction closes with an exhortation to further exertions in the field he has been labouring in, and he bemoans, eloquently, the changes of manners amongst the peasantry of his country.

'Though the field in which many have reaped, may, by this time, be well deemed rather bare, yet much is still left for future skill and industry to glean. Those who enjoy opportunities of recovering traditionary song, will, it is to be hoped, not overlook them; for the time seems approaching that take the sickle who likes in hand, it will be vain to expect it can reap any thing but stubble and profitless weeds. The changes which, within this half century, the manners and habits of our peasantry and labouring classes, with whom this song has been cherished, have undergone, are inimical to its further preservation. They have departed from the stern simplicity of their fathers, and have learned with the paltry philosophers, political quacks, and illuminated dreamers on economick and moral science, to laugh at the prejudices, beliefs, and superstitions of elder times. If they could separate, or if those whose follies they ape could separate, the chaff from the wheat, it were well; but in parting with the antiquated notions of other days, they part also with their wisdom and their virtues. The stream of innovation is flooding far and wide, and ancient land-marks are fast disappearing. All this may be mighty well in the eyes of those who have no thought but for the little day which bounds their own existence; but the mind whose sympathies embrace the past and grasp at the future, cannot view

these changes unmoved. Contemplating the rapid decay of much that we have been accustomed to love and venerate in the manners and fireside pleasures of our country peasantry, our feelings find no unapt echo in the words of Violer, the last, properly speaking, of our Scottish minstrels:

" But Burn cannot his grief assuage,
While that his day endureth,
To see the changes of this age,
Which fleeting time procureth.
For many a place stands in hard case,
Where Burn was blythe beforrow;
With homes that dwelt on Leader side,
And Scots that dwelt in Yarrow."

We feel confident that these melancholy forebodings are not likely to be realized to the extent which he fears. Neither does the expression of them harmonize with what we before quoted, (p. 14 from p. 79,) when speaking of the manner in which future ages would appreciate Sir Walter Scott's minstrelsy.

It may be some consolation to Mr. Motherwell, that we, as Englishmen, feel as much interest in the preservation of every fragment of his national poems, as himself.

The only answer that we wish to see given to his lamentations on the indifference of the multitude—is the practical one of his being soon called on to give again to the world the present monument of his ardent patriotism, with all the results of his subsequent exertions.

ART. IX.—*The Life of Belisarius.* By Lord Mahon. 8vo. London: Murray. 1829.

THE dignity, and, in most cases, the utility of history is exactly proportioned to the degree of civilization of the people whose actions are described. For this reason we feel but little interest in the history of savage nations, among whom the same barbarities, the same coarse stratagems, the same revolutions without results, perpetually prevail, and fatigue without instructing us. As civilization wore away and disappeared in Greece and Rome, their history grew tame and tedious; and though the calamities those celebrated countries endured before they sunk into the lethargy of second barbarism may excite our commiseration, they at the same time create a feeling of loathing and disgust, which neutralizes our pity.

Unfortunately for the author of it, the present work relates to that portion of the Roman history about which we feel least interest. Justinian and his Pandects may command the admiration of the lawyers, and be an object of some curiosity to the philosopher; but the events of the times were too much the creation of mere brutal passion, and the characters too completely divested of moral dignity, to render it possible for the historian to invest them with

any very powerful charms. It is true, that, in the hands of Gibbon, the history of "the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," is full of instruction and entertainment; but it is because it includes an immense variety of moral pictures, taken at different epochs, and connected together by the most consummate skill. It is less also the history of the expiring Romans, than of the fierce tribes who destroyed and succeeded them, and passed from a state of barbarism and ignorance to comparative civilization.

It may perhaps be confessed, that the actions of Belisarius deserve to be commemorated at greater length than they are by Gibbon; but it is very questionable, whether they can be properly viewed otherwise than in connexion with the other events of Justinian's reign, for they do not so much constitute an episode as a portion of the main story. They are not, like the expedition of the younger Cyrus, removed in scene and character from the ordinary political transactions of the time, but on the contrary, are woven in with the intrigues of the court and the capital, and performed in conjunction with many other individuals, and in different parts of the empire. Such as they are, however, they have been described by Lord Mahon with much vigour, learning and skill, and in a style which would be entitled to more praise, if it reminded us a little less of that of Gibbon. His Lordship's work, is, in fact, an able and valuable performance, which makes us regret that the writer should have chosen so ungrateful a subject; for, in spite of the many excellent descriptions of manœuvres, battles, sieges, stratagems, and marches; the various judicious reflections, and ingenious delineations of character which it contains, the 'Life of Belisarius' will not, we fear, procure for its author that distinction and esteem, which his abilities undoubtedly merit. In correcting a few of the mistakes of Gibbon, he has not always, perhaps, been quite so modest as we could have wished; although upon the whole, he is not wanting in respect for that illustrious historian, who, whatever may be his faults, is the greatest historical name of modern times—the only one, perhaps, which deserves to be put upon a level with the great names of Greece and Rome, in this department of literature.

Belisarius, the subject of this work, was born of poor parents at Germania, an obscure town on the confines of Thrace and Illyricum. Lord Mahon is desirous of deriving his hero from an illustrious origin, and adduces the substance of two passages of Procopius in proof of his opinion; but the sense of these passages is not sufficiently clear to be decisive, and the general testimony of history, which describes Belisarius as the artificer of his own fortune, is more honourable to his genius. He first distinguished himself in the Guard of Justinian; and in the year 529, obtained from this prince the command of the army of the East, destined to humble the pride of Persia. Firooz, the Persian general with whom he had to contend, was less politic than brave, and suffered

himself to be overreached and forced into action, at a most unfavorable moment, by Belisarius, who, in consequence, gained over him a complete victory. In the campaign of the next year, in Syria, the Roman general was less fortunate, or less prudent; for being urged by his soldiers and officers to give the Persians battle against his judgment, he suffered a signal defeat, and barely escaped with his life, and a remnant of his army.

In 532, Belisarius, who was no less loyal than brave, had the satisfaction to save Justinian, in his own capital, from the effects of his own folly. The factions of the circus, encouraged both by Justinian and Theodora, his abandoned wife, in this year burst out into an alarming sedition, and the pusillanimous emperor, who would have abdicated the throne, and retired from the capital, but for the intrepidity of his queen, was only saved from his enraged subjects by the talents and courage of Belisarius. In gratitude for this transaction, Justinian next bestowed upon the general the command of the army sent against Gelimer, the Vandal king of Africa. On this expedition Belisarius was accompanied by his wife, Antonina, celebrated in the Secret History, and elsewhere, for her shameless intrigues, and no less remarkable for the ascendancy she possessed over the mind of her husband; and by his secretary, the historian Procopius, whom the general afterwards raised to very important offices. As the author's description of this voyage is at once a favourable specimen of his style of composition, and illustrative of the manners of the times, we shall here copy it, with some omissions :—

'In the month of June, and the seventh year of the reign of Justinian, the last armament of Rome against her ancient rival became ready for departure. The general embarked, attended on this occasion by Antonina and by his secretary, the historian Procopius, who at first had shared in the popular fear and distaste of this enterprize, but had afterwards been induced to join it by a hopeful dream. The galley of Belisarius was moored near the shore, in front of the imperial palace, where it received a last visit from Justinian, and a solemn blessing from the patriarch of the city. A soldier recently baptized was placed on board, to secure its prosperous voyage; its sails were then unfurled, and, with the other ships in its train, it glided down the straights of the Bosphorus, and gradually disappeared from the lingering gaze of the assembled multitude.

The first place where Belisarius anchored was Heraclea, the ancient Perinthus, a city which might boast of having, at one period, held Constantinople beneath its jurisdiction. Here the fleet remained five days, awaiting a large supply of horses, with which the Emperor had promised to furnish the cavalry from Thrace. It then proceeded to Abydos, where it was again delayed by a calm during four days, an interval which became remarkable from the firmness of Belisarius in upholding military order. Two of the Hunnish confederates had killed a comrade in one of those drunken brawls to which their nation was particularly prone, and by the prompt justice of the general they were executed on the hill above Abydos. The punishment, which might appear harsh to barbarians, since murder

with them is commonly a venial crime, aroused the pity and indignation of their countrymen; and even the Byzantine soldiers unwillingly foresaw, from this example, an approaching check to their own license and irregularity. The assertion of savage freedom in the confederates, or the impatience of unusual discipline in the Romans, might have grown to a formidable mutiny, had not Belisarius repressed it in a public harangue. "Those," he said, "who allow a murder to remain unpunished, become accomplices to its guilt and partners in its infamy." He urged that the drunkenness of the criminals was, in fact, an aggravation of their crime: since intemperance, even when harmless, outruns the bounds of military discipline; and he declared that he would acknowledge no soldier for his comrade, who could not march with pure and unpolluted hands against the enemy. After this wholesome exhortation, he availed himself of a favourable breeze to pursue the voyage. Apprehensive that so many ships might easily be scattered by a storm, and that the pilots would find it difficult in its darkness to recognize and follow his leading galley, he devised several judicious precautions for their guidance. His own and two other chief galleys were distinguished during the day by red streaks on the sails, and at night by lamps from the stern; and the moment of departure from a harbour was clearly announced to the most distant vessels by the signal of a trumpet. From Abydos a fair wind wafted the fleet to Cape Malea; and the doubling of that stormy headland, which the multitude of the ships might have rendered dangerous, was accomplished during a fortunate calm. On reaching Methone, now called Modon, in the Peloponnesus, the general found Martin and Valerian awaiting his arrival, and allowed a few days of repose to his soldiers, whom the unwonted fatigue of a voyage had already exhausted. They were here exposed to a peril which they had never contemplated, from the unfeeling avarice of John of Cappadocia, who, as minister of the finances, had furnished at Constantinople the provisions of the fleet. It was usual to harden the bread intended for naval or military expeditions, by a two-fold preparation in the oven; a practice which continued till a recent period, and of which the word biscuit in its derivation still exhibits the trace. On account of the loss of weight which the bread must undergo from this process, a deduction of one-fourth was allowed amongst the Romans; and, with the view of retaining for his private profit not merely this stipulated portion, but also the fuel which the treasury defrayed, John had given orders that the bread might only be slightly baked at the fires of the public baths. No consideration for the health or life of the soldiers appears to have disturbed his projects of emolument; and he probably trusted to the politic silence of the general for concealing, or to his own influence with the Emperor for overcoming, any complaints that might arise. When the sacks of bread were opened at Methone, their contents had sunk into a mouldering and offensive paste; so that greater evils could hardly have resulted from a scarcity of provisions, than their abundance now brought on. The sultriness of summer conspired with this unwholesome food; five hundred soldiers were swept away by a rapid disease; and its ravages might have extended still further, had not the activity of Belisarius procured a supply of fresh bread at Methone. Undismayed by the expected enmity of a powerful and vindictive minister, he made known to Justinian the whole of this shameless fraud; but though the Emperor was sufficiently

candid to praise the honest zeal of his general, he wanted firmness to punish the rapine of his favourite,

'From Methone, the pilots, before undertaking to cross the Adriatic, thought it prudent to shorten the distance, by steering to the island of Zante, from whence they proceeded on what, in those days, might appear a difficult and dangerous voyage. Another calm (it was now midsummer) delayed the ships for sixteen days, in their passage between Zante and Sicily; and amongst the chief hardships of this tedious navigation, was the tainting effect of the heat on the casks of fresh water. Antonina alone, who had placed glass bottles in a deep recess of the hold, and covered them thickly with sand, still preserved a pure beverage for the table of her husband, and of his principal officers. We may applaud the skill of Antonina in contriving, rather than the readiness of Belisarius in accepting this supply; since nothing tends more strongly to the encouragement of an army or to the glory of its leader, than to see him in trying circumstances share the privations as well as the perils of his soldiers. The conduct of Belisarius on this occasion might be disadvantageously contrasted with that of Cato and Charles the Twelfth, or with the heroic forbearance of our own great countryman, Sir Philip Sydney.

'The Roman army landed in Sicily, on one of the rocky ridges of lava, extending from the base of Mount Etna to the sea. The spot was desolate and barren as it still remains, and seemed little in accordance with the proverbial fruitfulness of the island. At this station Belisarius determined to avail himself of a compact lately formed with Queen Amalasontha, Regent of the Gothic kingdom, who was desirous of maintaining and strengthening her alliance with the Byzantine empire, by every good office in her power, and had accordingly agreed to permit a free purchase of provisions and horses in Sicily to the armament of Belisarius. Little did she then foresee how shortly the same forces commanded by the same general, would direct against her own countrymen a confidence augmented, and a valour disciplined by the very successes in Africa to which she thus imprudently contributed! To claim these promised supplies, but above all to obtain authentic tidings for the determination of his further plans, Belisarius now dispatched his secretary on a mission to Syracuse. He was justly alarmed at the apprehensions of his soldiers, whom he had overheard, on the voyage, avowing to each other, that on land, indeed, they would encounter the enemy with boldness, but that if assailed by sea, they must betake themselves to flight, as unable to contend at once with the Vandals and the waves. The doubts of the general as to the fittest place for landing in Africa, his uncertainty as to the designs of the barbarians, and the chance of their having prepared some hidden ambush to surprise his force in this island, combined with the naval terrors of his army to embarrass and disturb him.'—pp. 81—88.

The army landed in Africa about five days' journey from Carthage, and the first care of Belisarius was to inspire his army with the spirit of discipline, at once to render it effective against the enemy, and less obnoxious to the inhabitants of the province. He advanced rapidly upon the capital; and the Vandal king, though considerably disconcerted by this sudden attack, and weakened

by the absence of a large portion of his army, then employed in the conquest of Sardinia, prepared to meet him in the field. The more easily to effect the destruction of the Romans, Gelimer, while he advanced directly towards the enemy, commanded his brother, Ammatas, to attack them in the rear. But the latter, by commencing the attack too soon, ruined the plans of the king, being defeated and killed before Gelimer could arrive upon the field. When the Vandal king arrived, therefore, he found the whole plain covered with the dead bodies of his soldiers, among which he recognized that of his brother. The Vandals, however, attacked the Romans with vigour, and, it is probable, would have completely defeated them, had not Gelimer unreasonably given himself up to grief for the loss of Ammatas, and wasted the precious moments in attending to the ceremonies of his funeral. While his enemy was employed in this pious, but injudicious duty, Belisarius was active in restoring order in his ranks, which had been somewhat broken by the fierce charge of the barbarians; and, coming up a second time to the charge, the Vandals were defeated, and put to flight. At the same time, while Gelimer was retreating, or rather flying, into the wilds of the interior, the Roman fleet, commanded by Calonsmas, arrived upon the coast, and, entering the port of Carthage, began to pillage the city. These excesses Belisarius restrained, and then prepared to pursue his enemy. By this time the Vandal army, commanded by another brother of Gelimer, had returned from Sardinia, and their numbers being now once more considerably superior to those of the Romans, they prepared again to try the fortune of the field. The armies met at Tricamaron, and Belisarius again triumphed over the barbarians. Gelimer, with unaccountable weakness, fled before the battle was lost, and went to hide his head in the obscure fort of Papua, in the interior. Thither he was pursued, however, and the circumstances of his capture are thus described by the historian:—

'While the Roman general was in this manner actively employed at Carthage, Pharas was proceeding in the siege of Papua. After one headlong assault, of which the rashness was proved, and punished by considerable loss of men, he restrained himself to the safer task of a strict blockade. The sufferings undergone by Gelimer from the want of supplies, and from the savage habits of his Moorish hosts, were embittered by the recollection of the soft and luxurious life to which he had till lately been accustomed. During their hundred years of dominion in Africa, the Vandals had declined from their former hardihood, and yielded to the enervating influence of climate and success; their arms were laid aside, gold embroidery shone upon their silken robes, and every dainty from sea and land united in their rich repasts. Reclining in the shade of delicious gardens, their careless hours were amused by dancers and musicians, and no exertion beyond the chase interrupted their voluptuous repose. The Moors of Papua, on the contrary, dwelt in narrow huts, sultry in the summer, or pervious to the snow; they most frequently slept on the bare ground, and a sheep-skin for

a couch was thought a scarce refinement. The same dress (a coarse cloak and tunic) clothed them in every season of the year, and they were strangers to the use both of bread and wine. Their grain was either devoured in its crude and natural state, or at best was coarsely pounded and baked with little skill, into an unleavened paste. Compelled to share this savage mode of life, Gelimer and his attendants began to consider captivity or even death, as better than the daily hardships they endured. To avail himself of this favourable disposition, Pharas, in a friendly letter, proposed a capitulation, and assured Gelimer of generous treatment from Belisarius and Justinian. The spirit of the Vandal prince, however, was still not wholly broken, and he refused the offers while acknowledging the kindness of his enemy. In his answer, he entreated the gifts of a lyre, a loaf of bread and a sponge; and his messenger explained the grounds of this singular petition. At Papua he had never tasted the food of civilized nations, he wished to sing to music an ode on his misfortunes, written by himself, and a swelling on his eyes needed a sponge for its cure. The brave Herulian, touched with pity that such wants should be felt by the grandson and successor of Genseric, forthwith sent these presents up the mountain, but by no means abated the watchfulness of his blockade. The siege had already continued for upwards of three months, several Vandals had sunk beneath its hardships, but Gelimer still displayed the stubborn inflexibility usual to despotic rulers, when the sight of a domestic affliction suddenly induced him to yield. In the hovel where he sat gloomily brooding over his hopeless fortunes, a Moorish woman was preparing at the fire a coarse dough, according to the barbaric fashion which has already been described. Two children, her son and the nephew of Gelimer, were watching her progress, with the eager anxiety of famine. The young Vandal was the first to seize the precious morsel, still glowing with heat and blackened with ashes, when the Moor, by blows and violence, forced it from his mouth. So fierce a struggle for food at such an age, overcame the stern resolution of Gelimer. He agreed to surrender on the same terms lately held out to him, and the promises of Pharas were confirmed by the Roman general, who sent Cyprian as his envoy to Papua. The late sovereign of Africa re-entered his capital as a supplicant and a prisoner, and at the suburb of Aclas beheld his conqueror for the first time. His demeanour at this interview was unexpected; he burst into a fit of laughter, which his enemies represented as wandering of mind, but which, by his partizans, was more justly ascribed to his reflections on the vanity of human grandeur. If Gelimer, at this time, could really divest himself of useless sorrow for his throne, he far surpassed in wisdom and in happiness the greater number of mankind, who seldom enjoy any object during its possession, and only become alive to its value from the moment they have lost it.—pp. 127—139.

No sooner had the Vandal war been concluded by the capture of Gelimer, than Belisarius learned, to his great mortification, that he was suspected at court of intending to seize upon the sovereignty of the province he had subdued, and render himself independent of the emperor. To confound his calumniators, he repaired in person to the capital; this, in fact, being the only step by which he could effectually convince the jealous and feeble mind of Justinian of his innocence. He carried with him the

captive Vandal king and his treasures; and the emperor was so completely subdued by his loyalty and devotion, that for the moment he consented to banish his suspicions, and bestowed upon his faithful general the honour of a triumph. This was the first time that this august pageant had been seen at Constantinople; and it was rendered remarkable by the presence of the Vandal king, and by the general himself, who walked on foot to the Hippodrome. A medal was struck by Justinian on this occasion, which has served to perpetuate the memory of the event, on which the legend is, "Belisarius, the glory of the Romans;" and the whole history of the war was represented in Mosaic in the imperial palace.

The next expedition of Belisarius was against the Goths in Italy. The kingdom which these barbarians had erected in this beautiful province of the empire, being the work of mere force, unsupported by political wisdom, soon verged towards decay; and the dissensions and barbarous deeds of the monarchs, greatly hastened its dissolution. The prince now on the throne, was both a pedant and a tyrant, who had disgusted his rude subjects by the semblance of studies which he possessed no real power to pursue, and by a want of courage, which they absurdly attributed to his learning, rather than to his personal character. This stupid prince, whose name was Theodatus, having at first entered into negociations with the Romans upon the most disgraceful terms, and afterwards been tempted to break them off abruptly by some slight success, was soon convinced of his weakness, by the approach of Belisarius with his army. He landed first in Sicily, and with very little difficulty rendered himself master of the whole island. He then crossed to the continent, landed at Riggio, and advanced towards Naples, of which he immediately commenced the siege. The city was defended by a garrision of eight thousand men, and after sitting down before it for twenty days, Belisarius began to despair of success, when a certain Isaurian in his army discovered a way into the city, through a broken aqueduct. When he had found the means of entering the city, Belisarius with great humanity summoned it to surrender, informing the inhabitants that he possessed the means of entering the place, but wished to avoid the effusion of blood. They, of course, disdained his proposal, which appeared only a silly attempt to overreach them, and set his power at defiance.

'The Neapolitans continued steadfastly bent on resistance, and Belisarius could no longer avert from them the calamities of a captured city. The important secret of the aqueduct had hitherto been prudently confined to himself and a few faithful Isaurians, nor did he entrust his officers with it till the very moment he had chosen for the execution of his scheme. He had merely given them general orders to remain watchful, and prepare for an engagement in the ensuing night, the twentieth since the beginning of the siege. As soon as twilight had closed, he summoned a tribune

named Magnus, and, confiding to his command four hundred soldiers in full armour, pointed out to them the aqueduct, and encouraged them to surprise the city by its aid. He provided them with lanterns, to dispel the double darkness of the night and of the covered channel in which they were to march, and appointed two trumpeters to accompany them, in order that a loud flourish, when they emerged into the city, might apprise him of their safe arrival, and strike the enemy with terror. For himself, Belisarius had prepared a great number of ladders; intending, with Bessas, one of his best officers, and some chosen troops, to assail the walls whenever the signal should be heard within. This well concerted scheme was nearly disappointed, by the cowardice of some of the soldiers. Not less than half the detachment in the aqueduct shrunk from the enterprise assigned them, and were brought back by their indignant leader to the presence of their general. They were received by Belisarius with deserved upbraidings; but the degeneracy of the age no longer admitted of the rigorous punishment which ancient Roman discipline would have enjoined. Declaring them unworthy of the honour he had intended for them, he selected two hundred other soldiers to supply their place. Photius, thirsting for fame, hoped to obtain the command of this battalion, and had already put himself at its head; but the general refused to entrust his youthful courage with so momentous a commission. At the same time, the fugitives from the aqueduct, stung by the reproofs of Belisarius and by the readiness of their companions, earnestly entreated and obtained permission not to be excluded from the very danger which they so lately had dreaded to share. Such is the effect of example on the vulgar! When these six hundred soldiers began their march along the secret passage, Belisarius was not free from alarm, lest the Gothic sentinels on the battlement nearest to the aqueduct might observe an unusual sound, and suspect the stratagem. He therefore ordered Bessas to advance towards the foot of the rampart, and, in the Gothic language, to make a feigned attempt on the allegiance of the garrison. The besieged, as was expected, replied to the offers of Bessas with angry clamour and loud scoffs against himself, Belisarius, and the Emperor. Little did they know, that by these insults and revilings they were drowning the noise of the footsteps which advanced to their destruction, and rendering the most essential service to the enemy.

'Meanwhile, the troops of Magnus passed the walls unheard, and continued their subterranean progress, not without uneasiness from their ignorance of their exact position, and their doubts, where the aqueduct might lead. At length, the first ranks had a glimpse of the sky, and soon found themselves at the extremity of the passage, situated in the court of a ruinous and deserted dwelling, and overshadowed by an olive tree, which had twined its roots among the stones. Whether or not this spot were wholly uninhabited, appeared uncertain; and the steep sides were not easy to climb, especially for men encumbered with armour; but the necessity of dispatch, and the advancing troops who pressed upon the foremost from behind, left but little leisure for deliberation. A soldier laid aside his coat of mail and offensive weapons, and, thus lightened, clung to the wall with his feet and hands, and succeeded in ascending. He found the house above tenanted only by an old and indigent matron, whom his threat of instant death, should she give the alarm, maintained in terrified silence.

Flinging a rope to his comrades below, which he fastened to a branch of the olive tree, he enabled all the soldiers to free themselves from their confinement. They now had reached the centre of Naples, and a fourth part of the night still remained to profit by their situation. They hastened to the walls of the city, on the northern side, where Belisarius was expecting their signal, cut down the sentinels on the ramparts, and, by the appointed clangour of trumpets, summoned the assistance of their countrymen. Their call was quickly answered by the Roman general, but some delay ensued from the shortness of the ladders, which were far from reaching the summit of the battlements. This defect, however, was repaired, by binding two of them together, and the walls were immediately scaled by the Roman forces. Roused from their slumbers, and rushing to the ramparts, the Goths were overwhelmed with little difficulty; but the Jews, despairing of forgiveness from their own exertions in the siege, and from the intolerant edicts of Justinian, fought to the last, with their customary national enthusiasm. Dreadful slaughter followed the final triumph of the Romans, and those, above all, who had lost a friend or relative by the darts of the garrison, now revelled in the pleasures of revenge. Peculiar fierceness was shown by the Hunnish confederates; and while the rest, even in their wildest excesses, never forgot their veneration for the church, these heathens stripped the altars, and murdered the priests without remorse. Such outrages, however, were not of long continuance: they were checked and suppressed by the authority of Belisarius, who had no sooner secured the fortune than he strove to restrain the bloodshed of the day. He hastened from side to side, everywhere recalling the soldiers from pillage, and exhorting them to moderation. "Let the Neapolitans, he said, "feel, by your generous forbearance, the full shame and sorrow of their obstinate refusal to acquire such friendship as yours." By dint of entreaties and upbraidings, Belisarius at length prevailed on his soldiers; withdrew from their reluctant hands the women and children seized as captives, and restored them in full security and honour to their kinsmen. The surviving Gothic soldiers, to the number of eight hundred, were preserved by his care, and induced, from his generous treatment, to enlist beneath his standards, nor does it appear that they ever proved unfaithful to their new allegiance. The citizens were assured of protection and tranquillity, and, besides the restoration of their families, were consoled by the possession of secret hoards which had escaped the prying avarice of the Romans in their dwellings.—pp. 175—179.

Upon the taking of Naples, the Goths, with the characteristic fierceness and fickleness of barbarians, massacred their pedantic tyrant, and elected Vitiges, an able and bold prince, who had risen to distinction from the rank of a common soldier, to supply his place. With this prince, who only wanted education to be a great man, Belisarius maintained a long and doubtful conflict, which commenced with the siege of Rome, (in which Belisarius and his army had now shut themselves up,) by the Goths. Vitiges approached the city with a hundred thousand men, by the Flaminian way, and Belisarius, who ventured out too far with a reconnoitring party, was nearly cut off at the commencement of the siege. With great difficulty, however, he effected his escape,

and entered the city, where he now seriously prepared to maintain the defensive. The siege lasted one year and nine days, and was remarkable for many singular turns of fortune, being sometimes turned into a mere blockade, and again prosecuted with great energy and determination. The conduct of Belisarius, during this memorable siege, was stained by more than one act of cruelty and imprudence. By the instigations of his wife, he was driven to perpetrate the murder of one of his officers, who had probably resisted the solicitations of her sensuality; and to depose the Pope, who might, perhaps, have desired the return of the Goths. As the reader never fails to feel an interest in the personal adventures of celebrated men, we shall here copy from Lord Mahon's narrative, the description of the advance of the Gothic forces towards the "Eternal city," and the danger to which Belisarius exposed himself in reconnoitring them.

'Vitiges led the remainder of his vast armies to the Milvian bridge, within two miles of the Eternal City.

'But at this place the skill of Belisarius had provided another obstacle to retard their progress. He had fortified the bridge by a massy tower and sufficient garrison, so as to command its passage, and he intended to sally forth with some light troops, to line the banks of the Tiber. He well knew that by collecting boats the Goths might easily cross the river, but he had reckoned that, on this occasion, the very number of his enemies would act in his favour, and that not less than twenty days must be consumed in transporting so many thousand soldiers. Should they, on the other hand, march round to some other bridge, the loss of time must be equally considerable. A scheme so judicious, and apparently so certain of success, was baffled by a circumstance against which no prudence could provide, the panic terror of the soldiers to whom the guard of the Milvian tower was entrusted. On beholding from their elevated station the innumerable battalions of the enemy darkening the horizon, and appearing to augment as they advanced, they were filled with dismay at such overwhelming strength, and availed themselves of the darkness of the ensuing night to escape, unperceived. Dreading, however, the stern reproaches of the general, no less than the irresistible numbers of the Goths, they did not dare to re-enter Rome, but fled across the open country to Campania, so that Belisarius had not even the advantage to be apprized of the failure of his plans. Early the next morning, the Goths, who till then had been perplexed and dismayed at the unexpected barrier before them, finding it abandoned, forced its gates, and secured their passage with ease. On his part, Belisarius, wholly ignorant of their progress, was, according to his previous resolution, sallying forth with a thousand of his guards from the city, to encamp on the shore of the Tiber, and observe the movements of the enemy. Suddenly, to his utter surprise, he found himself encompassed by the Gothic vanguard of cavalry. In this emergency Belisarius displayed, as at the battle of Callinicum, not merely the judgment of a general, but the personal intrepidity of a soldier. Distinguished by the charger whom he had often rode in battle, a bay, with a white face, he was seen in the foremost ranks. "That is Belisarius!" exclaimed some Roman deserters. "Aim at the

bay," was forthwith the cry through all the Gothic squadrons, and re-echoed by thousands unacquainted with its real motive. A shower of darts and arrows was directed against this conspicuous mark. It seemed, says Procopius, to be clearly felt both by the Romans and their enemies, that the fate of Italy depended on this single life. The boldest Goths rushed forward, eager to signalize their valour against so illustrious an antagonist, or to serve their cause by so important a captive. In these close combats Belisarius displayed great prowess; many amongst his assailants fell by his single arm, and his exploits are said to have out done those of any other Roman on that day. His guards, on their part, manifested the utmost courage and devotion to his person; they crowded around him to the right and left, and raised their bucklers on both sides, to receive and ward off the innumerable missiles which flew. Not less than one thousand of the enemy were slain, a number which equalled the whole force of the Romans, and though this advantage was purchased by the death of many of their bravest soldiers, yet Belisarius, against whom the attack had been chiefly pointed, by a singular favour of fortune remained without a wound. There being but a single bridge to convey the Goths across the Tiber, their pasage was unavoidably slow, and often obstructed, and but few reinforcements could come up to the scene of action. Their foremost squadron at length, disheartened by the desperate resistance it encountered, fled back towards its camp, and the Romans were also hurried forwards by the thoughtless ardour of pursuit. The advance of some Gothic infantry immediately checked the Romans; they retreated to a neighbouring hill for protection, but were quickly overtaken by some fresh barbarian cavalry, and a new conflict began. The Romans endeavoured to return into the city, and the Goths to intercept them. Amongst the many achievements on this memorable day, there was one act of generous self-sacrifice, to which history could hardly, perhaps, afford any other parallel than that of Winkelried, the martyr for his country at Sempach. Valentine, one of the military attendants of Photius, perceiving the foremost of the Goths pressing closely against his exhausted comrades in some narrow defile, threw himself upon their levelled spears, arrested their progress for some moments, and by his seasonable death afforded the Romans leisure for their escape. Thus they succeeded in attaining the Flaminian gate, which, in memory of the exploits of the general on this occasion, was afterwards called the Belisarian. His merit was not unworthy of this honour, and I cannot but regret that both the first and second appellation should now have yielded to one derived only from some legendary miracles of the darkest ages.

'On reaching the Flaminian gate at sunset, the Romans naturally thought that they at last had overcome all the toils and dangers of this weary day. But the terrified soldiers on the ramparts, observing the close pursuit of the enemy, dreaded lest, in opening the gate, the barbarians might enter it, together with the Romans, and they remained deaf to the earnest solicitations of their comrades, and even to the loud commands and threats of Belisarius. The blood and dust with which his face was covered, and also the shades of twilight, hindered recognition of his person and obedience to his orders. A report of his death had also been spread in the city by some runaways from the battle, who had witnessed the vigour of the attack but had not remained to see the intrepidity of the

resistance. During the parley, the barbarians pressed still closer against the Romans, who had now been driven under the very wall beyond the ditch, and were every moment expecting a destructive and final assault. The troops within the city, unknowing of the event, fearful for themselves and deprived of a commander, did not venture, by a sally, to assist their distressed companions. In this utmost need, the gallant band of Belisarius had no resource but their courage alone. Animating the soldiers around him to follow, Belisarius rushed forward in a last and desperate charge against the Gothic troops, who were then unsuspicious of attack, and dispersed from the confidence of victory. They could not imagine that so much energy was manifested by the faint and harassed soldiers, exhausted by the toils of the day; the dimness of the evening assisted the illusion, and a new army was supposed to have issued from the city. The barbarians once more fled before the hero, and Belisarius, after a short pretended pursuit, suddenly turned round, and hastened back to the gates of Rome, which now were opened to receive him.'—pp. 193—198.

The arrival of the eunuch Narses, equal, perhaps, to Belisarius as a general, and superior as a courtier, distracted the operations of the remainder of the war, which, however, was distinguished by several important sieges and battles. It must be remarked, that the virtue of Belisarius yielded, towards the close of his career, to the universal corruption by which he was surrounded: he committed many acts of perfidy, and became rapacious and hoarding. Among the actions of his life which do him least honour, next to that of the murder of Constantine, was what in those degenerate times was termed, *the stratagem* by which he made himself master of Ravenna, and of the person of Vitiges, who, with more than ordinary fortitude, united with his countrymen in offering him the crown of Italy. Treacherously feigning to enter into their views, he seized upon their capital, and their king, whom he sent as a prisoner to Constantinople. He very quickly, however, discovered that the reward of such actions is anything but honour and glory; for the tyrant whom he served at the expence of his own reputation and conscience, jealous of the influence and power he was acquiring, recalled him to the capital, while Narses was left to conclude the war, and gather the laurels of victory.

Shortly after his return to the capital, Belisarius was entrusted with the command of the troops sent into the East, to check the progress of Chosrais, (Nuhrivan) King of Persia, who had invaded the empire in that quarter. Unable to contend with the Persian monarch in the field, the general had now recourse to policy; and it is certainly honourable to his memory, that he was enabled to baffle this powerful prince, and induce him to retire from the field where he might easily have maintained the ascendancy, by mere dint of manœuvring. Having effected this object, he was again recalled by Justinian, and returned to Constantinople only to witness the lasciviousness of his wife, and to submit to the most degrading humiliations. Convinced, as he must have been, of the

abominable vices of this woman, he was so fascinated by her blandishments, that, notwithstanding her intrigues with the lowest wretches in the empire, carried on before his eyes, he consented to live with her; and having at last put her away from mere deference to public opinion; was again frightened into a reconciliation with her, by the menaces of the empress Theodora. The guilty compliance of Belisarius, however, was not merely disgraceful to himself—it was fatal to those who endeavoured, from whatever motives, to open his eyes to his shame, as the following anecdote, scarcely to be paralleled in the annals of uxoriousness, will exemplify.

'It will be recollected that, on the departure of the African expedition, a soldier newly baptized, was embarked, as an auspicious omen, in the galley of the general. This soldier's name was Theodosius; he had been brought up in the Eunomian heresy, which he abjured on this occasion, and was, according to a custom of the age, adopted by Belisarius as a spiritual son. This favour was but ill requited. In the progress of the voyage the young proselyte became deeply enamoured of Antonina, who returned his passion, and their intercourse was seen or suspected by all except the injured husband. The zeal of friends, which usually supplies such defect of vision, and kindly allows no man to remain ignorant of his misfortunes or his faults, was withheld in this case, by the knowledge of Antonina's influence with the empress, and of her own vindictive temper. At length, nearly three years afterwards, when Belisarius was wintering at Syracuse, Macedonia, a female attendant of his wife, stung by some petty injury, revealed the dangerous secret. In his first transport of indignation, the Roman general decreed the death of Theodosius, and the terrified youth only escaped by forthwith embarking for Asia; but Antonina was not so easily detected; she loudly avouched her innocence, and exerted her extraordinary power of fascination, or, according to popular credulity, of witchcraft. Her tears were admitted as arguments, her blandishments as proofs, and she succeeded in convincing Belisarius of her perfect innocence. He delivered over to her mercy Macedonia, whom he now regarded as a perjured and malignant accuser, and he also gave up two witnesses brought forward by that woman; an act which will deserve the severest censure, if we believe, with the secret historian, that he had previously pledged an oath for their safety. By order of Antonina, their tongues were cut out, their bodies were torn limb from limb, and the mangled fragments cast into the sea.'—pp. 323, 324.

Antonina was a widow when she became the wife of Belisarius, and had a son by her former husband. This youth, sensible of the disgrace inflicted on him by the flagitious conduct of his mother, endeavoured to remove her lover. The following was the way in which he was rewarded:—

'It was not long before the wife of Belisarius found it necessary to implore the imperial protection, upon which this intrigue had given her a claim. She had long nourished a bitter hatred against her son, as the enemy of her lover. Photius had accompanied Belisarius to the Persian war; but, at the distance of a thousand miles, he still felt the effects of

her unforgiving resentment, and was encountered by her persecutions at every turn. Provoked beyond bearing, he at length determined, as the surest means of revenge, to reveal her dishonour to her husband. The Roman general received this disclosure with the utmost surprise and indignation; he entreated Photius to remember his ties of obligation rather than of kindred, and they cemented their union by a mutual vow of vengeance. At the close of the campaign, Antonina joined Belisarius on the frontier: she was forthwith imprisoned, and threatened with death by her husband, whilst Photius was dispatched towards Ephesus, to inflict a still more summary punishment upon her paramour. Apprised of his danger, Theodosius sought the sanctuary of the altar; but, on a seasonable gift of money from Photius to the bishop, the suppliant was yielded to his enemy, and Photius bore him away as a captive to Cilicia. But the watchful gratitude of the empress interfered in behalf of a frailty for which, moreover, her own character and conduct so strongly pleaded. Positive injunctions were sent to Cilicia, both Photius and Theodosius were brought to Constantinople: the one was cast into a dungeon, and tortured at the rack; the other was received with distinction in the imperial palace, where, however, he expired from illness shortly after his arrival. The author of the Anecdotes asserts that Photius, having twice made his escape to the sanctuary, was twice dragged from the altar back to prison; yet such a violation of religious privileges seems altogether at variance with the spirit of the age. This spirit was displayed in the belief that the third escape of Photius, some years afterwards, was effected by the aid of the prophet Zachariah. On this last occasion, Photius proceeded to Jerusalem, where he was suffered to reside in the habit of a monk, and were he afterwards attained the rank of abbot. Such was the long train of calamities which his mother's vices entailed upon this gallant young soldier.'—pp. 327—329.

But we must hasten to a conclusion:—The end of Belisarius, whether we believe with Lord Mahon, the story of his begging and blindness, or not, was obscure and unhappy; but history has left us no account of it that can be relied upon.

ART. X.—*Anne of Geierstein; or the Maiden of the Mist.* By the Author of Waverley. 3 vols. Edinburgh: Cadell and Co. 1829.

THE appearance of this work induces us to break through the rule of confining our notice of works of fiction to one article in the month. Such is the general curiosity respecting the contents of Sir Walter's novels, that we are sure our readers will be more satisfied with the breach, than they would have been by our observance of the rule we have usually followed, and we shall therefore hasten to draw up the curtain, and let them at once enjoy the fairy spectacle which has been prepared for them.

The scene of this charming novel is laid in Switzerland—the period in which the events which it records occurred is the fifteenth century, and principally relate to the wars of Burgundy. Neither scene nor time of action could have been better chosen.

The mountain and glen, and misty crag and echoing torrent, are each a home for Sir Walter's fancy in its richest moods—and the fifteenth century—that age in which the boldest hearts were the deepest bowed with religious awe—when the red banners of war were carried by the shadowy and awful forms of another world—and the fiercest and lion-like passions of men were wreathed in, and united with, the gentlest and most devoted love—let Sir Walter run through the whole chronology of the world, and he will find no period better than this which he has chosen.

None of the Waverley novels have a more attractive commencement than Anne of Geierstein. Two travellers, a father and son, and having the appearance of merchants, are travelling from Lucerne, where they had passed the night, to Basle. After having journeyed some way, they found themselves lost amid the rocky passes and mists of their romantic, but perilous route. Their guide was a Grison lad, who shortly became nearly as bewildered as themselves in a vain endeavour to discover the right path. As they laboured along, a dark cloud rose and settled on one of the wild mountains that stood before them, and in the darkness and thunder-peal which followed, the Grison told them a strange legend, which declared the hill to be the abode of the wicked Pilate. At length they became totally confounded with the increasing difficulties of the way, which had led them into a narrow path by the side of a precipice. On a sudden, the guide having turned a sharp angle of rock, stopped short, while even the mule showed signs of the greatest terror. The younger of the travellers hastened forward to see the cause of this circumstance, and discovered that the road terminated on a platform of rock, from the further side of which a precipice sunk sheer down, to what depth the mist did not permit him to discern, but certainly to more than three hundred feet.

For some time the bewildered party stood looking on the tremendous gulf beneath, which was sometimes obscured by the mist which filled its depths, and at others seen through the shattered clouds and shadows which floated over it. While thus contemplating the perilous situation in which they stood, a wild gust of the storm passed by them, and made it necessary to cling to the bushes and rocks to keep from being hurled from the narrow spot of earth that supported them. Having taken a careful view of the scene, it appeared to Alfred, the younger traveller, that the path had been thus cut short by an earthquake, or some other convulsion of nature. He observed also at the same time, on the opposite side of the intervening river and valley, a Gothic ruin, which his guide recognised as the Castle of Geierstein, the former residence of the knights of that name, and added the information, that in the vicinity of the ruin was the residence of Arnold Biederman, the uncle of the heroine of the work.

No alternative, but that of being blown over the precipice, or endeavouring to retrace their path, offered itself to the travellers, till Arthur proposed the perilous scheme of scrambling along the ledge of the rocky wall, till he came within view of Biederman's house. We cannot attempt to offer an account of his enterprize in any other language than the author's own. After an interesting dialogue, between the father and son, the latter forces a permission to make the attempt. He accordingly sets off, and proceeds boldly on his dangerous path.

'The young man accordingly prepared for his journey, and, stripping himself of his cumbrous cloak, showed his well-proportioned limbs in a jerkin of grey cloth, which sat close to his person. The father's resolution gave way when his son turned round to bid him farewell. He recalled his permission, and in a peremptory tone forbade him to proceed. But without listening to the prohibition, Arthur had commenced his perilous adventure. Descending from the platform on which he stood, by the boughs of an old ash tree, which thrust itself out of the cleft of a rock, the youth was enabled to gain, though at great risk, a narrow ledge, the very brink of the precipice, by creeping along which he hoped to pass on till he made himself heard or seen from the habitation, of whose existence the guide had informed him. His situation, as he pursued this bold purpose, appeared so precarious, that even the hired attendant hardly dared to draw breath as he gazed on him. The ledge which supported him seemed to grow so narrow as he passed along it, as to become altogether invisible, while sometimes with his face to the precipice, sometimes looking forward, sometimes glancing his eyes upward, but never venturing to cast a look below, lest his brain should grow giddy at a sight so appalling, he wound his way onward. To his father and the attendant, who beheld his progress, it was less that of a man advancing in the ordinary manner, and resting by aught connected with the firm earth, than that of an insect crawling along the face of a perpendicular wall, of whose progressive movement we are indeed sensible, but cannot perceive the means of its support. And bitterly, most bitterly, did the miserable parent now lament, that he had not persisted in his purpose to encounter the baffling and even perilous measure of retracing his steps to the habitation of the preceding night. He should then, at least, have partaken the fate of the son of his love.

'Meanwhile, the young man's spirits were strongly braced for the performance of his perilous task. He laid a powerful restraint on his imagination, which in general was sufficiently active, and refused to listen, even for an instant, to any of the horrible insinuations by which fancy augments actual danger. He endeavoured manfully to reduce all around him to the scale of right reason, as the best support of true courage. "This ledge of rock," he urged to himself, "is but narrow, yet it has breadth enough to support me; these clifts and crevices in the surface are small and distant, but the one affords as secure a resting-place to my feet, the other as available a grasp to my hands, as if I stood on a platform of a cubit broad, and rested my arm on a balustrade of marble. My safety, therefore, depends on myself. If I move with decision, step firmly, and hold fast, what signifies how near I am to the mouth of an abyss?"

'Thus estimating the extent of his danger by the measure of sound

sense and reality, and supported by some degree of practice in such exercise, the brave youth went forward on his awful journey, step by step, winning his way with a caution, and fortitude, and presence of mind, which alone could have saved him from instant destruction. At length he gained a point where a projecting rock formed the angle of the precipice, so far as it had been visible to him from the platform. This, therefore, was the critical point of his undertaking; but it was also the most perilous part of it. The rock projected more than six feet forward over the torrent, which he heard raging at the depth of a hundred yards beneath, with a noise like subterranean thunder. He examined the spot with the utmost care, and was led by the existence of shrubs, grass, and even stunted trees, to believe that this rock marked the farthest extent of the slip or slide of earth, and that, could he but round the angle of which it was the termination, he might hope to attain the continuation of the path which had been so strangely interrupted by this convulsion of nature. But the crag jutted out so much as to afford no possibility of passing either under or around it; and as it rose several feet above the position which Arthur had attained, it was no easy matter to climb over it. This was, however, the course which he chose, as the only mode of surmounting what he hoped might prove the last obstacle to his voyage of discovery. A projecting tree afforded him the means of raising and swinging himself up to the top of the crag. But he had scarcely planted himself on it, had scarcely a moment to congratulate himself, on seeing, amid a wild chaos of cliffs and wood, the gloomy ruins of Geierstein, with smoke arising, and indicating something like a human habitation beside them, when, to his extreme terror, he felt the huge cliff on which he stood, tremble, stoop slowly forward, and gradually sink from its position. Projecting as it was, and shaken as its equilibrium had been by the recent earthquake, it lay now so insecurely poised, that its balance was entirely destroyed, even by the addition of the young man's weight.

'Aroused by the imminence of the danger, Arthur, by an instinctive attempt of self-preservation, drew cautiously back from the falling crag into the tree by which he had ascended, and turned his head back as if spell-bound, to watch the descent of the fatal rock from which he had just retreated. It tottered for two or three seconds, as if uncertain which way to fall; and had it taken a sidelong direction, must have dashed the adventurer from his place of refuge, or borne both the tree and him headlong down into the river. After a moment of horrible uncertainty, the power of gravitation determined a direct and forward descent. Down went the huge fragment, which must have weighed at least twenty ton, rending and splintering in its precipitate course the trees and bushes which it encountered, and settling at length in the channel of the torrent, with a din equal to the discharge of a hundred pieces of artillery. The sound was re-echoed from bank to bank, from precipice to precipice, with emulative thunders; nor was the tumult silent till it rose into the region of eternal snows, which, equally insensible to terrestrial sounds, and unfavourable to animal life, heard the roar in their majestic solitude, but suffered it to die away without a responsive voice.

'What, in the meanwhile, were the thoughts of the distracted father, who saw the ponderous rock descend, but could not mark whether his only son had borne it company in its dreadful fall! His first impulse was to

rush forward along the face of the precipice, which he had seen Arthur so lately traverse; and when the lad Antonio withheld him, by throwing his arms around him, he turned on the guide with the fury of a bear which had been robbed of her cubs.'—pp. 34—40.

Having escaped the frightful catastrophe with which he had been threatened, Alfred lay in the tree to which he had clung on the first appearance of the danger, almost stupified with a quick returning sense of peril. The feelings with which he contemplated the scene around him—the horror which thrilled through his veins, on observing a vulture settle near him, and fix its fierce eyes upon his quivering limbs—these are described with admirable skill, and seem to render this part of the story the most deeply interesting of the whole. After he had lain in this situation for some time, he was in a little measure roused from his lethargy, by the shrill sound of a human voice. This, however, he attributed to a diseased imagination, nor would he be induced to think otherwise, till he was convinced of his mistake in the following manner:—

'Upon the very summit of a pyramidical rock that rose out of the depth of the valley, was seen a female figure, so obscured by mist, that only the outline could be traced. The form, reflected against the sky, appeared rather the undefined lineaments of a spirit than of a mortal maiden; for her person seemed as light, and scarcely more opake, than the thin cloud that surrounded her pedestal. Arthur's first belief was, that the Virgin had heard his vows, and had descended in person to his rescue; and he was about to recite his Ave Maria, when the voice again called to him with the singular shrill modulation of the mountain haloo, by which the natives of the Alps can hold conference with each other from one mountain ridge to another, across ravines of great depth and width.

'While he debated how to address this unexpected apparition, it disappeared from the point which it at first occupied, and presently after became again visible, perched on the cliff out of which projected the tree in which Arthur had taken refuge. Her personal appearance, as well as her dress, made it then apparent that she was a maiden of these mountains, familiar with their dangerous paths. He saw that a beautiful young woman stood before him, who regarded him with a mixture of pity and wonder.

'"Stranger," she at length said, "who are you, and whence come you?"

'"I am a stranger, maiden, as you justly term me," answered the young man, raising himself as well as he could. "I left Lucerne this morning, with my father, and a guide. I parted with them not three furlongs from hence. May it please you, gentle maiden, to warn them of my safety, for I know my father will be in despair upon my account?"

'"Willingly," said the maiden; "but I think my uncle, or some one of my kinsmen, must have already found them, and will prove faithful guides. Can I not aid you?—are you wounded—are you hurt? We were alarmed by the fall of a rock—ay, and yonder it lies, a mass of no ordinary size."

'As the Swiss maiden spoke thus, she approached so close to the verge of the precipice, and looked with such indifference into the gulf, that the sympathy which connects the actor and spectator upon such occasions brought back the sickness and vertigo from which Arthur had just recovered, and he sunk back into his former more recumbent posture, with something like a faint groan.

'"You are then ill?" said the maiden, who observed him turn pale—"Where and what is the harm you have received?"

'"None, gentle maiden, saving some bruises of little import; but my head turns, and my heart grows sick, when I see you so near the verge the cliff."

'"Is that all?" replied the Swiss maiden. "Know, stranger, that I do not stand on my uncle's hearth with more security than I have stood upon precipices, compared to which this is a child's leap. You, too, stranger, if, as I judge from the traces, you have come along the edge of the precipice which the earth-slide hath laid bare, ought to be far beyond such weakness, since surely you must be well entitled to call yourself a cragsman."

'"I might have called myself so half an hour since," answered Arthur; "but I think I shall hardly venture to assume the name in future."

'"Be not downcast," said the kind adviser, "for a passing qualm, which will at times cloud the spirit and dazzle the eyesight of the bravest and most experienced. Raise yourself upon the trunk of the tree, and advance closer to the rock out of which it grows. Observe the place well. It is easy for you, when you have attained the lower part of the projecting stem, to gain by one bold step the solid rock upon which I stand, after which there is no danger or difficulty worthy of mention to a young man, whose limbs are whole, and whose courage is active."

'"My limbs are indeed sound," replied the youth; "but I am ashamed to think how much my courage is broken. Yet I will not disgrace the interest you have taken in an unhappy wanderer, by listening longer to the dastardly suggestions of a feeling, which till to-day has been a stranger to my bosom."

'The maiden looked on him anxiously, and with much interest, as, raising himself cautiously, and moving along the trunk of the tree which lay nearly horizontal from the rock, and seemed to bend as he changed his posture, the youth at length stood upright, within what, on level ground, had been but an extended stride to the cliff on which the Swiss maiden stood. But instead of being a step to be taken on the level and firm ground, it was one which must cross a dark abyss, at the bottom of which a torrent surged and boiled with incredible fury. Arthur's knees knocked against each other, his feet became of lead, and seemed no longer at his command; and he experienced, in a stronger degree than ever, that unnerving influence, which those who have been overwhelmed by it in a situation of like peril never can forget, and which others, happily strangers to its power, may have difficulty even in comprehending.

'The young woman discerned his emotion, and foresaw its probable consequences. As the only mode in her power to restore his confidence, she sprung lightly from the rock to the stem of the tree, on which she alighted with the ease and security of a bird, and in the same instant back to the cliff; and extending her hand to the stranger, "My arm," she

said, "is but a slight balustrade; yet do but step forward with resolution, and you will find it as secure as the battlement of Berne." But shame now overcame terror so much, that Arthur, declining assistance which he could not have accepted without feeling lowered in his own eyes, took heart of grace, and successfully achieved the formidable step which placed him upon the same cliff with his kind assistant.

'To seize her hand and raise it to his lips, in affectionate token of gratitude and respect, was naturally the youth's first action; nor was it possible for the maiden to have prevented him from doing so, without assuming a degree of prudery foreign to her character, and occasion a ceremonious debate upon a matter of no great consequence, where the scene of action was a rock scarce five feet long by three in width.'—pp. 56—61.

Such is the powerful and delightful manner in which we are made acquainted with the principal characters in this excellent novel. It would now be the easiest thing in the world for us to break at once the charm of the story, by giving, in half a page, its sum and substance. In noticing a work less likely to be universally read, we should do so, but our purpose is now not to satisfy, but to awaken, curiosity. We therefore follow the travellers on their route till we find them proceeding towards the small town of La Ferette. This place, which the Duke of Burgundy employed as a fortress from which to annoy the Swiss in their commerce, was then held by Sir Archibald de Hagenbach, as governor, a man as cruel and intemperate, as a tyrant. The following dialogue between him and Kilian highly is dramatic:—

'"Lock, bolt, and chain up the gates," replied the Governor, "and bring the keys hither. There shall no one leave the place till this affair is over. Let some score of the citizens take arms for the duty of guarding the walls; and look they discharge it well, or I will lay a fine on them which they shall discharge to purpose."

'"They will grumble," said Kilian. "They say, that not being the Duke's subjects, though the place is impledged to his Grace, they are not liable to military service."

'"They lie! the cowardly slaves," answered De Hagenbach. "If I have not employed them much hitherto, it is because I scorn their assistance; nor would I now use their help, were it for any thing save to keep a watch, by looking out straight before them. Let them obey, as they respect their property, persons, and families."

'A deep voice behind them repeated the emphatic language of Scripture,—"I have seen the wicked man flourish in his power even like unto a laurel, but I returned and he was not—yea, I sought him, but he was not to be found."

'Sir Archibald de Hagenbach turned sternly, and encountered the dark and ominous looks of the priest of Saint Paul's, dressed in the vestments of his order.

'"We are busy, father," said the Governor, "and will hear your preachment another time."

'"I come by your summons, Sir Governor," said the priest, "or I had not intruded myself where I well knew my preachments, if you term them so, will do no good."

'"O, I crave your mercy, reverend father," said De Hagenbach.' "Yes, it is true that I did send for you, to desire your prayers and kind intercession with Our Lady and Saint Paul, in some transactions which are likely to occur this morning, and in which, as the Lombard says, I do espy *roba di guadayno*."

'"Sir Archibald," answered the priest calmly, "I well hope and trust that you do not forget the nature of the glorified Saints, so far as to ask them for their blessing upon such exploits as you have been too oft engaged in since your arrival amongst us—an event which of itself gave token of the Divine anger. Nay, let me say, humble as I am, that decency to a servant of the altar should check you from proposing to me to put up prayers for the success of pillage and robbery."

'"I understand you, father," said the rapacious Governor, "and you shall see I do. While you are the Duke's subject, you must by your office put up your prayers for his success in matters that are fairly managed. You acknowledge this with a graceful bend of your reverend head? Well, then, I will be as reasonable as you are. Say we desire the intercession of the good Saints, and of you, their pious orator, in something a little out of the ordinary path, and, if you will, somewhat of a doubtful complexion,—are we entitled to ask you or them for their pains and trouble without a just consideration? Surely no. Therefore I vow and solemnly promise, that if I have good fortune in this morning's adventure, Saint Paul shall have an altar-cloth and a basin of silver, large or little, as my booty will permit—Our Lady a web of satin for a full suit, with a necklace of pearl for holidays—and thou, priest, some twenty pieces of broad English gold, for acting as go-between betwixt ourselves and the holy Saints, whom we acknowledge ourselves unworthy to negotiate with in our own profane person. And now, Sir Priest, do we understand each other, for I have little time to lose. I know you have hard thoughts of me, but you see the devil is not quite so horrible as he is painted."

'"Do we understand each other?" answered the black priest of Saint Paul's, repeating the Governor's question—"Alas, no! and I fear me we never shall. Hast thou never heard the words spoken by the holy hermit, Berchtold of Offringen, to the implacable Queen Agnes, who had revenged with such dreadful severity the assassination of her father, the Emperor Albert?"

'"Not I," returned the knight; "I have neither studied the chronicles of emperors, nor the legends of hermits; and, therefore, Sir Priest, an you like not my proposal, let us have no farther words on the matter. I am unwont to press my favours, or to deal with priests who require entreaty, when gifts are held out to them."

'"Hear yet the words of the holy man," said the priest. "The time may come, and that shortly, when you will gladly desire to hear what you scornfully reject."

'"Speak on but be brief," said Archibald de Hagenbach; "and know, though thou mayst terrify or cajole the multitude, thou now speakest to one whose resolution is fixed far beyond the power of thy eloquence to melt."

'"Know, then," said the priest of Saint Paul's, "that Agnes, daughter of the murdered Albert, after shedding oceans of blood in avenging his

bloody death, founded at length the rich abbey of Kœnigsfeldt; and, that it might have a superior claim to renowned sanctity, made a pilgrimage in person to the cell of the holy hermit, and besought of him to honour her abbey by taking up his residence there. But what was his reply? —Mark it and tremble. 'Begone, ruthless woman,' said the holy man; 'God will not be served with blood-guiltiness, and rejects the gifts which are obtained by violence and robbery. The Almighty loves mercy, justice, and humanity, and by the lovers of these only will he be worshipped.' And now, Archibald of Hagenbach, once, twice, thrice, hast thou had warning. Live as becomes a man on whom sentence is passed, and who must expect execution."

This reproof was not listened to with pleasure, but it was not for the boldest man in those times to treat such a functionary with contempt; and though de Hagenbach would have rejoiced in the opportunity of satisfying his revenge, he was obliged to yield to the superior authority of his ecclesiastical enemy. Having, therefore, taken a beaker of Burgundy, he smothered his feelings, and awaited the arrival of the Philipsons, which was thus announced:

'"That blast was but feebly blown," said De Hagenbach, ascending to the ramparts, from which he could see what passed on the outside of the gate; "who approaches, Kilian?"

'The trusty squire was hastening to meet him with the news.

'"Two men with a mule, an it please your excellency; and merchants I presume them to be."

'"Merchants? 'sdeath, villain! pedlars you mean. Heard ever man of English merchants tramping it on foot, with no more baggage than one mule can manage to carry? They must be beggarly Bohemians, or those whom the French people call Escossais. The knaves! they shall pay with the pining of their paunches for the poverty of their purses."

'"Do not be too hasty, and please your excellency," quoth the squire; "small budgets hold rich goods. But rich or poor, they are our men, at least they have all the marks—the elder, well-sized, and dark visaged, may write fifty and five years, a beard somewhat grizzled;—the younger, some two and twenty, taller than the first, and a well-favoured lad, with a smooth chin and light-brown mustachoes.'"

'"Let them be admitted," said the Governor, turning back in order again to descend to the street, "and bring them into the folter-kammer of the toll-house."

'So saying, he betook himself to the place appointed, which was an apartment in the large tower that protected the eastern gate-way, in which were deposited the rack, with various other instruments of torture, which the cruel and rapacious Governor was in the habit of applying to such prisoners from whom he was desirous of extorting either booty or information. He entered the apartment, which was dimly lighted, and had a lofty Gothic roof which could be but imperfectly seen, while nooses and cords hanging down from thence, announced a fearful connexion with various implements of rusted iron that hung round the walls, or lay scattered on the floor.

'A faint stream of light through one of the numerous and narrow slits, or shot-holes, with which the walls were garnished, fell directly upon the

person and visage of a tall swarthy man, seated in what, but for the partial illumination, would have been an obscure corner of this evil-boding apartment. His features were regular, and even handsome, but of a character peculiarly stern and sinister. This person's dress was a cloak of scarlet; his head was bare, and surrounded by shaggy locks of black, which time had partly grizzled. He was busily employed in furbishing and burnishing a broad two-handed sword, of a peculiar shape, and considerably shorter than the weapons of that kind which we have described as used by the Swiss. He was so deeply engaged in his task, that he started as the heavy door opened with a jarring noise, and the sword, escaping from his hold, rolled on the stone-floor with a heavy clash.

'"Ha! Scharfgerichter," said the knight, as he entered the folta-kammer, "thou art preparing for thy duty?"

'"It would ill become your excellency's servant," answered the man, in a harsh deep tone, "to be found idle. But the prisoner is not far off, as I can judge by the fall of my sword, which infallibly announces the presence of him who shall feel its edge."

'"The prisoners are at hand, Francis," replied the Governor; "but thy omen has deceived thee for once. They are fellows for whom a good rope will suffice, and thy sword drinks only noble blood."

'"The worse for Francis Steinercherz," replied the official in scarlet; "I trusted that your excellency, who have ever been a bountiful patron, should this day have made me noble."

'"Noble!" said the Governor; "thou art mad—Thou noble!"

'"And wherefore not, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach? I think the name of Francis Steinernherz *von* Blut-acker will suit nobility, being fairly and legally won, as well as another. Nay, do not stare on me thus. If one of my profession shall do his grim office on nine men of noble birth, with the same weapon, and with a single blow to each patient, hath he not a right to his freedom from taxes, and his nobility by patent?"

'"So says the law," said Sir Archibald,—"but rather more in scorn than seriously, I should judge, since no one was ever known to claim the benefit of it."

'"The prouder boast for him," said the functionary, "that shall be the first to demand the honours due to a sharp sword and a clean stroke. I, Francis Steinernherz, will be the first noble of my profession, when I shall have dispatched one more knight of the Empire."

'"Thou hast been ever in my service, hast thou not?" demanded De Hagenbach.

'"Under what other master," replied the executioner, "could I have enjoyed such constant practice? I have executed your decrees on condemned sinners since I could swing a scourge, lift a crow-bar, or wield this trusty weapon; and who can say I ever failed of my first blow, or needed to deal a second? Tristrem of the Hospital, and his famous assistants, Petit André and Trois Eschelles, are novices compared with me, in the use of the noble and knightly sword. Marry, I should be ashamed to match myself with them in the field practice with bowstring and dagger; these are no feats worthy of a Christian man who would rise to honour and nobility."

'"Thou art a fellow of excellent address, and I do not deny it,"

replied De Hagenbach. "But it cannot be—I trust it cannot be—that when noble blood is becoming scarce in the land, and proud churls are lording it over knights and barons, I myself should have caused so much to be spilled."

'"I will number the patients to your excellency by name and title," said Francis, drawing out a scroll of parchment, and reading with a commentary as he went on,—"There was Count William of Elvershoe—he was my assaypiece, a sweet youth, and died most like a Christian."

'"I remember—he courted my mistress," said Sir Archibald.

'"He died on St. Jude's, in the year of grace 1455," said the executioner.

'"Go on—but name no dates," said the Governor.

'"Sir Miles of Stockenborg——"

'"He drove off my cattle," observed his excellency.

'"Sir Louis of Riesenfeldt—" continued the executioner.

'"He made love to my wife," commented the Governor.

'"The three Jung-herrn of Lammerbourg—you made their father, the count, childless in one day."

'"And he made me landless," said Sir Archibald, "so that account is settled.—Thou needest read no farther," he continued, "I admit thy record, though it is written in letters somewhat of the reddest. I had counted these three young gentlemen as one execution."

'"You did me the greater wrong," said Francis; "they cost three good blows of this good sword."

'"Be it so, and God be with their souls," said Hagenbach. "But thy ambition must go to sleep for a while, Scharfgerichter, for the stuff that came hither to-day is for dungeon and cord, or perhaps a touch of the rack or strappadoe—there is no honour to win on them."

'"The worse luck mine," said the executioner. "I had dreamed so surely that your honour had made me noble;—and then the fall of my sword!"

'"Take a bowl of wine, and forget your auguries."

'"With your honour's permission, no," said the executioner; "to drink before noon were to endanger the nicety of my hand."

'"Be silent then, and mind your duty," said De Hagenbach.

'"Francis took up his sheathless sword, wiped the dust reverently from it, and withdrew into a corner of the chamber, where he stood leaning with his hands on the pommel of the fatal weapon.—pp. 33—39.

One of the finest drawn characters in the book is that of Margaret of Anjou. Her interview with Alfred Philipson is beautifully related, and places her before us in all the majesty of noble resolution, mixed with sorrow and a tinge of superstition, which, at the time of which we are speaking, formed the distinguishing traits of her mind. The Philipsons, it is to be observed, were then actively engaged in her cause, and, as the following extract will explain, were not merchants, but English noblemen of high rank:—

'We have already said, that the crest of the mountain, consisting entirely of one bare and solid rock, was divided by a cleft or opening into two heads or peaks, between which the convent was built, occupying all the space between them. The front of the building was of the most ancient and

sombre cast of the old Gothic, or rather, as it has been termed, the Saxon; and in that respect corresponded with the savage exterior of the naked cliffs, of which the structure seemed to make a part, and by which it was entirely surrounded, excepting a small open space of more level ground, where, at the expense of much toil, and by carrying earth up the hill, from different spots where they could collect it in small quantities, the good fathers had been able to arrange the accomodations of a garden.

'A bell summoned a lay-brother, the porter of this singularly situated monastery, to whom Arthur announced himself as an English merchant, Philipson by name, who came to pay his duty to Queen Margaret. The porter, with much respect, showed the stranger into the convent, and ushered him into a parlour, which, looking towards Aix, commanded an extensive and splendid prospect over the southern and western parts of Provence. This was the direction in which Arthur had approached the mountain from Aix; but the circuitous path by which he had ascended had completely carried him round the hill. The western side of the monastery, to which the parlour looked, commanded the noble view we have mentioned; and a species of balcony, which, connecting the two twin crags, at this place not above four or five yards asunder, ran along the front of the building, and appeared to be constructed for the purpose of enjoying it. But on stepping from one of the windows of the parlour upon this battlemented bartizan, Arthur became aware that the wall on which the parapet rested stretched along the edge of a precipice, which sunk sheer down five hundred feet at least from the foundations of the convent. Surprised and startled at finding himself on so giddy a verge, Arthur turned his eyes from the gulf beneath him to admire the distant landscape, partly illumined, with ominous lustre, by the now westerly sun. The setting beams showed in dark red splendour a vast variety of hill and dale, champaign and cultivated ground, with towns, churches, and castles, some of which rose from among trees, while others seemed founded on rocky eminences; others again lurked by the side of streams or lakes, to which the heat and drought of the climate naturally attracted them.

'The rest of the landscape presented similar objects when the weather was serene, but they were now rendered indistinct, or altogether obliterated, by the sullen shade of the approaching clouds, which gradually spread over great part of the horizon, and threatened altogether to eclipse the sun, though the lord of the horizon still struggled to maintain his influence, and, like a dying hero, seemed most glorious even in the moment of defeat. Wild sounds, like groans and howls, formed by the wind in the numerous caverns of the rocky mountain, added to the terrors of the scene, and seemed to foretell the fury of some distant storm, though the air in general was even unnaturally calm and breathless. In gazing on this extraordinary scene, Arthur did justice to the monks who had chosen this wild and grotesque situation, from which they could witness Nature in her wildest and grandest demonstrations, and compare the nothingness of humanity with her awful convulsions.

'So much was Arthur awed by the scene before him, that he had almost forgotten, while gazing from the bartizan, the important business which had brought him to his place, when it was suddenly recalled by finding himself in the presence of Margaret of Anjou, who, not seeing him in the parlour of reception, had stept upon the balcony, that she might with meet him the sooner.'

'The queen's dress was black, without any ornament except a gold coronal of an inch in breadth, restraining her long black tresses, of which advancing years, and misfortunes, had partly altered the hue. There was placed within the circlet a black plume with a red rose, the last of the season, which the good father who kept the garden had presented to her that morning, as the badge of her husband's house. Care, fatigue, and sorrow, seemed to dwell on her brow and her features. To another messenger, she would in all probability have administered a sharp rebuke, for not being alert in his duty to receive her as she entered; but Arthur's age and appearance corresponded with that of her loved and lost son. He was the son of a lady whom Margaret had loved with almost sisterly affection, and the presence of Arthur continued to excite in the dethroned queen the same feelings of maternal tenderness which they had awakened on their first meeting in the Cathedral of Strasburg. She raised him as he kneeled at her feet, spoke to him with much kindness, and encouraged him to detail at full length his father's message, and such other news as his brief residence at Dijon had made him acquainted with.

'She demanded which way Duke Charles had moved with his army.

After answering this question, by saying that an attack was first intended on the Swiss, Queen Margaret rather pettishly demanded what advice Arthur supposed his father would give in this case. The former intimated that his father considered the fall of Provence certain, which would leave the queen in a state of very doubtful safety. Expressing her anxiety,—

'She sunk down as one who needs rest, on a stone-seat placed on the very verge of the balcony, regardless of the storm, which now began to rise with dreadful gusts of wind, the course of which being intermitted and altered by the crags round which they howled, it seemed as if in very deed Boreas, and Eurus, and Caurus, unchaining the winds from every quarter of heaven, were contending for mastery around the convent of our Lady of Victory. Amid this tumult, and amid billows of mist which concealed the bottom of the precipice, and masses of clouds which racked fearfully over their heads, the roar of the descending waters rather resembled the fall of cataracts than the rushing of torrents of rain. The seat on which Margaret had placed herself was in a considerable degree sheltered from the storm, but its eddies, varying in every direction, often tossed aloft her dishevelled hair; and we cannot describe the appearance of her noble and beautiful, yet ghastly and wasted features, agitated strongly by anxious hesitation, and conflicting thoughts, unless to those of our readers who have had the advantage of having seen our inimitable Siddons in such a character as this. Arthur, confounded by anxiety and terror, could only beseech her Majesty to retire before the fury of the approaching storm, into the interior of the convent.

'"No," she replied with firmness; "roofs and walls have ears, and monks, though they have forsworn the world, are not the less curious to know what passes beyond their cells. It is in this place you must hear what I have to say; as a soldier, you should scorn a blast of wind or a shower of rain; and to me, who have often held counsel amidst the sound of trumpets and clash of arms, prompt for instant fight, the war of elements is an unnoticed trifle. I tell thee, young Arthur Vere, as I would to your father—as I would to my son—if indeed Heaven had left such a blessing to a wretch forlorn"—

'She paused, and then proceeded.

'"I tell thee, as I would have told my beloved Edward, that Margaret, whose resolutions were once firm and immoveable as these rocks among which we are placed, is now doubtful and variable as the clouds which are drifting around us. I told your father, in the joy of meeting once more a subject of such inappreciable loyalty, of the sacrifices I would make to assure the assistance of Charles of Burgundy, to so gallant an undertaking as that proposed to him by the faithful Oxford. But since I saw him, I have had cause of deep reflection. I met my aged father only to offend, and, I say it with shame, to insult the old man in presence of his people. Our tempers are as opposed as the sunshine, which a short space since gilded a serene and beautiful landscape, differs from the tempests which are now wasting it. I spurned with open scorn and contempt what he, in his mistaken affection, had devised for means of consolation, and disgusted with the idle follies which he had devised for means of curing the melancholy of a dethroned queen, a widowed spouse—and, alas! a childless mother,—I retired hither from the noisy and idle mirth, which was the bitterest aggravation of my sorrows. Such and so gentle is René's temper, that even my unfilial conduct will not diminish my influence over him; and if your father had announced, that the Duke of Burgundy, like a knight and a sovereign, had cordially and nobly entered into the plan of the faithful Oxford, I could have found it in my heart to obtain the cession of territory his cold and ambitious policy requires, in order to ensure the assistance, which he now postpones to afford, till he has gratified his own haughty humour by settling needless quarrels with his unoffending neighbours. Since I have been here, and calmness and solitude have given me time to reflect, I have thought on the offences I have given the old man, and on the wrongs I was about to do him. My father, let me do him justice, is also the father of his people. They have dwelt under their vines and fig-trees, in ignoble ease perhaps, but free from oppression and exaction, and their happiness has been that of their good king. Must I change all this?—Must I aid in turning over these contented people to a fierce headlong, arbitrary prince?—May I not break even the easy and thoughtless heart of my poor old father, should I succeed in urging him to do so. —These are questions which I shudder even to ask myself. On the other hand, to disappoint the toils, the venturous hopes of your father, to forego the only opportunity which may ever again offer itself, of revenge on the bloody traitors of York, and restoration of the House of Lancaster!—Arthur, the scene around us is not so convulsed by the fearful tempest, and the driving clouds, as my mind is by doubt and uncertainty."'—pp. 201-6.

'Anne of Geierstein' will rank among the best of the Waverley novels, for a general review of which an opportunity will shortly present itself. The same antiquarian lore, incomparable descriptive art, and power of giving to romance the present and living interest of real existence, have, in the work we have been noticing, the same strength of charm as in the earliest works of the great author. With h[illegible] subject appears every thing, or rather, the only advantage he requires to secure the admiration of his readers. In the works where he has failed, it has been from an injudicious choice of time or scene, both of which, throughout 'Anne of Geierstein,' are excellently selected.

NOTICES.

ART. XI.—*An Essay on the Connection between the Action of the Heart and Arteries, and the Functions of the Nervous System, and particularly its influence in exciting the involuntary act of Respiration.* By Joseph Swan. 8vo. pp. 162. London: Longman & Co. 1829.

THIS is not the first time we have met with Mr. Swan, who belongs to the meritorious class of experimental physiologists—devoting his time and his talents to the investigation of the more abstruse parts of the animal economy; by experiments ingeniously devised, carefully performed, and minutely observed, in their various phenomena. We recollect being much pleased with his "Inquiry into the Action of Mercury on the Living Body," published some years ago, and judging from the enthusiastic spirit of research, displayed in this work, that the author was a young man, we augured successfully of his career in this important but difficult line of study. Several productions of Mr. Swan's, marked by a similar character, subsequently fell under our perusal, and we were glad to perceive, for the interests of science, that our hopes of his success had been well founded. These considerations, we confess, led us in some measure to prejudge the work now before us, and to expect, perhaps, too much from the title. Looking, however, at the size of the book, we became convinced that it was impossible the author could have gone into the very extensive and difficult subject of respiration, in the same minute manner which he has employed in some of his previous works. In fact, his present publication is more in the form of a sketch, than of a finished or complete work, and it pretends to no more. In his unpretending and modest preface, Mr. Swan says—

'In the following pages I have stated my own opinions with very considerable hesitation, but as the great secrets of nature are seldom to be revealed but by the succeeding labours of different individuals, so I have contributed, what appeared to me sufficiently important for extending our knowledge, not only on this interesting subject, but on various points connected with it.

'It is difficult to be at the same time concise and clear, and therefore it is difficult in an Essay to touch upon important subjects connected with the main object, and not to acquire an appearance of negligence. I feel it necessary to make this apology, although I have not hastily written this short work.'—*Pref.* iii. iv.

He does not, accordingly, appear to have had room to advert to the ingenious plausibilities, on the same subject, published in the "Philosophical Transactions for 1820," by Dr. Carson, of Liverpool, nor to the extraordinary work on the Lungs, of Dr. Reisseisen, of Strasburgh, entitled "Uber den bau der Lungen," &c. His object is not so much to concentrate or promulgate the opinions of others, as to bring forward facts and inferences which have occurred to himself. We are sorry that the abstruse nature of the subject, and the technical language in which the discussion is unavoidable propounded, render it impossible for us to give such an abstract of Mr. Swan's views, as would be intelligible to a general reader. Our medical subscribers may gather from the following

extracts some notion of the rationale of respiration, which he brings forward:—

'Some may believe that respiration is a peculiar power implanted in the body, and therefore not to be accounted for. It is a combination of mechanical and chemical operations, performed by a complexity of organs for effecting such changes in the blood as are necessary for the preservation of life, and producing other actions, which are peculiarly conducive to the comfort and convenience of man; and it is therefore reasonable to inquire, not only how these individually act, but how they afford that reciprocal assistance which is determined to such important ends.

'The ordinary act of respiration is involuntary; but there is a power superadded which is voluntary.'—pp. 97, 98.

'It appears that the motion of the heart and blood-vessels sets in action and produces the regularity of respiration, and that it is effected not only by the association of the nerves, but principally by the mechanical excitement of the nerves which pass over those parts in motion. By the communications of the grand sympathetic with the phrenic, and also with the dorsal nerves, an association is produced between them; and the motions of the heart and the subclavian and intercostal arteries stimulate mechanically the phrenic nerves, and the branches of the grand sympathetic connected with them and the intercostal nerves, at the same instant. The communications of the grand sympathetic with the par vagum may produce an association between these nerves and the lungs; and some degree of the same impulse may be also given to them by the lungs themselves.—pp. 109, 110.

Without greatly exceeding the limits which we can spare for this subject, we could not go into farther detail, and we are therefore reluctantly compelled to refer to the book itself for accounts of a great number of interesting cases and experiments, corroborative of the author's ingenious theory.

ART. XII.—*A French Grammar.* By P. F. Merlet, teacher of the French Language to the London University. London: Richardson. 1828.

THAT whoever shortens the road to knowledge is a benefactor of mankind, is a truism which we should not have repeated here, had not the sight of this book, through its very contrast with those of the same class, which we could name, recalled to our recollection the horrors we endured in our boyhood, in travelling on the very long road which was to make us acquainted with the mysteries of the French language. Of all the living tongues of Europe, there is none of which an Englishman may acquire a smattering sooner than of the French, but at the same time no other which requires a more continued practice, and a closer study of grammar. We know very well that many of the rules found in our French grammars, being transcribed from those written for Frenchmen, are needless to us, because, being founded on the general nature of language, they are obvious to any one but a native. But still there remains a goodly number of peculiarities which must be known by any one who wishes to speak or write French with any degree of purity. All these rules we find arranged

in this grammar with the utmost simplicity and perspicuity, none occupying more than two lines, and arranged in so convenient a manner as to render references very easy. At the same time every rule is illustrated by a number of plain, *practical* sentences, such as are wanted in the common intercourse of life, and are made familiar by exercises of a similar kind. The tables of declensions and conjugations are also admirably clear. It is almost impossible to represent sound to the eye; yet the rules of pronunciation laid down in this book are so symtematic and precise as to render them a great help to those who have had some oral instruction. The Appendix, or a "Dictionary of Difficulties," which also sells separately, will be found an excellent book of reference to the more advanced student, more useful than French works of this kind, as it is evidently the work of a man who, by long practice, has made himself fully acquainted with all those points in his language which offer difficulties to the English learner.

ART. XIII.—*The Original Picture of London, enlarged and improved, being a correct Guide for the Stranger as well as the Inhabitant.* Re-edited by J. Britton, F.S.A., &c. London: Longman. 1829.

THIS improved edition of the 'Picture of London,' does great credit to the editor. Several important additions are made to its contents, and the information it affords is skilfully arranged and brought down to the present period. The manner also in which the designs are generally executed, is creditable to the character of the publication, which, if it were not already well known, would merit a fuller notice. To both the visitor in the metropolis, and the constant residents of London, it is a pleasant and trustworthy guide, exhibiting far more ability in its compilation, than is usual in such publications.

ART. XIV.—*The Misfortunes of Elphin.* By the Author "of Headlong Hall." London: Hookham. 1829.

THE Author of "Headlong Hall" is unequalled in the production of these most humorous little works. His wit, instead of flashing, steals upon us, and thus affords us one of the greatest pleasures we can have—the enjoyment of exquisite humour without any of that physical exertion, which wit less well managed occasions, and thereby destroys the refinement of the pleasure. The misfortunes of Elphin records the history of a Welch prince, son of a king named Gwythno Garanhir, who lived at the beginning of the sixth century. The manner in which the history is written may be understood from what we have said above; but there are also several passages which would be of a serious kind, were it not for their position. The consequences of a furious storm which raged and depopulated the country, are thus told:

'Meanwhile the morning dawned: the green spots, that peered with the ebbing tide above the waste of waters, only served to indicate the irremediableness of the general desolation.

'Gwythno proceeded to hold a conference with his people, as de-

liberately as the stormy state of the weather and their minds, and the confusion of his own, would permit. The result of the conference was, that they should use their best exertions to catch some stray beeves, which had escaped the inundation, and were lowing about the rocks in search of new pastures. This measure was carried into immediate effect: the victims were killed and roasted, carved, distributed, and eaten, in a very Homeric fashion, and washed down with a large portion of the contents of the royal cellars; after which, having more leisure to dwell on their losses, the fugitives of Gwaelod proceeded to make loud lamentation, all collectively for home and for country, and severally for wife or husband, parent or child, whom the flood had made its victims.

'In the midst of these lamentations arrived Elphin and Angharad, with her bard and attendant maidens, and Teithrin ap Tathral. Gwythno, after a consultation, despatched Teithrin and Angharad's domestic bard on an embassy to the court of Uther Pendragon, and to such of the smaller kings as lay in the way, to solicit such relief as their several majesties might be able and willing to afford to a king in distress. It is said, that the bard, finding a royal bardship vacant in a more prosperous court, made the most of himself in the market, and stayed where he was better fed and lodged than he could expect to be in Caredigion; but that Teithrin returned, with many valuable gifts, and most especially one from Merlin, being a hamper, which multiplied an hundredfold by morning whatever was put into it overnight, so that, for a ham and a flask put by in the evening, an hundred hams and an hundred flasks were taken out in the morning. It is at least certain that such a hamper is enumerated among the thirteen wonders of Merlin's art, and, in the authentic catalogue thereof, is called the Hamper of Gwythno.'—pp. 57—60.

We cannot spare room for the songs of the old king, but that on the indignation of Taliesin with the bards of Maelgon Gwyneth, who had just passed a most insulting observation upon him:—

'False bards the sacred fire pervert,
Whose songs are won without desert;
Who falsehoods weave in specious lays,
To gild the base with virtue's praise.

'From court to court, from tower to tower,
In warrior's tent, in lady's bower,
For gold, for wine, for food, for fire,
They tune their throats at all men's hire.

'Their harps re-echo wide and far,
With sensual love, and bloody war,
And drunkenness, and flattering lies:
Truth's light may shine for other eyes.

'In palaces they still are found,
At feasts, promoting senseless sound:
He is their demigod at least,
Whose only virtue is his feast.

'They love to talk; they hate to think;
All day they sing; all night they drink;

No useful toils their hands employ;
In boisterous throngs is all their joy.

'The bird will fly, the fish will swim,
The bee the honied flowers will skim;
Its food by toil each creature brings,
Except false bards and worthless kings.

'Learning and wisdom claim to find
Homage and succour from mankind;
But learning's right, and wisdom's due,
Are falsely claimed by slaves like you.

'True bards know truth, and truth will show;
Ye know it not, nor care to know:
Your king's weak mind false judgment warps;
Rebuke his wrong, or break your harps.'—pp. 126—128.

With one more specimen of the author's humour, we must leave him with our readers. The following is the 'War-Song of Dinas Vawr':—

'The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition;
We met a host, and quelled it;
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it.

'On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were brousing,
We made a mighty sally,
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;
We met them, and overthrew them;
They struggled hard to beat us;
But we conquered them, and slew them.

'As we drove our prize at leisure,
The king marched forth to catch us:
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us.
He fled to his hall-pillars;
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.

'We there, in strife bewild'ring,
Spilt blood enough to swim in:
We orphaned many children,
And widowed many women.

The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with our foemen;
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.

'We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them:
Ednyfed, king of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow, our chorus.---pp. 141—143.

ART. XV.—*Visits to the Religious World.* London: Seely and Burnside. 1829.

THIS publication appears to us little likely to effect the good it is intended to promote. It is written in a weak style, and the characters which it describes have too many doubtful points in their conduct to let them be offered as examples to the religious reader. There is at present a want of simplicity, of plainness, and unaffected thought in many of those who make the most noise with their Christian profession, and a work which should expose this in a strong and lively manner would deserve no ordinary praise. But the present production fails in cleverness of invention, and in that most essential part of such a work, a freedom from the commonplaces of dialogue, which turn away the not exceedingly willing reader with disgust. The following will give a tolerably accurate idea of the very uncharacteristic conversations of which the book is mainly composed.

'"What a pretty view you have from this window, those hills are beautiful." "Rather barren, Mary, but I mean to plant in that hollow, which will give a more wooded look to my prospect." "Is that your garden?" "Yes, but it is not yet in good cultivation." "Have you much pleasure-ground?" "Not much, but enough to make it very pleasant, if you are not tired we can walk out." Mr. Conroy and Mary followed him into the shrubbery, there they had a dissertation on shrubs and plants, which had been a favourite study of the uncle's. "You want a good stock from the nursery ground to fill up these gaps, my boy (a mode of addressing the nephew which he continued from habit, although Mary's brother was nearly thirty years of age). Yes. I shall fill them up next year probably, I have other demands upon my purse just now, which must be attended to." "I hope, Henry, you don't begin by maintaining all the sick and destitute of your parish, for it is a bad example to set; the parish should look to its own poor; besides, you'll be marrying by and by, and then, believe me, my boy, you'll have enough to do with your money." Henry smiled, and replied that he had no such thought at present. "Well, we'll talk of this some other time, for I've a good deal to say to you, and I am not so old but I can take an interest in young people's feelings. Eh! Mary," he added, looking very archly towards his niece, who took no notice that she heard him, "Henry, who officiates in your establishment?" "I have an elderly spinster,

a Miss Jenny Dobbins, who is willing and able to undertake all the duties of my household; she has been fully engaged this day in making all proper arrangements for your reception: airing rooms, baking cakes, and I believe ornamenting her Sunday cap to make a due impression on my uncle's servant."

'This history was scarcely given when Jenny herself appeared, looking very important and happy, as the sole agent on whom devolved the numerous offices of cook, housemaid, housekeeper, &c. &c. She came to announce that tea and coffee were served up.

'"Are you not sometimes dull, living so much alone, Henry?"

'"Oh no! never dull; I do better than most people living alone. I am very much engaged with my parish duties, and when I come home I have my sermons to make, and my studies to pursue, &c. &c." '—pp. 181—183.

We cannot stop to give any further proof that it is equally without weight and humour, and is altogether wanting in the qualities which might secure the success of its instructions.

ART. XVI.—*Deutsches Lesebuch; or Lessons in German Literature.* By J. Rowbotham, F.A.S. S.L. London: W. Joy. 1829.

IF any thing were necessary to prove the growing interest taken in this country in German Literature, we should find it in the number of books lately published, for the purpose of facilitating the study of this fine language. We have lately noticed Mr. Bernay's German Poetical Anthology, as a book of the utmost value to the student of German literature. It is with pleasure we now recommend Mr. Rowbotham's selection to young students in that language, for whom it is intended, and who will find their progress considerably accelerated by a help of this kind. The pieces are, unfortunately, not all drawn from the best writers, and many of them are consequently disfigured by antiquated expressions and foreign idioms, which might have easily been avoided. But they have the advantage of being easy and familiar; and the interlineary translations by which they are accompanied, are so correctly and ingeniously executed, as to leave nothing to be wished for on this head.

ART. XVII.—*Lectures on Shakspeare, &c.* By Robert James Ball, B.A.

LECTURES on Shakspeare, and oratorical recitations have been, for some time, in the course of delivery at the Russel Institution, by Mr. Ball, professor of elocution: and though we do not, from the nature of our publication, usually notice the proceedings of the different literary institutions in this metropolis, yet, when Shakspeare is the subject of discussion, we cannot easily pass over in silence what may have been advanced respecting him. He enjoys, above all other men, the rare privilege of obtaining for those who devote themselves to the elucidation of his works, that public notice which their merit, how respectable soever, when employed on other subjects, might not perhaps have procured for them. If any thing were yet wanting to satisfy us of the extraordinary genius of our immortal countryman, it would be placed beyond all doubt by the fact that minds,

even of the highest order, have thought it an object worthy of their ambition to employ themselves with success to illustrate his pages. Need we mention, as instances, Johnson and Schlegel? The name of the latter, celebrated as he is among his own countrymen, would not yet, perhaps, have been known here in England, but for his admirable appreciation of our dramatic poet.

Homer, and Dante, and Virgil, have had their commentators of celebrity; but with regard to the productions of those immortal poets, erudition and acuteness have been exercised *rather* in resolving difficulties presented by grammatical construction, and in throwing light upon obscure allusions to events and personages that have long since been veiled by the hand of time; while the commentator on Shakspeare finds ample scope for philosophical research in analyzing the combination of passions, which regulate the conduct of the various characters delineated by the dramatist.

Homer and Virgil, indeed, present a succession of brilliant and sublime conceptions; but in the number and variety of poetic beauties—in intensity of feeling—in the food they afford for deep thought—and above all, in the wonderful genius, which transforms, as by the wand of magic, the most unpromising materials into the most admirable creations—in all these, neither of them can be compared with Shakspeare. His Romeo and Juliet, affords a most striking instance of the justness of this remark. The version of the history of these two lovers, which it is now certain, he principally, if not exclusively, had before him, is entitled, "The Tragicall Historie of Romeus and Juliet, containing in it a rare example of true constancie," composed in verse. The scarcity of the tract induced Malone to insert it in his edition, but nothing can be more prolix and tedious than this same "rhymed historie;" yet, the master spirit, like the imagined philosopher's stone, has transformed into gold, and worth, and beauty, what was before but dross. The pleasure of seeing the wonderful transmutation effected, might possibly compensate for the wearisomeness attending the perusal of three thousand jambics, which, in comparison with that, which in the play delights, moves, and transports us, are but as a blank sheet.

In many plays of Shakspeare, there exists nearly the same relation between what he found and what he constructed from it, as subsists between the description of a thing and the thing itself. His power to infuse life and soul into the shapeless masses on which he wrought, is not the only distinguishing feature of this great man's genius. In the circumstances and in the reflections suited on the progress of the various events, he displays an acquaintance almost supernatural with the hidden springs of human nature. Let the following quotations from Mr. Ball's Lecture on Macbeth, illustrate our remarks. "The residence of Macbeth at Inverness is next presented to our view. There is poetry, exquisite poetry in the lines descriptive of the castle: and here there is a profundity of thought, which from its calm and stilly gloom may be passed unnoticed by the casual observer: but which presents to the reader who endeavours to hold communion with the poet's mind, a sublimity of idea as grand as it is awful. The royal Duncan is doomed to die by the hand of treason. It is not in the thronged assembly of subject nobles, where the voice of prudent counsel, or the clamour of wild debate may divert the attention of the loyal from the dagger of the

traitor: nor in the front of marshalled hosts returning triumphant from the Norwegian fight, where the trumpet and the cymbal peal their notes of conquest, drowning the piercing cry of assaulted majesty—nor in halls of state where the dance and the song, the feast and the revel, rise high above the anguish of parting life, that the poet has placed the murderer and his royal victim: but he has led them to a gentle retreat where nature seems to repose in silent solitude amid lakes and mountains, that seem to tell of all abstraction from the passions and the crimes of men; where "the gentle guest of summer, the temple-haunting martlet, has built his pendent bed, and procreant cradle." Removed from the tumult of war, and from the ceremonies of the court, Duncan rejoicing in the preservation of his country, and proud of the achievements of his victorious general, retires to Macbeth's castle, which he deems "a pleasant seat," to enjoy in tranquillity the success attendant on his victorious armies. And here at the moment in which he considers himself and his children and his kingdom most secure, he perishes by the hand of him whom he had designed to honour. And this consideration of hospitality, held so sacred in all ages and among all nations, awakens the chief restraining principle which for a time gives hope that the valiant chief who has "earned golden opinions," will not soil his glories for the meed of the assassin. Let the scene in its first opening view be presented to your contemplation—not as it appears upon the stage—but in its own abstracted beauty. And then for the evening song of the bird haunting the solitary towers, and for the sweet air "recommending itself unto the gentle senses;" place in contrast the succeeding storm, and the strange "screams of death" heard upon the midnight air, and you will acknowledge the power of the magician, whose wand thus suddenly transforms security to danger—calm to tempest—life to death—and triumph to lamentation. Nor are these the only accessaries that add horror and fearful sublimity to the scene. A fair and noble hostess receives the sovereign at her Castle's gate, and leads him by the hand with the semblance of gratitude and hospitality to the presence of her husband. A few hours after she drugs the possets of the king's groom and lays their daggers ready for the murderer's use; and bending like an evil spirit over the sleeping victim, she would herself have done the deed, but for a latent feeling of human nature, the only sign that she belongs not to an order of creation distinct from men and beasts. Human guilt cannot present a more imposing picture of assumed gentleness and ferocious crime—nor can poetic genius display a more deep-toned portraiture of the soft and the inviting, on which the eye delights to gaze, blended with the coarse and the revolting from which the senses shrink with horror.'

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'Our poet carries forward the supernatural agency of his plot by the introduction of Banquo's ghost at the Royal feast. From this period of Macbeth's career we find him advancing in the sea of guilt. And here we may observe the wonderful judgment of the poet, and his extraordinary insight into the hidden workings of the human mind. An instance of the deeply philosophic and moral reflections to be drawn from the sublime creation of Shakespear's genius, may escape the observation of all but those who analyze, with strict research, the less obvious combinations of the poet's deeply-buried thought. While Macbeth is but "young in crime," his conscience continues to harrow up his soul, and his remorse

incessantly presents to him the image of the murdered Duncan, who "sleeps well." But when one act of guilt has led to the commission of many others, and

> "He is in blood
> Stepp'd in so far, that should he wade no more
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er,"

he seems to banish the recollection of his first victim altogether from his mind, and we no longer hear from him those pathetic allusions to the "gracious Duncan," which showed how "scorpions filled his mind." Is not this silence in Macbeth a more eloquent proof of the reckless insensibility of confirmed guilt, than the most powerful language could exemplify? and does it not evince the deep philosophy of the poet's mind?'

* * * * * * *

'Although Macbeth places full reliance on the prophecies of the weird women, he, nevertheless, resolves to "make assurance doubly sure," by the murder of Macduff. But when he hears that his intended victim has fled to England, he is hurried forward, with the impetuosity of maddening guilt, till at last he knows not whom to trust; since, like the Arab, "his hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him." Even at the very season when his enemies advance upon him, aided by auxiliaries from England, he finds himself completely destitute; for his wife is seized with an illness, beyond the remedy of medicine, brought on by the fearful compunctions of remorse. She dies, "as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands," and Macbeth is left alone, like a bark which sees its consort go down amid the waters of the troubled ocean, while the clouds are collecting over head, and the tide of ruin swells into fearful undulation.'

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Though attracted to Mr. Ball's Lectures by our admiration, amounting almost to enthusiasm, for the Bard of Avon, yet from our knowledge of the difficulty of his task, we were not without apprehensions that we should experience the mortification of a disappointment. That Mr. Ball in his analysis of Shakespear should uniformly exhibit originality of thought cannot in reason be expected; but it is no small praise when we affirm, that he frequently displays very novel and ingenious views; and that his style of composition is equally chaste and elegant, being alike removed from that pompous diffusion in which some lecturers have sought their chief distinction in their strictures on Shakspeare, and that sterility of language, which bespeaks equal sterility of thought.

Mr. Ball's dramatic recitations, illustrating the characters on which he so ably comments, were delivered in a style of excellence which obtained for him the well-merited applause of a numerous auditory. He displayed occasionally powers for the stage not inferior to those possessed by some of the most distinguished actors of the day; and showed himself to be a man possessing not only the judgment to analyse, but also the talent to embody, the conceptions of his favourite poet.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Transactions of Literary and Scientific Societies.

Royal Society, April 30.—Lord de Dunstanville, D. Pollock, and W. Pole, Esqrs., took their seats as Fellows. Two interesting papers were read; one on the Respiration of Birds, by Messrs. Allen and Pepys; the other, a Report of an examination of Thames Water, by Dr. Bostock. There were donations of a cast of a medallion of Euler's head; a copy of Tycho Brahe's Mechanical Principles of his System of Astronomy; and the Flora Batava, by the King of the Netherlands.

Royal Society of Literature.—On Thursday the annual meeting of the Royal Society of Literature took place; the Marquess of Lansdowne in the chair. The secretary read the report of proceedings; and the following elections were made, by ballot, for the ensuing year:—

President.—The Lord Bishop of Salisbury.

Vice-Presidents.—The Duke of Rutland, the Marquess of Lansdowne, Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, Lord Bexley, the Earl of Carlisle, the Earl of Clare, the Right Hon. Charles Yorke, the Hon. George Agar Ellis, Colonel Fitzclarence, the Rev. G. Richards, D.D.

Council.—The Lord Bishop of Ely, Lord Farnborough, the Rev. H. H. Baber (Librarian), R. Blanshard, Esq., John Caley, Esq., the Rev. Richard Cattermole (Secretary), Prince Hoare, Esq., William Jacob, Esq., William Jerdan, Esq., A. E. Impey, Esq. (Treasurer), Lieut.-Col. Leake, Sir Gore Ouseley, Louis Hayes Petit, Esq. M. P., David Pollock, Esq., William Sotheby, Esq., William Tooke, Esq.

Treasurer.—Archibald Elijah Impey, Esq.

Auditors.—L. A. De la Chaumette, Esq. Frederick Madden, Esq.

Librarian,—The Rev. Henry Harvey Baber.

Secretary.—The Rev. Richard Cattermole.

Foreign Secretary.—The Rev. Henry A. Delafite.

Accountant and Collector.—Mr. Thomas Paull.

Thanks were voted to the noble chairman, on the motion of the Bishop of Bath and Wells.

Society of Antiquaries.—At the meetings of Thursday, May 7th, and the preceding Thursday, a paper was read from Mr. Britton, on Celtic or Druidical antiquities, accompanying a series of beautiful drawings from the author's sketches, representing several cromlechs and circles: the latter were divided into two classes—simple and compound. Among the latter were some interesting representations of the immense monument at Avebury, and that called Stonehenge, both in Wiltshire. Mr. Nichols communicated a paper on, and representation of, the very curious tapestry in St. Mary Hall, Coventry,

Society of Arts, May 12.—A meeting of the society took place at their house in the Adelphi, for the purpose of distributing the premiums voted in the class of polite arts,—his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex in the chair. The secretary stated the reasons that had induced the society to recur to their former practice of holding the distribution at their

own house, instead of at the Opera House, as has been of late the practice. After which he made some observations on the two classes of amateurs and artists, in which the successful candidates were respectively arranged. The medals were distributed by his Royal Highness, with the urbanity that so eminently distinguishes him when addressing the young; and the whole proceedings went off much to the gratification of a large assemblage that filled the great room of the society. The distribution of rewards in mechanics, and the other practical arts, will take place on Monday the 8th of June.

Miscellaneous.

Manufactures in France.—It appears from a French paper, that the broad cloth manufactures in France have fallen off considerably. In 1825, there were six hundred cloth manufacturers in Elbeuf and its environs---there are now only four hundred. At Louviers, within the last three years, two-thirds of the cloth manufacturers have disappeared; and at Sedan, the number is reduced one-half.

At Lissabon is now publishing an entire collection of the Portuguese laws, in six volumes folio, two of which appeared last year.

Monumenta Sicula.—A programme of the university of Copenhagen, just published by Thorlacius, contains, as a specimen of a collection of "Monumenta Sicula," which he is about to edit, an account of a Greek inscription of fourteen lines upon a piece of antique leather, on which Artemis is represented as goddess of the moon, of nature, and of generation. This literary curiosity is preserved in the Museum of Syracus.—*Dansk Litteratur Tidende*, No, 6.

There is preparing for publication, under the superintendence of Mr. George Don, A.L.S., a new edition of Miller's Gardener's and Botanist's Dictionary; the plants, &c. arranged according to the natural system of Jussieu and comprising all the modern improvements and discoveries which have been made in the sciences of botany, horticulture, and agriculture, to the present time.

We observe an Encyclopædia of Plants announced from the pen of Mr. Loudon, of which the Prospectus contains a full account, which, knowing the talents of the author, we are sure will not disappoint us. The work is to resemble Mr. L.'s highly popular volumes on Gardening and Agriculture, and will contain no fewer than nearly ten thousand engravings on wood, of which beautiful specimens are given in the prospectus before us.

A volume of Stories of Popular Voyages and Travels, with illustrations; containing Abridged Narratives of recent travels of some of the most Popular Writers on South America, is announced for speedy publication..

Receipts of Parisian Theatres.—The receipts of the Paris theatres during the month of March were, 682,429 francs, which were thus divided: Théâtre Français, 85,607; Variétés, 84,181; Madame, 66,875; Opéra Comique, 66,174; Italian Opera, 56,940; Porte St. Martin, 55,740; French Opera, 52,875; Nouveautés, 52,803; Cirque Olympique, 47,700; Ambigu, 40,660; Vaudeville, 38,198; Gaiete, 34,764. These receipts are higher than in many of the preceding months.

In the Press.—A Series of Dissertations, preliminary to a New Harmony of the Gospels, by the Rev. E. Greswell, M.A., and Fellow of C.C.C. Oxford.

Comets.—M. Humboldt has made a communication to M. Arago of some remarks by M. Encke on the progress of a comet, from which he draws inferences confirmatory of the hypothesis respecting the resistance opposed to the motions of the heavenly bodies by the atmosphere.

Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, Palestine, &c. are announced, by R. R. Madden. The author is stated to be a physician, and to have been sojourning for four years in these countries.

York Cathedral.—The late Mr. Carter made a series of large and elaborate drawings of this celebrated church for Sir Mark Sykes. They were some years in progress, and during their execution the worthy baronet died. He had, however, advanced (as reported) 500*l.* to the artist; and as there was a demand for 400*l.* or 500*l.* more, the executors declined to complete the purchase. The volume came to the hammer, with the artist's immense collection of drawings, MSS. antiquarian fragments, &c. and was knocked down for 337*l.* It has since been purchased by John Boadley, Esq. of South Ella, Yorkshire, who has thus enhanced his very valuable and excellent library with one of the finest collections of architectural drawings ever executed. There are 24 drawings of plans, elevations, sections, and minute details, of every part of this much-famed minister; and Mr. Boadley has very generously sent this volume to London, subject to the custody of Mr. Britton, that Mr. Smirke may profit by the authentic evidence it affords in rebuilding and fitting up the choir.

Captain Brooke, who is already known as a traveller by the works he has published on the northern parts of Europe, is about to present to the world an Account of an interesting Tour he has recently been making in Barbary and Spain.

Mr. William Hosking is preparing for publication a Popular System of Architecture, to be illustrated with engravings, and exemplified by reference to well-known structures, It is intended as a class or text-book in that branch of a liberal education, and will contain an explanation of the scientific terms which forms its vocabulary, and are of constant occurrence.

A forthcoming work, Mémoires Complets du duc de Saint Simon, is exciting great interest in Paris. These memoirs, which are said to be very curious, were commenced in 1688, and finished in 1743.

Portraits of the most celebrated Beauties of all Nations is announced by Messrs. Longman and Co., under the superintendence of Mr. Alaric Watts. It is to consist of a series of portraits of the most beautiful and celebrated women of all nations, from an early period in the history of portrait-painting to the present time, with specimens of Leonardo da Vinci, Raffaello, Holbein, Giorgione, Tintoretto, Titian, Sir Antonio More, Paul Veronese, Guido, Rubens, Velasquez, Vandyck, Mignard, Rembrandt, Murillo, Sir Peter Lely, Kneller, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Romney, David, Opie, Harlowe, and several of the most distinguished painters of the present day. For the sake of variety of style and costume, a chronological arrangement will be avoided; so that it is not improbable that the first number may contain portraits by Titian, Guido, Mignard, Vandyck, and Sir Thomas Lawrence.

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THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*Journal of an Embassy from the Governor-General of India to the Court of Ava, in the year* 1827. By John Crawfurd, Esq. F. R. S. &c. 4to. London: Colburn . 1829.

OUR knowledge of the countries collectively denominated "India beyond the Ganges," is so extremely imperfect, that we are led to consider even the smallest addition as important; every thing, in fact, being important which tends to enlarge our acquaintance with the scattered fragments of the great family of mankind. But the Burman empire, a portion of which has been rent away and added to our own vast dominions in the East, and which therefore lies as it were on our frontiers, possesses peculiar claims upon our consideration, as a neighbouring and, in some measure, a rival state. The history of our wars and conquests in this country has already been rendered almost familiar to the public, by numerous works written by the actors in the scenes described; in which the manners of the people have also been depicted with more or less fidelity. We are still very far, however, from possessing the materials for constructing a history of the Hindoo-Chinese nations themselves, or for forming a just estimate of their progress in those arts and sciences, the practice of which constitutes civilization.

The limits and extent of the Burman empire, the more immediate subject of the present article, are unknown; the country is supposed, however, to extend from long. 93° to 98° 40′ east, and from lat. 15° 45′ to 26° or 27° north, and may be said to contain about 184,000 square miles. It is bounded on the south by the sea, on the west by Arracan, Cassay, and Assam, on the north and north-east by China, and on the east by the kingdom of Lao. Entering the empire from the south, the traveller first meets with a champaign country, in part inundated by the rivers; he then encounters a succession of low hills, and finally vast ridges of lofty mountains,

clothed with forests, and passable with difficulty. There are four great rivers in the Burman territory, and an immense number of lakes, of which many are of considerable extent. Notwithstanding the length of the sea-coast there are only three harbours, Martaban, Rangoon, and Bassein. The remote portions of the empire are divided into provinces or vice-royalties, the number of which has not yet been ascertained. In general the country is divided into Myos, or townships, each containing a number of dependent villages; and it is calculated that there may be about one hundred and sixty-three townships, and about one thousand three hundred villages. The population of this country, estimated by former travellers at seventeen, nineteen, and even at thirty-three millions, is reduced by Mr. Crawfurd to four millions, or about twenty two persons to every square mile; which, considering the uncultivated state of the land, and the barbarous nature of the government, may perhaps be nearer the truth. Bad government is the principal, if not the sole check to population. Epidemic diseases are unfrequent, the plague is unknown; and celibacy, infanticide, and other unnatural practices for repressing population, are unheard of. The price of labour is high throughout the country. A day labourer at Rangoon earns about twelve pounds per annum, while in Bengal, where the price of rice is nearly the same as in the lower provinces of the Burman empire, and salt, fish, and house-rent much higher, the day labourer earns only about three pounds per annum. An able carpenter earns at Calcutta about twenty shillings per month, at Rangoon about thirty: the wages of the Bengal carpenter will purchase about eight hundred pounds of rice; those of the Burmese about eleven hundred and twenty pounds. In Bengal, beggary is exceedingly common; among the Burmese it is very unfrequent.

It has been remarked by philosophers, that the diversity of language prevailing among mankind, is at once a proof and a means of perpetuating barbarism; and in the Burman empire we have a striking illustration of this theory. The Burmans themselves are divided into seven distinct tribes or nations, whose names are, 1. Mranma, or the proper Burmese; 2. Talain, or the Peguans; 3. Rakaing, or the people of Arracan; 4. the Yan, a people residing to the west of the Kyendwen river; 5. the Taong-su, a nomadic people; 6. the people of Tavoy; and 7. the Karyens. Besides these there are the Shans, or people of Lao, whose language nearly resembles the Siamese; and numerous wild tribes claiming no affinity with the Burmese, such as the Zabaing, the Kyen, the Palaon, the Pyer, the Leuzen, the Laevá, the D'haru the D'hanao, the Dhenny, &c. All these races of men are supposed to possess languages, religions, and manners peculiar to themselves. Of many of them, however, little or nothing is known beyond their names, as they live in a savage state in the mountains, resisting or eluding the influence of civilization. Other of these nations, as the Karyen, the Zabaing, and the Kyen, approach the Burmese in civilization,

and apply themselves to the labours of agriculture. They differ, however, from other agricultural people in possessing little or no local attachments, being easily induced to migrate from one part of the country to another, in search of better lands, or more healthy situations; a trait of character which proves that they have not long forsaken the nomadic state. None of these tribes have hitherto adopted the Buddhist religion; but what form of superstition prevails among them is altogether unknown. They live in the midst of the Burmese without associating with them, as if they dreaded contamination. They are probably the aborigines of the country.

Like all other eastern nations, the Burmese pursue their historical researches, or rather their fables, back to very remote antiquity. According to them, the world is eternal in substance, but variable in form, and liable to perpetual vicissitude. Passing over the fabulous period, we come to the era of Anjana, grandfather of Gautama, who flourished about 691 years before Christ. Gautama died in the year 544 B. C. But this era refers rather to the history of the religion, than of the people. The first establishment of the Burmese as a nation, may be dated from the building of Pri, or Prome, in the year 443 before Christ: but the commencement of the native history of the nation is referred by Mr. Crawfurd to the year 301 B. C. at which time he supposes that Buddhism first found its way into the country. Prome continued to be the seat of government for three hundred and ninety-five years, during which period there reigned twenty-four princes. From the time when Prome ceased to be the seat of government, down to the present day, a period of one thousand seven hundred and thirty-four years, the Burmans have nine times changed their capital. Shortly after the death of the last king of Prome, a new dynasty arose, and established the seat of government at Pugan, where it continued during twelve centuries, in which period fifty-five princes reigned over the nation. Under the auspices of this long line of sovereigns, the great duration of whose reigns is a proof of the tranquillity, if not of the beneficence, of their government, Pugan gradually arose to opulence and splendour, as we may infer from the extent and solidity of its ruins. In the year 386, after Christ, a Burman priest, named Buddha Gauta, or Gausa, is said to have undertaken a voyage to the island of Ceylon, for the purpose of obtaining a copy of the Buddhist scriptures, which previously appear to have been unknown in the country. In A. D. 1356, and fifty-six years after the seat of government had been removed to Panya, the city of Pugan was destroyed. This event was followed by numerous revolutions, foreign invasions, and internal commotions, during which many princes appear to have been cut off. In 1364, the seat of government was removed to Ava, where it continued

in the middle of the sixteenth century, when the Burmese first became known to Europeans, at the time that they were effecting the conquest of Pegu. About the beginning of the eighteenth century the Peguans rebelled, subdued their former conquerors, took their king prisoner, and made themselves masters of the whole country. During this state of things, Alompra the founder of the present Burman dynasty arose. This man was originally the chief of a village. He began his adventures by associating with himself a hundred individuals, equally averse to the Peguan rule, and ambitious of distinguishing themselves. With this small band Alompra defeated several Peguan detachments; and improving in experience, and increasing the number of his followers as he proceeded, he appeared suddenly before Ava, in the autumn of 1753, and took possession of the city. He now conducted the war upon a larger scale, and having defeated the king of Pegu, took possession of his dominions, and gave up his capital to indiscriminate plunder and carnage. He next invaded Siam, in revenge for some affront which he had received from the people of that country; but while he was conducting in person the siege of the capital, he was suddenly seized with a disease which carried him off in the midst of his conquests, in 1760. This prince was succeeded by his son, Uparaja, who reigned only three years. He was succeeded by his brother Chang-p'hru-shang, whose name is pronounced Sembuen, or Shembuan by Europeans. This prince removed the capital from Sagaing, to Ava; and dying in 1776, was succeeded by his son Sen-ku-sa. In the Travels of Colonel Symes, Sen-ku-sa is represented in a very unfavourable light; but the account Mr. Crawfurd received of his character was altogether different. He was spoken of as a prince of liberal and benevolent disposition; but to turbulent and ambitious chiefs, accustomed from their earliest years to blood and rapine, his peaceful character only rendered him the more obnoxious; and he accordingly fell a victim to the villany of his uncle, who, after setting up a son of Uparaja as king, and as rapidly removing him, boldly threw off the mask, and ascended the throne in 1781. The sanguinary usurper, probably conceiving an aversion to the scene of his crimes, removed the seat of government from Ava, to the less eligible city of Amarapura. The same qualities which enable a man to plan and execute those atrocities that pave his way to the throne, frequently befit him to act with prudence and energy when seated on it; and thus in some measure to obliterate from the minds of his people the recollection of his guilt. Padun-mang, the Burman usurper now spoken of, is said to have been upon the whole, an able and prudent prince; and his reign, like that of Aurungzebe in Hindoostan, was long, prosperous, and not altogether destitute of glory. Whether the man himself was happy at heart, is another question. He died in 1819, after a reign

of thirty-nine years, and was succeeded by his grandson, the present king; who, with the approbation of the astrologers, removed the seat of empire back to the city of Ava, in 1822.

'Down to the year 1819, a period of sixty-seven years, six princes of the dynasty of Alompra had reigned, giving little more than eleven years for each reign. Alompra and his successors extended the bounds of Burman dominion far beyond all their predecessors; having added to the ancient territory of the Burman race, not only Pegu, and a portion of Lao, but Martaban, Tavoy, and Tenasserim; provinces, sometimes independent, but often under the yoke of the Siamese; together with the principalities of Arracan, Cassay, Cachar, Assam, and Jaintya. The possession of the latter distant and poor countries, became a source of weakness and not of strength to the Burman power, from its rudeness and want of political skill, peculiarly ill suited for maintaining a beneficial authority over remote acquisitions. These possessions farther brought them into that collision with a civilized nation which ended in a contest that has probably for ever arrested the progress of their wild and barbarous conquests.' —pp. 494, 495.

The eighteen distinct nations or tribes which inhabit the Burman empire, differ considerably in their physical structure both from the Hindoos and Chinese, and resemble the Malays more than any other people. They may upon the whole be described as of a short, stout, active, well-proportioned form; their complexion is brown; their hair black, lank, and coarse; their beard rather full. In civilization they are greatly inferior to the Hindoos and Chinese, and may, perhaps, be put upon the same level as the inhabitants of Java. Like many other nations, they retain in the midst of comparative civilization, the rude customs which prevailed among them before they emerged from the savage state. The practice of tattooing the skin, which obtains almost universally among barbarous nations, and has left distinct traces even in the manners of the polished inhabitants of Mekka, still prevails in the Burman empire, though it is there confined to the men. The operation commences as early as the age of seven years, and sometimes continues to that of forty. The part of the body upon which the tattooing is principally performed, is from the navel to the knee: the colours produced are black or blue, the tint being given by the soot of sesamum oil, and the gall of a fish. The figures imprinted in the skin are those of gods or demons, animals, birds, and cabalistical characters, intended to operate as a charm against wounds. This practice is not thought to conduce to beauty, but is submitted to as a test of manliness and courage; not to be tattooed being regarded as a proof of effeminacy. The Burmese also bore large holes in the lobe of the ear, in which, when possible, they wear an ornament of gold or silver, as a mark of wealth and consequence; or in default of so costly a bauble, a bit of gilded wood or paper. If the hole happens to be unoccupied, the Burmese, both men and women, will stick the remainder of a segar in it. Formerly it was the

custom to blacken the teeth indelibly; but this practice is now obsolete. The dress of the people, though comfortable and becoming, is somewhat too scanty to be graceful. In the poorer class of women it is frequently immodest, resembling that of the Lacedæmonian women, described by Euripides and other Greek poets. Though the greater number go bare-footed, sandals are worn by many; but neither shoes nor stockings. The use of the umbrella is universal. The dress of the priests is of a yellow colour, which in Hindoostan is the colour affected by the Chandalas, or lowest outcasts; from a vagabond tribe of whom the Burmans, or at least their priests, are probably descended.

In the useful arts the Burmans have made but little progress. Their cotton, which is particularly coarse, is manufactured by women, and is generally dear. The same thing may be said of their silks, the raw material of which comes from Lao and China. Their coarse, unglazed earthenware is cheap and good; and they have a superior description of pottery, manufactured at Martaban, Pugan, and other places, which is glazed and strong. Of the jars manufactured at these places, some are large enough to contain one hundred and eighty-two gallons of oil; and it is even said, that formerly the children of Europeans born in the country were smuggled away in these jars, to elude the law prohibiting the egress of the people. The porcelain used in the empire is imported from China. The cutlery of the Burmese is rude and coarse. Brass-ware is little used, except in the temples. Jewellery is manufactured in all the large towns of the empire, and though upon the whole it is rude and clumsy, articles are sometimes produced which may be pronounced handsome and tasteful.

The Burmese are singularly ignorant of geography; and their mariners, like those of the earliest ages, creep along the coast, trembling at every blast, and viewing the ocean with terror. An anecdote illustrative of their extraordinary ignorance, is told by Mr. Crawfurd, which appears to be almost incredible.

'The late Major Canning was deputed by the Government of Bengal, in 1812, to explain to the court of Ava the nature of our system of blockade. In a conference which ensued, one of the Burman ministers put the following question to the Envoy:—"Supposing a Burman ship, in her voyage to China, should happen to be dismasted off the island of Mauritius, would she be allowed, by the British blockading squadron, to enter that port?" '—p. 385.

As the Burmese regard immortality upon earth, and even long life, as a misfortune and not a blessing, they are not infected, like their Chinese neighbours, with the passion for discovering the "elixir of life;" but with a less pardonable superstition and a baser passion, employ themselves in alchemical studies to discover the means of transmuting the inferior metals into gold. This absurd passion appears to have taken possession for many centuries, of all ranks of people among the Burmese, from the

monarch to the dreaming student, who all account for the superiority of European nations, by supposing them to have discovered the mighty secret of which they themselves are in search. The question—

'"Can the English convert iron into silver?" was put by the Burmese courtiers to an intelligent Armenian merchant, who had long resided among them, and who understood their language perfectly. His reply was, that the English understood the art perfectly, but not in the sense in which they meant it. He took an English penknife out of his pocket, and threw it down on the table before them, observing, that it was worth more than its weight in silver, and that this was an example of the skill of the English in converting the base into the precious metals. When the Burmese perceived us collecting minerals and fossils, they pronounced at once, both chiefs and people, that our certain object was to convert them into gold and silver. That our object was nothing more than the gratification of a rational curiosity, was a notion so strange and foreign to their own habits and ideas, that no reasoning could convince them of the sincerity of our assurances.'—pp. 385, 386.

The Burmese are an example of how little is to be effected by diffusing the coarse elements of knowledge among a people, unless there can at the same time be diffused that fertile and irrepressible passion for study, and that critical power, which create great men. Owing to the vast number of Talapoins, scattered in monasteries over the whole country, whose duty it is to bestow, *gratis*, upon the children both of rich and poor, such an education as they are able, the Burmese are the most universally educated people in Asia, perhaps in the world. There is not one man in ten who is not able to read; and the accomplishment of writing, though less common, is yet very generally diffused. Boys begin to go to school when about eight or ten years old; during the period of their education they usually reside with the priests at the Kyaongs, or monasteries, where, as is also the case among the Brahmins of Hindoostan, they wait in the capacity of menial servants upon their preceptors, which, however, is considered to be rather honourable than otherwise. They study about six hours in the day; and are for the most part instructed in reading, writing, and the four common rules of arithmetic. Such youths as have the ambition to aspire to become learned men, addict themselves to the study of astrology, and of the Pali language, in which the Buddhist scriptures are generally written. Mr. Crawfurd remarks that the *ne plus ultra* of Burman education is the study of metaphysics, which, had he reflected upon the subject, he would perhaps have found to be the *ne plus ultra* of education in every other country.

Of the language and literature of the Burmese, but little is known. Like the other nations of the same family, they have two languages and two alphabets; the one vernacular; the other foreign and sacred. The vernacular, or demotic alphabet, follow-

ing the classification of the Hindoo alphabets, is divided into gutturals, palatals, cerebrals, dentals, labials, and liquids. It possesses eleven vowels, and thirty-three consonants, several of each of which differ considerably from the usual sounds of the Devanagari. Volney, in his Grammar of the vulgar Arabic, reckons twelve vowels in that language, though the Arabs have only *two* marks to represent all these sounds, for the *fatha* and the *kesra* are precisely the same in form. The Burman character is said to be easily acquired and written; and in this respect, as Mr. Crawfurd observes, it has the advantage over the alphabet of Western Asia, and particularly over the Persian, 'which,' according to our author, 'scarcely any European ever writes with elegance or propriety, or indeed attempts to write at all.' Though we make no doubt that Mr. Crawfurd is particularly well acquainted with the Persian language, we cannot at all agree with him upon this point, as we have known several Europeans who very readily acquired the power of writing the character which (with the exception of four letters) serves both Persians and Arabs. In fact, were any particular object to be gained by it, a person might acquire in one month the power of writing with propriety and elegance, both the *tâleek* and the *niskhi*.

The Burmese population is divided into seven classes—the royal family, the public officers, the priesthood, the merchants, the cultivators and labourers, the slaves, and the outcasts. The same number of classes existed, according to Herodotus, in ancient Egypt. But among the Burmese no class of public officers, except the Saubwas, or tributary princes of subjugated countries, are hereditary; the rest holding their rank, and sometimes even their property, merely for the term of their own lives, without the power of transmitting it to their children. The priests, who profess celibacy, and are prohibited all secular employment, form an important and numerous class; there being, if we correctly understand Mr. Crawfurd, (for which, as his expressions are very vague, we will not positively answer,) about twenty thousand in the districts immediately surrounding the capital, of which, six thousand reside in the town of Ava. Besides these numerous priests there are large establishments of nuns, who are chiefly old women. Occasionally, however, young women and widows retire to the convents; the latter from pure religious motives; the former to return to the world as soon as they can get husbands.

The class of merchants, under the title of "rich men," enjoy the protection, or rather, are subject to the regular and periodical extortions of the court; and the title being hereditary, many who are denominated *Thuthe* or "rich men," are found to be exceedingly poor. The condition of the cultivators, labourers, slaves, &c. is, as might be expected, sufficiently miserable, in many respects, notwithstanding the high price of labour. Perhaps, however, the character and manners of this singular people may be best illus-

trated by passages from our traveller's Journal, written apparently on the spot, while the objects and events described were yet fresh in the mind of the writer.

Mr. Crawfurd had already resided above six months at Rangoon, as Civil Commissioner on the part of the British Government, when he received instructions, in September, 1826, to proceed on an embassy to Ava. He was accompanied by several officers of ability;—by Mr. Judson, of the American Missionary Society, distinguished for his knowledge of the Burmese language, who performed the office of translator and interpreter; and by Dr. Wallich, superintendent of the government botanical garden at Calcutta, who was ordered to examine and report upon the resources of the forests of Pegu and Ava, as well as those of our newly acquired trans-Gangetic provinces. The mission proceeded up the Irrawaddi in the Diana steam-boat, the first which had ever appeared in India; and the attendants, consisting of Sepoys and grenadiers, followed or preceded in five boats of Burmese construction. The sight of the steam-boat making its way like a vast living creature up the Irrawaddi, appears to have particularly delighted the inhabitants of Prome. Though, as the author observes,—

'Many of the inhabitants had seen the steam-vessel during the war, a more lively curiosity was evinced now, to view her under weigh, than I had ever before observed in any eastern people, upon any occasion. The banks of the river, the boats, which were moored to the shore, the verandahs of houses, their tops, and many parts of the stockade, were crowded with people, anxious to see the spectacle.'—p. 40.

After making several remarks upon the battles of our troops with the Burmese, Mr. Crawfurd adds—

'In reference to the actions now alluded to, a singular fact has been ascertained, which affords a curious specimen of the superstition, credulity, and folly of the Burmese and their government. Finding that all their ordinary efforts to make head against the invaders were unavailing, they had recourse to magic; and among other projects of this nature, sent down to their army before Prome, all the women at Ava who had the reputation of having a familar spirit, in order to put a spell on the foreigner, and, as it was said, *unman* them. These females, who rather labour under some mental derangement than are impostors, are called by the Burmans Nat-kadau, or female nats. They profess to hold an intercourse with the demi-gods of that name, and to be inspired by them with supernatural powers. The presence of such persons was known to the British army; and among the wounded, after the action of Simbike, there was found a young girl of fifteen or sixteen years of age, dressed in male attire, believed to be one of them. Her sex was recognised, and attention was paid to her; but she expired in half an hour after being taken prisoner. Lieutenant Montmorency told me, that he had seen this poor creature; that she had received wounds in the neck and head, and held up both her hands, making a *shiko*, or Burman obeisance, to every one that, from pity or curiosity, came to see her.'—pp. 42, 43.

The contrast between the buildings of western and eastern Asia, between the gigantic structures of Egypt, (which belong rather to Asia than Africa) and the Hauran, and the frail tenements of the Japan islands and the Burman empire, is particularly striking. The relations of the ancients, describing people living in holes dug in the ground, and in caverns, have been considered fabulous; but it is known that in the central parts of the Deccan, numerous tribes are found without habitations, the men lying down upon the bare ground, wrapped in their blankets, and the women and children creeping under large hemispherical baskets covered with leaves to carry off the rain. The Burmese are possessed of better dwellings, but even these are particularly light and fragile.

'Sept. 19.—We left Tong-taong early this morning, and soon reached the village of Tharet (the Mango), which is situated on the west bank, and has the rank of a Myo. This was one of the largest places we had yet seen, and to all appearance the most thriving. A great number of boats were moored along the bank. Judging by the concourse of people who came down to gaze at the steam-vessel, it must contain several thousand inhabitants. The houses, as every where else, consisted of a light and frail fabric of bamboos, grass, or palm-leaves. Such a house is seldom worth more than forty current ticals. or 4*l*., and it is a splendid mansion that cost 400 or 40*l*. With very few exceptions, there exists no substantial structures in the country, except those which are dedicated to religious purposes. The insecurity of property forbids that the matter should be otherwise. If a Burman becomes possessed of wealth, temple-building is the only luxury in which he can safely expend it. Hence the prosperity of a place, which is never more than temporary, is to be judged of in this country, not by the comforts or luxuries of the inhabitants, or the reputable appearance of their habitations, but by the number, magnitude, splendour, and actual condition of its temples and monasteries. On these are wasted substantial materials, labour, and even ingenuity, equal to the construction of respectable towns and villages, calculated to last for generations. Tharet and its dependencies form, with the district of Sarawadi, the assignment for the maintenance of the king's only full brother, who takes his title from the last named place.'—pp. 45, 46.

As Petroleum, or "stone-oil," forms an important article in the internal commerce of the Burman country, where it is universally used, we shall extract a portion of Mr. Crawfurd's account of the wells which he visited. These wells are situated about three miles from the village of Re-man-khyang, and are approached by a tolerably well constructed road. They occupy about sixteen square miles, and the surrounding country consists of a series of sand hills and ravines, rather thickly interspersed with low, stunted trees.

'The surface gave no indication that we could detect of the existence of the petroleum. On the spot which we reached, there were eight or ten wells, and we examined one of the best. The shaft was of a square form, and its dimensions about four feet to a side. It was formed by sinking a frame of wood composed of beams of the *Mimosa catechu*, which affords a

durable timber. Our conductor, the son of the Myosugi of the village, informed us that the wells were commonly from one hundred and forty to one hundred and sixty cubits deep, and that their greatest depth, in any case, was two hundred. He informed us, that the one we were examining was the private property of his father, that it was considered very productive, and that its exact depth was one hundred and forty cubits. We measured it with a good lead-line, and ascertained its depth to be two hundred and ten feet; thus corresponding exactly with the report of our conductor—a matter which we did not look for, considering the extraordinary carelessness of the Burmans in all matters of this description. A pot of the oil was taken up, and a good thermometer being immediately plunged into it, indicated a temperature of ninety degrees. That of the air, when we left the ship an hour before, was eighty-two degrees. To make the experiment perfectly accurate, we ought to have brought a second thermometer along with us; but this was neglected. We looked into one or two of the wells, and could discern the bottom. The liquid seemed as if boiling; but whether from the emission of gaseous fluids, or simply from the escape of the oil itself from the ground, we had no means of determining. The formation, where the wells are sunk, consisted of sand, loose sandstone, and blue clay. When a well is dug to a considerable extent, the labourers informed us that brown coal was occasionally found. Unfortunately we could obtain no specimens of this mineral on the spot, but I afterwards obtained some good ones in the village. The petroleum itself, when first taken out of the well, is of a thin, watery consistence, but thickens by keeping, and in the cold weather it coagulates. Its colour, at all times, is a dirty green, not much unlike that of stagnant water. It has a pungent, aromatic odour, offensive to most people. The wells are worked by the simplest contrivance imaginable. There is over each well a cross-beam, supported by two rude stanchions. At the centre of the cross-beam, and embracing it, is a hollow revolving cylinder, with a channel to receive a drag-rope, to which is appended a common earthern pot that is let down into the well, and brought up full by the assistance of two persons pulling the rope down an inclined plane by the side of the well. The contents of the pot are deposited, for the time, in a cistern. Two persons are employed in raising the oil, making the whole number of persons engaged on each well, only four. The oil is carried to the village or port in carts drawn by a pair of bullocks, each cart conveying from ten to fourteen pots of ten viss each, or from 265 to 371 pounds avoirdupois of the commodity. The proprietors store the oil in their houses at the village, and there vend it to the exporters. The price, according to the demand, varies from four ticals of flowered silver, to six ticals per 1000 viss; which is from five-pence to seven-pence halfpenny per cwt. The carriage of so bulky a commodity, and the brokage to which the pots are so liable, enhance the price, in the most distant parts to which the article is transported, to fifty ticols per 1000 viss. Sesamum oil will cost at the same place not less than three hundred ticals for an equal weight; but it lasts longer, gives a better light, and is more agreeable than the petroleum, which, in burning, emits an immense quantity of black smoke, which soils every object near it. The cheapness, however, of this article is so great that it must be considered as conducing much to the convenience and comfort of the Burmans.'—pp. *53—55.*

The following anecdote exhibits the Burmese character in anything but an amiable light.

'Zé-ya-thuran was disliked by his fellow-courtiers, and odious to the people as a notorious oppressor. In the hour of need he had therefore no one to befriend him. He was dragged from the Hall of Audience by the hair of the head and conducted to prison, where he remained only one hour, when he was led to the place of execution, and beheaded. Mr. Judson told me, that he happened by accident to be present when he was dragged to prison, and afterwards when he was taken to the place of execution. The Burmese jailers and executioners, for they are one and the same, are all pardoned criminals; and upon this occasion displayed the most savage ferocity, knowing it was safe to do so towards a man who had not only incurred the king's displeasure, but against whom also the public hatred was particularly directed. In leading him to the prison, he was dragged along the ground and stripped naked, the executioners disputing with each other for the different articles of dress. When led to execution, he was pinioned as usual, and for a distance of two miles was goaded with spears, and otherwise maltreated to such a degree, that he was nearly dead before suffering decapitation.'—pp. 61, 62.

M. Guigniaut, a French writer who appears to be destined to arrive at the highest eminence as a mythologist and philosopher, observes in speaking of the profound researches of Zoëga, that religion is the *core* of humanity. He is right, for man is sapless and worthless without it. To penetrate into the spirit of the various religions which prevail among mankind is, therefore, to work our way into the hidden places of our own nature; and every passage which throws light upon it is an auxiliary in this obscure warfare. We copy the following extract without hazarding any remarks upon it.

'Not far from the temple of Ananda there are some good Kyaungs, or monasteries, here, as in other places, built of wood, and tiled: connected with them is a small building of masonry, the inside of the wall of which is covered with rude paintings, representing the Burman hell, called Nga-ra, probably a corruption of the Pali Naraka, and of the country or paradise of Nats. The punishments in the first are various—all of them physical; such as having the entrails torn out by vultures—decapitations—knocking the brains out with a hammer, and similar evils. Ease—idleness—high seats, and numerous attendants, are, to judge from the paintings of this place, among the principal joys of the paradise of Nats. According to the Burman creed, the Nats, like all other beings, are liable to evil and to change; the only exception is in favour of those admitted into Nibban, where there is neither joy, nor grief—pleasure or pain; a state, which if it does not amount to absolute annihilation, approaches as near to it as can well be imagined.'—p. 65.

We conjecture, from several passages in the present volume, that the Chinese are favourites with Mr. Crawfurd. He speaks of their civilization in high terms, and on his arrival at Ava, observes—

'The first evening of our arrival, two Chinese, natives of Canton, came

on board, offering their services as provisioners and brokers. These persons spoke English, and had made voyages to England, to our principal settlements in India, and to the European ports in the Malay Islands. These industrious people are to be found in every part of the East, where there is room for the exercise of their useful industry, and, wherever they are found, are always superior to the inhabitants of the countries in which they sojourn. There are a great many residing at the Burman capital, and some of them natives of parts of China, never seen in the European settlements in India. We accepted the services of our visitors; but yesterday they were told that they were infringing the laws of the country, and ordered, at their peril, to discontinue their visits until after our presentation.'—p. 93.

At the capital our traveller finds an European adventurer, who, after enduring the severest hardships, and being subject to the most extraordinary vicissitudes, was now the brother-in-law of the king of Ava, yet excluded from the palace, deprived of his office, and living in disgrace. His story, which is briefly narrated by Mr. Crawfurd, is highly interesting, and illustrative of the manners of the people among whom after many toils his lot was cast.

'The history of this gentleman, who was now about fifty years of age, was sufficiently varied and singular. He was by birth a Spaniard, and born of a noble family. When a boy he was sent to Paris, where he received his education, and continued to reside for many years. At the commencement of the Revolution he came out to the Isle of Bourbon, of which his maternal uncle was governor. From this place, along with a number of young men of family, he fitted out a privateer to cruize against the English trade. After leading this life of adventure, hardship, and danger for several years, the privateer was driven into the river Bassein by stress of weather. Here Mr. Lanciego left her, and eventually found his way to Rangoon, and became a trader. He afterwards married the daughter of Mr. Jhansey, an Indian-Portuguese, who was for many years Intendant of the Port of Rangoon, and whose other daughter is his present majesty's fourth queen. From Rangoon Mr. Lanciego went to the capital, became a first-rate favourite with the present king, then heir-apparent, and through his influence was appointed Intendant or Collector of Rangoon. When the Burmans resolved upon a war with the British, which he always deprecated, he was on his annual visit at Ava with the produce of the customs of Rangoon. The personal attachment of the king, his known partialities to the French interest, and his family relation with the sovereign, did not exempt him from the universal suspicion which fell upon all Europeans. One or two letters from English merchants at Rangoon reached him, confined wholly to matters of business. This was enough. He was clapped into a dungeon, in fetters. One or two other letters from the same quarter, and of a similar tenour, arrived. The enemies of Mr. Lanciego now framed a plot against him. He was represented as holding a correspondence with the English, and persons were found to swear that his emissaries had been seen in the enemy's camp. The King issued the order that he should be examined "in the usual manner." He was accordingly sent for from prison, put to the torture, and his property confiscated. At the peace of Yandabo, but not until then, he was released, but his property was not restored, and he had

ever since been excluded from the palace; the only justice done to him being the acknowledgment of his innocence, and the punishment of his false accusers. It seems that his services were now thought necessary in the ensuing negotiation; and he was to-day, for the first time, to be admitted to the palace. This accounted for his visit to us, in company with the Burman officers. I was happy to think that the presence of the British Mission should, even indirectly, hold out a prospect of improving the situation of Mr. Lanciego, a gentleman who was represented, by all who knew him, as a man of honour and probity. His situation was the more to be pitied, since he was not permitted to quit the country, either alone, or with his family, He knew, in fact, too many of the secrets of the Burman Government, and this excited their keenest jealousy and apprehension.'—pp. 94, 95.

We do not remember to have anywhere else met a description of the boat-racing of their Burmese majesties; and therefore, as Mr. Crawfurd's description of this most royal sport is at once characteristic and amusing, we copy it.

'*Oct.* 13.—When the waters of the Irawadi begin permanently to fall, a festival is held yearly for three days, the chief amusements of which consist of boat-racing; this is called in the Burman language Rethaben, or the Water Festival. According to promise, a gilt boat and six common war-boats were sent to convey us to the place where these races were exhibited, which was on the Irawadi, before the palace. We reached at eleven o'clock. The Kyi-wun, accompanied by a palace secretary, received us in a large and commodious covered boat, anchored, to accommodate us, in the middle of the river. The escort and our servants were very comfortably provided for in other covered boats. The king and queen had already arrived, and were in a large barge at the east bank of the river. This vessel, the form of which represented two huge fishes, was extremely splendid: every part of it was richly gilt, and a spire of at least thirty feet high, resembling in miniature that of the palace, rose in the middle. The king and queen sat under a green canopy at the bow of the vessel, which, according to Burman notions, is the place of honour; indeed, the only part ever occupied by persons of rank. The situation of their majesties could be distinguished by the white umbrellas, which are the appropriate marks of royalty. The king, whose habits are volatile and restless, often walked up and down, and was easily known from the crowd of his courtiers, by his being the only person in an erect position, the multitude sitting, crouching, or crawling all around him. Near the king's barge were a number of gold boats, and the side of the river, in this quarter, was lined with those of the nobility, decked with gay banners, each having its little band of music, and some dancers exhibiting occasionally on their benches. Shortly after our arrival, nine gilt war-boats were ordered to manœuvre before us. The Burmans nowhere appear to so much advantage as in their boats, the management of which is evidently a favourite occupation. The boats themselves are extremely neat, and the rowers expert, cheerful, and animated. In rowing, they almost always sing, and their airs are not destitute of melody. The burthen of the song upon the present occasion, was literally translated for me by Dr. Price, and was as follows:—" The golden glory shines forth like the round

sun; the royal kingdom, the country and its affairs, are the most pleasant." If this verse be in unison with the feelings of the people, and I have no doubt it is, they are, at least, satisfied with their own condition, whatever it may appear to others.

'Sometime after this exhibition, the state boats of the king and queen were also sent to exhibit before us. These, like all others belonging to the king, are gilt all over, the very oars or paddles not excepted. In the centre of each was a throne, that of the queen being latticed to the back and sides, so as partially to conceal her person when she occupied it. They were both very brilliant. According to the Burmans, there are thirty-seven motions of the paddle. The king and queen's boats went through many of them with grace and dexterity, and much to our gratification and amusement.

'Towards the close of the day, the king sent us a repast of confectionary, fruits and other eatables, served with much neatness, and in vessels of gold; to indicate that the favour was bestowed personally by his majesty. The culinary art, as practised by the Burmans and other Hindu-Chinese nations, is much more agreeable to the European palate than that of the natives of Hindostan. Upon the present occasion, there was but one article decidedly objectionable—a dish of crickets fried in sesamum oil! The chiefs who brought our refreshments were two persons of some note, from being much in the king's favour.'—pp. 212—214.

The account of the "boat-racing" is interrupted by a sketch of the history and character of the important personages who waited on the mission with refreshments. The next day, however, the royal amusement was resumed, and the author proceeds:—

'*Oct.* 14.—We appeared at the boat-races again yesterday, being conducted as the day before. The amusements were exactly the same, and the king and queen were, of course, present; for they never land from their water-palace, as the great vessel I have described is sometimes called, from the commencement to the conclusion of the festival. The boats are matched in the races two and two, no greater number ever starting. The king's boats are matched in pairs against each other, and sixty pairs start during the races. The boats of the nobility run against each other, and the chiefs frequently sit in their own boats; but of this exhibition they are not fond, except when confident of victory, for the loser is generally made a butt for the merriment of his friends and companions. The prizes consist of money, dresses, and, for the poorer classes, rice. The boats run with the stream for the distance of a taing, or two miles, and the goal is a vessel anchored in the river opposite to the king's barge. They are all pulled by paddles, each boat having seldom less than forty. Their speed is very great, and I should suppose they would outrun our fastest wherries. The matches appeared to excite great emulation in the parties immediately engaged, and much interest in the spectators, composed principally of persons about the Court and their retainers, all of whom were in their boats. Both on this day and yesterday there were very few spectators on the shore. The interest of the festival, indeed, appeared to be confined to the Court, and it seemed to excite little curiosity in the people. The king, hearing that we had been gratified at seeing the evolutions of the gilt boats, sent to-day thirteen war and three state-boats to manœuvre;

in our presence. The repast was sent as before, and on this occasion, in testimony of his Majesty's satisfaction, a double allowance; the Burmans appearing to mark their favour to their guests, like the Greeks of Homer, by the quantity of food they set before them. Besides the ordinary collation, there was also sent for each guest a separate supply of betel, fine tobacco, and *lapet*, or Burman tea. This last article is dressed with sesamum, oil, and garlic, and its taste in this state is not unlike that of olives. This is the produce of the Burman territories, growing on the hills north of Ava. It appears to be a true but coarse tea (Thea), with very large leaves. At our return home in the evening there was a heavy squall, and this morning we understood that three persons overtaken by it in the river were drowned.

'*Oct.* 15—In compliance with the urgent desire of our Burman friends, for our curiosity had been already sufficiently gratified, we again appeared yesterday at the boat-races: they were only distinguished from those of the two preceding days by the procession which closed them. A little before sunset, the king and queen, with their infant daughter, and the heir-apparent, stepped into their state-boats, surrounded by a number of gilt war-boats, upon the signal of three cannon being discharged: they were accompanied by between fifty and sixty boats of the principal nobility. The procession rowed up the river and back again in a circle three times, when the king and queen returned to their barge, and three discharges of cannon proclaimed that the festival was concluded. The procession passed within one hundred yards of us, and we had a very good view of it. The Atwen-wun and other chiefs, who were on board with us at the time, threw themselves on their knees as the king passed, raising their joined hands, as if in the attitude of devotion. The Burmans understand the arrangement of such pageants, as that which we had now witnessed, extremely well. The moment chosen was the most favourable for effect. The setting sun shone brilliantly upon a profusion of "barbaric gold," and the pageant was altogether the most splendid and imposing which I had ever seen, and not unworthy of Eastern romance.'—pp. 114—116.

Though in all missions of this kind, the most important thing, of course, is to secure the political or commercial advantages for which they are undertaken, the details of the negotiations by which the result is obtained, are generally far from being of an interesting nature. Besides, modern travellers most commonly possess the art of throwing an air of common place over whatever they describe, and though their accounts of the "pomps and vanities" of palaces are no less common-place than the rest of their labours, they are necessarily more dazzling and amusing. Mr. Crawfurd, indeed, has been too much accustomed to the barbaric splendour of Asiatic courts, to be properly struck with their rude magnificence, or to be able to describe them with full effect; but when things appear grand in his eyes, we may at all events be sure that they would wear the same appearance to most persons. We therefore copy his description of the 'Hall of Audience,' in the palace of Ava, and of the appearance of the king and queen, when the gentlemen of the mission were formally presented to them.

'That portion of the palace which contains the Hall of Audience, consists of a centre and two wings; the first containing the throne, and directly fronting the outer gates of the enclosure. The building is entirely of wood, with the exception of its many roofs, which are covered with plates of tin, in lieu of tiles. Over the centre is a tall and handsome spire, called by the Burmans a Pyat-thad, crowned by the Ti, or iron umbrella, which is an exclusive ornament of the temple and palace. The Hall of Audience is without walls, and open all around, except where the throne is placed. The roof is supported by a great number of handsome pillars, and is richly and tastefully carved. The whole fabric is erected upon a terrace of solid stone and lime, ten or twelve feet high, which constitutes the floor; this is so smooth, even, and highly polished, that I mistook it at first for white marble. With the exception of about fourteen or fifteen inches at the bottom of each pillar, painted of a bright red, the whole interior of the Palace is one blaze of gilding. The throne, which is at the back of the hall, is distinguished from the rest of the structure by its superior brilliancy and richness of decoration. The pedestal on which it stands is composed of a kind of mosaic of mirrors, coloured glass, gilding, and silver, after a style peculiar to the Burmans. Over it is a canopy richly gilt and carved, and the wall behind it is also highly embellished. The Palace is new, not having been occupied altogether above two years and a half; so that the gilding and ornaments were neither tarnished nor defaced, as we often found to be the case in other places. Although little reconcilable to our notions of good taste in architecture, the building is unquestionably most splendid and brilliant; and I doubt whether so singular and imposing a royal edifice exist in any other country. It has the same form and proportions with that described by Colonel Symes, at Amarapura; but is larger, in the proportion of one hundred and twenty to ninety.

'There are three entrances to the Hall of Audience, by a flight of a few steps,—one at each wing, and one at the centre; the last being appropriated to the King alone. We entered by the stair which is to the right, at the bottom of which we voluntarily took off our shoes, as we had from the first agreed to do. We passed through the hall, and seated ourselves where our station was pointed out, in front of the throne, a little way to the King's left hand, the presents being directly in front of the throne. The King made his appearance in about ten minutes. His approach was announced by the sound of music, shortly after which a sliding door behind the throne opened with a quick and sharp noise. He mounted a flight of steps which led to the throne from behind with apparent difficulty, and as if tottering under the load of dress and ornaments on his person. His dress consisted of a tunic of gold tissue, ornamented with jewels. The crown was a helmet with a high peak, in form not unlike the spire of a Burman Pagoda, which it was probably intended to resemble. I was told that it was of entire gold, and it had all the appearance of being studded with abundance of rubies and sapphires. In his right hand his Majesty held what is called in India a Chowrie, which, as far as we could see, was the white tail of the Thibet cow. It is one of the five established ensigns of Burman royalty, the other four being a certain ornament for the forehead, a sword of a peculiar form, a certain description of shoes, and the white umbrella. His Majesty used his flapper with

much adroitness and industry; and it occurred to us, who had never seen such an implement but in the hands of a menial, not with much dignity. Having frequently waved it to and fro, brushed himself and the throne sufficiently, and adjusted his cumbrous habiliments, he took his seat. The Burman courtiers, who were seated in the usual posture of other Eastern nations, prostrated themselves, on his Majesty's appearance, three times. This ceremony, which consists in raising the joined hands to the forehead, and bowing the head to the ground, is called, in the Burman language, Shi-ko, or the act of submission and homage. No salutation whatever was dictated to us; but as soon as his Majesty presented himself, we took off our hats, which we had previously kept on purposely, raised our right hands to our foreheads, and made a respectful bow.

'The Queen presented herself immediately after his Majesty, and seated herself upon the throne, at his right hand. Her dress was of the same fabric, and equally rich with that of the King. Her crown of gold, like his, and equally studded with gems, differed in form, and much resembled a Roman helmet. The little Princess, their only child, and about five years of age, followed her Majesty, and seated herself between her parents. The Queen was received by the courtiers with similar prostrations as his Majesty, and we also paid her the same compliment as we had done to the King. When their Majesties were seated, the resemblance of the scene which presented itself to the illusion of a well got up drama, forcibly occurred to us; but I may safely add, that no mimic exhibition could equal the splendour and pomp of the real scene.

'As soon as his Majesty was seated, a band of Brahmins, who are the soothsayers of the Burman Court, began to chant a hymn, which continued for two or three minutes. In what language it was, or on what subject, we could not ascertain. These persons stood behind the throne, a little to his Majesty's left; so that we had but an imperfect view of them. They wore white dresses, with caps of the same colour, trimmed with gold lace or tinsel. This part of the ceremony being over, the first thing done was to read aloud a list of offerings made by his Majesty to certain Pagodas in the city of Ava. The names of the temples were specified, and it was stated that the offerings were made because the temples in question were "depositaries of relics of Gautama,—representatives of his divinity, and therefore suitable objects of worship." This was done by a Than-d'hau-gan, or Reporter of the Palace. The list was read or rather sung, from a book which he held before him.'— pp. 132—135.

The author now enters into details which he may perhaps regard as important, but which, in our eyes, appear to be of little interest. He afterwards adds the following particulars respecting the person and habits of the king, which deserve to be read:—

'His present Majesty was about forty-three years of age, of short stature, but of active form. His manners are lively and affable, but his affability often degenerates into familiarity, and this not unfrequently of a ludicrous description. A favourite courtier, for example, will sometimes have his ears pinched, or be slapped over the face. Foreigners have been still more frequently the objects of such familiarities, because with them freedoms may be taken with less risk of compromising his authority. The King is partial to active sports, beyond what is usual with Asiatic sovereigns—

such as water excursions, riding on horseback and on elephants, elephant catching, &c. Among his out-door amusements there is one so boyish and so barbarous as not easily to be believed, had it not been well authenticated:—this is the practice of riding upon a man's shoulders. No saddle is made use of on these occasions, but for a bridle there is a strap of muslin put into the mouth of the honoured biped. Before the war, the favourite horse was a native of Sarwa,—a man of great bulk and strength, with shoulders so broad and fleshy as to make his Majesty's seat perfectly safe and comfortable. When the English arrived at Sarwa, this person had a brother there who submitted to their authority. This treasonable proceeding becoming known at Court, the favourite was degraded and put in irons, as well as deprived of a title and assignment of land which he enjoyed for his services. His Majesty has at present no human vehicle of this description. I ought to observe, that the practice of riding on a man's shoulders is not peculiar to his present Majesty, but has often been practised by other full-grown persons of the Royal blood.

'He seldom goes abroad, or shews himself to his subjects, without being accompanied by the Queen. On the most solemn occasions, she sits with him upon the throne; and in public processions, her vehicle is carried side by side with his. When they are spoken of, the customary form of expression is not "the King" or "the Queen" separately, but "the two Sovereign Lords." So great is her power over him, and so unaccountable does it appear, that her enemies charge her with the practice of magic; and some of the royal family, it is said, familiarly speak of her under the name of "the sorceress." None of his Queens ever sat with his late Majesty on the throne during his long reign, nor have I been able to ascertain that it was ever the practice of the Burman kings before his present Majesty's accession. In an eastern country, at all events, it is certainly a singular spectacle. When the last Chinese Embassy received an audience in the year 1823, her Majesty then appeared upon the throne—an invasion of Oriental usage which must have been a subject of wonder to a ceremonious and punctilious nation, who themselves keep the sex in a state of entire retirement and seclusion. To the Burmans themselves, however, the matter does not seem so extraordinary; for, with them, generally speaking, women are more nearly upon an equality with the stronger sex, than among any other Eastern people of consideration; yet they have never, that I am aware of, been raised to the throne, or directly exercised any political authority. Her Majesty's disposition is less amiable than that of the King, and her temper more austere and haughty.'—pp. 139—141.

In all Oriental countries, dancing girls make an important figure in the list of amusements. The performances of those of Ava are thus described.

'In passing through the court-yard, on our departure, we stopped for a few minutes, from motives of civility, to see an exhibition of dancing-women. Two of the King's *corps de ballet* were performing, considered the first dancers in the kingdom. They displayed great agility in their way; sometimes they bent their body backwards in such a manner as to touch the ground with the head, and without any assistance from the hands to recover the erect position; but their movements were violent, their gestures ungraceful, and sometimes a little indecent. They sung

while they danced, and in both respects seemed as if they were performing for a wager. The presents given to us upon this occasion were to each a small ruby-ring, a broad-brimmed straw hat, not unlike a lady's Leghorn bonnet, and a handsome bamboo betel-box, of Shan or Lao manufacture.' —p. 160.

The following example of petty tyranny, can scarcely be exceeded in the history of Oriental nations.

One striking example of this came under the immediate observation of the European prisoners of war, which was frequently mentioned to me. In the family of Men-tha-gyi, but not in his seraglio, there was a handsome young woman of the Cassy nation: she and a young man of the same tribe, also in the family, had formed an attachment for each other. Men-tha-gyi, who had some pretensions to the young woman's person himself, would not permit their union. The young people eloped, but no person dared to afford them an asylum. They were pursued, arrested, and brought back. The young man was imprisoned in five pair of shackles, put into the stocks, and finally starved to death. When he screamed from pain and suffering, he was beaten by the gaolers; and after six weeks' endurance, his existence was terminated by a few blows of a mallet over the head and breast. Men-tha-gyi, as the gaolers stated, watched and directed his torture and punishment. The young woman disappeared, and had never since been heard of. This, according to the information of the gaolers, was the second case of the same nature which had occurred. The first took place at Amarapura, about three years before. Men-tha-gyi, before the elevation of his sister, is alleged to have exercised the very humble occupation of a fishmonger: the Queen's aunt is even said to have carried a basket of fish upon her head, in the exercise of a still humbler branch of the same calling.'—p. 161.

The mission succeeded in its principal object, which was to effect a commercial treaty between the English and Burmese; and the negociators left Ava in the latter end of December, 1826. The addition made to our knowledge of the Burman empire by Mr. Crawfurd's Journal, is very considerable. Both the people and the country are cleverly described; and there are fewer ill-conducted speculations than are generally to be found in works of this kind. The information conveyed, however, is by no means commensurate with the bulk of the volume, which, as usual, is swelled by innumerable trifling details of no utility whatever. With a little art and patience, all that is valuable in this work might have been condensed into one small duodecimo volume, which would have been universally read, and if it did not add to the wealth, would at least have increased the reputation of the able and ingenious and liberal historian of the Indian Archipelago.

ART. II.—*An Encyclopædia of Plants; comprising the Description, Specific Character, Culture, History, Application in the Arts, and every other desirable Particular respecting all the Plants, Indigenous, Cultivated in, or introduced to Britain; combining all the advantages of a Linnæan and Jussieuean Species Plantarum, a Grammar of Botany, and a Dictionary of Botany, and Vegetable Culture. The whole in English; with the Synonymes of the commoner Plants in the different European and other Languages; the Scientific names accentuated, their Etymologies explained; the Classes, Orders, and Botanical Terms illustrated by Engravings, and with Figures of nearly ten thousand species, exemplifying several individuals belonging to every genus included in the work.* Edited by J. C. Loudon, F. L. S. H. S. &c. The specific characters by an Eminent Botanist; the Drawings by J. D. C. Sowerby, F. L. S.: and the Engravings by R. Branston. 8vo. pp. 1159. London: Longman and Co. 1829.

THIS work comes most opportunely in the gay season of flowers, —"the leafy month of June," as Coleridge calls it, when every hedge is white with blossoms and every field is decked in the rich garniture of summer. Indeed, with the 'Encyclopædia of Plants' for a companion—which speaks of every vegetable production "from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop which groweth on the wall—" we could range with enthusiastic delight through groves and gardens, in the pathless forest, the broad savannah, or the mountain glen, and could find "society where none intrudes" in the sweet companionship of flowers, from their earliest germ to the full expansion of their beauties in the summer's sun.

And surely botany may well be called an elegant study, though to many it appears dry, difficult, and of course uninteresting—an opinion which seems to be slowly gaining ground, and the study, in consequence, to be rather on the decline in the circles of fashion. There are two ways in which the study may be pursued, and one of these, at least the study of botanical prints and drawings, has little chance of coming into disrepute so long as the arts continue to advance, as they are now doing, in accuracy of design and brilliancy of execution. In this way, by having a numerous collection of good engravings, and descriptions of them, such as the work before us amply supplies, it is quite possible to learn and know a great deal of botany without ever seeing a living flower, or without ever experiencing the delight of a botanical excursion in the country.

The latter, however, is the true and only genuine method of studying the science; and in this way it is indeed a most delightful and elegant pursuit. We speak from the recollections of twenty years' experience, when we say, that among the brightest pictures of our past pleasures, are those of our summer wanderings in search of plants and flowers. The pursuit creates a keenness and enthusiasm of mind, which to others appears little short of folly, though it gives the botanist himself the enjoyment of the most innocent

pleasure, and makes his hours pass on brightly and smilingly. And what cares he if the world calls him foolish and mad, and talk of his dearest treasures as vile and worthless weeds, and of his rare mosses as mere toys for the nursery. He can say the same of the amusements, the pleasures, and even of the serious pursuits of the world. He can say, that while he admires the beauty of a flower, and the perfection of its structure, others admire the glittering of a gilded star or a jewelled coronet, and are seemingly no less mad than he, in the pursuit of such gewgaws. He can say, that while he spends his hours in admiring the workmanship of God in a blade of grass, or in the flower of a lily, others spend their hours in studying the inferior works of man, in painting and in poetry; and he can speak as neglectingly, and look as coldly upon their collections, by this master, and the other master, as they can do on his cabinets and herbariums, in which there is nothing but what has been planned by the highest wisdom, and executed by the highest skill.

We have put the case strongly. We think each party wrong to undervalue the studies of the other; for, after all, our highest pleasures and enjoyments, when coolly considered, are but little removed from the pleasures and enjoyments of infancy, and the pursuits of childhood: it is enough for us, if in infancy, as in manhood, the pursuit give pleasure: it is enough, if it help us in this world of care, to pass, at least, a few of our hours, or days, or weeks, in contentment and happiness; and this, the pursuit of botany is well fitted to do, if entered upon with keenness. One source of enjoyment it most amply supplies: we speak of health. The genuine botanist must be frequently abroad in the fields,—he must wander through meadows, trace the course of streams and rivers, make his way through woods and thickets, and the depths of forests,—he must clamber among rocks, and ascend mountains, and even fathom lakes, rivers, and seas; and if he do all this to become a botanist, he must take the best, and the most healthful exercise. In this view the study of botany, in many of our most refractory diseases, would be more efficient than the best prescriptions. It is in vain, indeed, to talk of making an invalid take exercise, when he has nothing out of doors to do, and in fact it is found, when exercise is thus recommended or prescribed, it is usually neglected one day in three. But give the invalid a motive, make him study botany, and his daily walk and his daily exercise are insured. Besides, this will keep the spirits delightfully alive, it will rouse the mind, put the thoughts in play, and expel most of the diseases of indolence, gormandizing, and luxury; over which regularly prescribed exercise will have a feeble influence. The study, in fine, when keenly pursued, throws an interest upon every rural walk, and causes the summer fields to bloom more brightly, and the summer sun to shine more charmingly, than they can do to him who calls every flower a weed, and every nosegay a nursery toy.

If a botanist confine the range of his excursions, he must remain contented with a confined knowledge of plants; for like certain species of animals, certain species of plants have a tendency to live only in particular places. Some sorts of moss, for example, will only live and thrive in marshy ground, where they may always have abundance of moisture; and out of this they will wither and die, in the same way as the duck can only live and thrive where there is water to dabble in, and will pine away when deprived of it. There are other species of moss, which are never found except on the loftiest pinnacles of mountains; they can only live where they enjoy the mountain-air, and the botanist, who is not enterprising enough to scale the craggy cliff, and brave the perils of an Alpine storm, can never enjoy the supreme pleasure of seeing the *Andræa Nivalis*, the *Gymnostomum Lapponicum*, and the *Dicranum montanum* in their native abodes, and must be contented to take his information at second hand, from the happy man who has set every discomfort at defiance, for the delight of filling his plant-box with Alpine mosses.

To every body except a genuine botanist, such an enterprise appears little better than infatuation. Yet we can well understand why a rational and intelligent man should travel hundreds of miles to see the Scottish mountains, or the Swiss Alps, and have his mind elevated and his fancy enlarged, by ascending to their summits and looking abroad to the far horizon, which encircles whole countries and kingdoms in its widening sweep. We can well understand the pleasure, the dreadful pleasure, of the enterprising æronaut who fearlessly surrenders himself in his atmospheric ship to sail along the sea of clouds that encanopies the earth, and hides it from his view, and with nothing above him but the boundless firmament, and nothing around him but the viewless air, he cradles himself at his ease, and enjoys the unbroken solitude of his lonely situation. But the uniformity and sameness of this scene of sky and of air soon become wearisome, and he watches with restless anxiety for some parting or disseverment of the clouds below him through which he may catch a distant glimpse of the earth, and through which he may descend in safety from his excursion through the fields of air. We can well understand the delight with which this man will chronicle his enterprise, and with which he will expatiate on all the details of his aërial voyage, and we can easily fancy how he will tell of his hair-breadth escapes, of being involved in a thunder cloud, or lost in the wilderness of a fog, or of being dashed on some mountain summit, or precipitated headlong into the sea; and how eagerly his friends will listen to the wonderful narrative, and treasure up all his descriptions for the purpose of detailing them to others. All this we say, can be well understood, because it is one of the highest pleasures of human nature to be kept on the rack of suspense; and both the actual feeling and the narrative of its progress will impart this pleasure.

But there is another pleasure which is little less intense, the

pleasure of being distinguished from every body else, the pleasure of having done, or of having seen what nobody else, or but a chosen few have done, or have seen, or of possessing what nobody else possesses; all of which are only modifications of the high pleasure of individual distinction.

Now it is precisely on these principles that we must account for the pleasure of the botanist. He climbs the mountains, though it is not for the extent of view that he does so, nor to tell the history of his exploits in scaling cliffs and describing precipices, nor to display his taste in the descriptions of Alpine scenery, with its mountain ruins, and deep valleys, and fields of everlasting snow, which the summer sun cannot penetrate. The genuine botanist who climbs a mountain, has no leisure and no wish to look farther than the rock he is climbing, or the soil he is walking over. It is there alone where his treasures are to be found, and if he chance to light on a rare, or an unknown moss, he would look with a cold indifference on the most sublime scenery which might be spread before him, and at his return he can probably tell you nothing of mountain ridges, nor profound valleys, nor of the grandeur of an extensive prospect; but he will become eloquent and animated when he exhibits the riches of his plant box, and will tell you, that he alone has had the high merit of discovering this and the other moss, or lichen, or jungermania, and he leaves the descriptions of the scene where he gathered them, to sentimental tourists and florid romance writers.

The botanist is in this exactly similar to the enthusiastic collector of old books, and of old coins, not for any utility which these possess, but because he is eager to have what nobody else has, and to be distinguished for having a unique collection, and to have his curiosities visited and wondered at, and talked about. The child, who gathers a daisy or a marigold, enjoys not half the pleasure when it has no one to shew it to, and every child is so far a botanist; for the most eager moss hunter would soon relinquish his pursuit were he to find nobody to admire his collection, and nobody to whisper that he was a first rate Botanist—such is human nature, and such are the transitory sources of our highest pleasures.

But there are other and more interesting points of view in which we can contemplate botanical studies; for example, in reference to mineralogy, zoology, and similar branches of science. One of the most obvious analogies which strikes an observer is, that some plants and some animals always delight in solitude, and only a solitary individual of such a species is now and then met with at a distance from all others of the same kind. In animals we can more clearly see the design of this, than in vegetables. We can see the motive of the eagle in establishing his solitary throne on the summit of a precipice, and permitting no intrusion within his boundaries; but we cannot see the reason why the mountain ash is the only tree which has rooted itself in the cliff, while thousands of hazels and birches are flourishing on the bank below, and

thousands of pines on the mountain above. Yet we may plausibly enough conjecture, that the different species of grass delight in society, because thus the food of graminivorous animals becomes more abundantly supplied. May it not be for the supply of abundant fuel, that the fine forests of Norway extend over such vast tracks of country; and may it not be to supply the rein-deer of Lapland with food, that the lichen on which they feed is so abundant under the snow?

It has been remarked of animals, that they are prolific in inverse proportion to their size, and in a direct proportion to their utility. The eagle, for example, has only two eggs, and builds once a year. The rule, however, is not general, for while the wren and the tom-tit have eight or ten eggs, the humming bird has only two; and while the cat and the sow are very prolific, the cow and sheep have but a scanty progeny. We cannot, therefore, it appears, build much on this analogy in vegetables. The slightest observation indeed will contradict it; for the poppy, which is of small utility compared with wheat, outstrips it a hundred fold in productiveness.

From observation we know, that only certain species of plants grow wild in certain countries, and certain districts of countries, though these are often, for the purposes of utility or ornament, taken to distant parts and cultivated. Mr. Haworth, a distinguished English botanist, in his late work on the saxifrages, thinks that on these principles the botanist may be able to assist the antiquary, in tracing the situations of ancient towns and villages, by the exotic plants remaining long after the desolation of the ruins where they grow; and he fancies that even the early migrations of the human race, may be faintly followed by the plants which they have left in their wanderings. We confess, we were at first rather sceptical with respect to this speculation of Mr. Haworth's, till we met with an instance of its practical application in Dr. Della Cella's Travels in Barbary, lately published. On arriving at a certain spot between Egypt and Tripoli, a mortality broke out among the camels of the caravan, which Della Cella immediately traced to their eating of a poisonous plant. From investigating the history of this plant, he ascertained that it was the celebrated sylphium of the ancients, which was sold for its weight in silver, and was deemed of so much importance, that it was kept in the public treasury, and sold for the service of the state, by order of Julius Cæsar, when making preparations for war. Now this plant was so difficult to rear, that we are told by Pliny, it would not bear transplanting, and would only grow in one district of Cyrene. In the time of the Emperor Nero, it had been so much in request, and so much destroyed, by the incursions of barbarians, that it was difficult to procure a specimen as a curiosity. Dr. Della Cella found it in abundance, and proved its identity by the figure of it, which is stamped upon one of the Cyrenéan

coins. Such, we think, is a very fair specimen of Botanical antiquities.

We shall here suggest that the same principle may, perhaps, be applied in our own country. It is remarked by botanists, that vervain is only found in the neighbourhood of towns and villages; and we infer from this that the vervain may be a foreign plant, introduced by the Druids into England, for religious purposes. Now, we ask, might not the vervain, if found at a distance from any town or village, serve to indicate their former existence, or, at least, point out the situations of some ancient Druidical grove, or temple? We do not say that the vervain alone would prove this, but it might serve to confirm other proofs, or strengthen probable conjectures.

We have to remark, that Mr. Haworth cannot claim all the originality of the principle; as the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," who has too much poetry in him to be a botanist, well illustrates the subject in his pretty verses on visiting a scene in Argyleshire.

"Yet wand'ring I found in my ruinous walk,
By the dial stone aged and green,
A rose in the wilderness left on its stalk
To mark where a garden had been;
Like a brotherless hermit the last of his race,
Alone in the silence of nature it drew
From each passing sunbeam a lonely embrace,
For the night-weed and thorn had o'er shadow'd the place
Where the flowers of my forefathers grew."

We may, perhaps, apply the same mode of inquiry to the Geographical discussions respecting the situation of ancient Troy. We have all heard of the river Scamander, which is mentioned in Homer; now M. Choiseul and other travellers have not been able to find at present any thing like a river in the Troad, though there is still a brook, which is supposed to be the remains of the river. One explanation of this is, that the forests of Mount Ida have been for ages cut down, and the sources of the Scamander have in consequence been dried up. Take another illustration from Volney's account of America. It is a fact, well established in Kentucky, that many of the streams have become more abundant since the woods in the neighbourhood have been cut down, for it appears, that formerly the leaves of the forest trees accumulating on the ground formed a thick compact bed, retained the rain water on its surface, and allowed it time to evaporate before it could penetrate the ground; while now, the ground being opened by cultivation, suffers the rain to penetrate, and thus keeps it in more regular and abundant reservoirs. This, it will be said, is directly contrary to what has just been remarked of the Scamander being diminished by the cutting down of the forests on Mount Ida. But a distinction is to be made here. It is only in the plain country of Kentucky, that the clearing of the woods increases

the rivers; for the clearing of the heights diminishes the quantity of rain by diminishing the attraction for the clouds; and in Kentucky accordingly, many brooks are pointed out which now become dry in summer—a circumstance quite unknown fifteen years ago; and in New Jersey, others have disappeared altogether.

We can carry the subject of botanical antiquities still farther, for we find abundant remains of plants imbedded in our rocks, and particularly in the black slaty rock called shale, which usually accompanies coal-fields; and still more beautifully delicate ones in the species of Chalcedony, called Mocha stones. These, however, only refer us to the indefinite period connected with the deluge and the revolutions of the globe. They point not to any precise date which might aid us in the chronology of the earth's antiquities. Yet still they are useful in determining the relative ages of rocks. We have, however, met with something more definitive than this in the late researches of a continental geologist, Dr. Karg of Æningen on the Rhine. Dr. Karg found imbedded in the lime-stone rocks at Æningen, the shoots and leaves of the black poplar, which is still abundant in the neighbourhood; and several shells which were also found in the same stone, appeared to be of fresh water origin and recent. Now when it is recollected that most of the plants and animals found in rocks are such as are at present unknown, in a recent state, the limestone of Æningen, it would appear has been formed at no remote period, that is, it seems to have been formed at least much later than the deluge. This is proved almost to demonstration by the striking fact, that walnuts and branches of the walnut tree are found enclosed in the rock. Now it is known that the walnut does not grow naturally in Germany, and that it was first brought from Armenia by the Romans, and introduced into Italy, whence it was taken to Germany, and the rest of Europe. The lime-stone rock of Æningen must therefore have been formed after the introduction of walnuts into Germany. There is no resisting the conclusion, if the accuracy of Dr. Karg's observations be admitted, and we have no reason to distrust them, as they are confirmed by Von Buch, whose authority is still higher than Dr. Karg's from his being better known. We shall make one other similar remark, respecting the study of antiquities, as derived from the observation of wild animals. Captain Beaufort, in his excellent account of Karamania, mentions that near Patara he found immense numbers of partridges. Now this country was in ancient times famous for its partridges, and it is also said to have been extremely populous. Mr. Beaufort found the partridges exceedingly shy; although they must be little molested as the country is at present almost a desert. May it not be that this shyness arises from a hereditary habit, transmitted from the ancient partridges when the country was populous?

But we must apologize for digression. We think the reader will excuse us for thus giving an example of the very close connec-

tion which subsisted between branches of study apparently unconnected and opposite. It is impossible, indeed utterly impossible, to be profoundly skilled in one branch without making repeated excursions through all the diversified fields of human inquiry, at least, so far as they are connected with the branch pursued. We started, as may be recollected, with the illustration of antiquities from the study of botany, but we could not proceed far in the illustration, till we were involved in the knowledge of medals in meteorology, and the laws of evaporation, and with facts bearing upon the natural history of the origin of rivers, and the effects of clearing a country of forests. On going farther with our illustrations of botanical antiquities, we were obliged to dip a little into geology, and the natural history of petrifactions; and by continuing our researches, we should, we have no doubt, have had occasion for many more side glances at sciences and literary inquiry, which though at first they might appear remote, would in the end come to bear closely on the subject under review.

Now we would ask, is it not more philosophical, and more natural, and more interesting, to illustrate a science in this way, than by keeping rigidly and closely to its own dry details, and by shrinking back from the desire to travel beyond its own narrow circle? We could easily have told our readers the botanical characters of sylphium or of vervain; how the flowers are constructed, and how the leaves are shaped, and how each of them stands in the arrangement of Linnæus, or of Jussieu. This is all that the mere botanist ever thinks of, though it appears to us that his knowledge is totally useless, unless it be applied to illustrate some fact similar to what we have now given, or applied to some practical purpose. What would we think of an astronomer who merely knew the names of his quadrants, and his telescopes, and his micrometers, and who could not make a single observation to ascertain his latitude; or of a grammarian, who would repeat you off whole pages of rules and paradigmas without being able to write one sentence grammatically? Yet precisely similar is the mere name knowledge of the self-called botanist, who spends his time in framing barbarous Latin, and in constructing unnatural systems.

Varied illustration, derived from every resource which can be commanded, is exactly conformable to what we find in nature, for there all things are linked together by inseparable relations, and it is only the imperfection of human systems, which makes and maintains the breach among the sciences, somewhat in the same way as the French critics have done in dramatic poetry, banishing every thing that is natural and easy for a formal, stiff, artificial awkwardness, to which every thing must be squared and levelled down. This appears to us to be exactly of a piece with the botanist who keeps himself rigidly to his system and his names; but we must confess that we should prefer the natural variety of our English theatre and our English novels, where we meet

with human beings as we see them in the world; one grave and solemn, and another simpering out the sentimentalism of affectation; as we should prefer the botanist who could travel out of the circle of his system, and take interest in all the diversified phenomena of nature, at the very least in so far as these might illustrate his favourite subject, in the same way as the dramatist and the novelist set off the characters of their principal personages by introducing subordinate performers. Don Quixote would be a tiresome narrative without Sancho; as the Linnæan botany is certainly tiresome where it is unaccompanied with useful illustration. Our readers would scarcely believe us were we to tell them the puerilities of some botanical system makers, and among others we have to mention the great Linnæus himself, who expressly stated that he divided his "Philosophia Botanica" into twelve parts, because there are twelve months in the year; and into 365 paragraphs, because this is the number of days in the year. He also divided plants into five groups, because, as he tells us, we have five fingers on each hand, and five toes on each foot. The names of these five groups are, Classes, Orders, Genera, Species, and Varieties. He became dissatisfied, however, with this analogy of plants to the toes and fingers, and he intended, had he lived, to have added two more, namely, Legions and Tribes, to make up the number seven; because the world was created in seven days!!!

In the 'Encyclopædia of Plants,' we find none of these puerilities. The plan is to follow up the brief botanical description of a plant, with remarks on the methods employed in cultivating it, and the various uses to which it may be applied. For example, after describing botanically fifty species of oak (*quercus*) of which engravings are given of twenty-four, we find the following remarks upon the most important of these:—

'*Quercus.* This name is derived from the Celtic *quer*, fine, and *cuez*, a tree; it was so called, in distinction to other trees, because the holy misseltoe grew upon it; otherwise the common name of the oak in Celtic was *derw*, whence *druids*, and the Greek δρυς. Phellos was the Greek name of the cork, Q. Suber. Gramuntia has derived its name from growing in the wood of Grammont, near Montpellier. Suber is generally supposed to have been formed from the Latin *Sub*, under, because the bark was used by the Roman women as sandals, both for keeping their feet dry, and increasing their stature; but Vossius is of opinion that it comes from συφαρ, the Greek name of bark of any kind. Coccifera has been so called because the little insect, coccus, which affords the well known kermes dye, is found upon it. Kermes itself is an alteration of *qermez*, which signifies in Arabic a little worm; the same people called the red dye *qermezy*, whence our Norman English word *cramoisye*. Robur is an alteration of *rove*, a Celtic synonyme of the oak. Aegilops, literally goat's-beard, was so called on account of the long tress or beard-like lichens which were frequently found hanging suspended from it.

'The oak is a genus of trees familiar to man in the temperate zones of

both hemispheres. Q. Robur, now valued for its timber and bark, and formerly for its acorns, is familiar to every Briton. There are two distinct varieties, or sub-species; Q. Sessiliflora and pedunculata, and another Q. Pubescens. Q. Pedunculata is thought to be the common oak of England, being much more frequent in natural woods than the others. The timber of this variety is said to be whitish and hard, while that of the sessile-fruited is reddish and brittle. The bark of this, and all the hardy species of oak is, or may be, used by the tanner. Oak saw-dust is the principal indigenous vegetable used in dyeing fustian; and different shades of drab and brown are also made from it. Oak apples are used in dyeing as a substitute for galls; the black got from them by the addition of copperas is more beautiful than that from galls, but not so durable. These galls are occasioned by an insect of the Cynips kind, which deposits its eggs in the substance of the leaf. When the bark of the oak has performed its office to the tanner, it is employed by the gardener to produce heat by its fermentation. Oak leaves are also used for the same purpose. When a great proportion of the island was in forest, acorns were of importance for feeding swine, they are still valued for this purpose in districts where the oak abounds, as in Hampshire and Northamptonshire. Q. Cerris is a very handsome tree, and the timber is considered nearly as valuable as that of the common oak. The Lucombe (from the name of the nurseryman who raised it) and Fulham (from the name of the nursery where it was first originated) varieties are nearly evergreens: they retain their verdure till Christmas, and remain on the tree in a brown or withered state till April or May following.

'Q. Coccinea is one of the handsomest of the American oaks; the leaves, which are six inches long, change in autumn to a beautiful scarlet colour, and unless hard frost comes on early, they do not fall off till near Christmas. Q. Rubra bears a near resemblance to the last species. Q. Tinctoria, *Quercitron*, Fr. has been recommended to be cultivated on account of its bark, which affords a valuable yellow dye.—*Caled. Hort. Mem.* iii. 378.)

'Q. Suber is cultivated in Spain, Portugal, and the south of France, for its cork bark. The exterior bark is the cork, which is taken from the tree every eight or ten years; but there is an interior bark which is left on to protect the tree, so that stripping off the outer bark is so far from injuring the trees, that it is necessary to their continuation. Trees that are never barked are said to die at the age of 50 or 60 years. The bark is taken off for the first time when the tree is about fifteen years old; it soon grows again, and may be rebarked three times, the bark improving every time till the tree attains the age of thirty years. It is taken off in sheets or tables, much in the same way as oak or larch bark is taken from the standing trees in this country. After being detached it is flattened by presenting the convex side to heat, or by pressure. In either case it is charred on both surfaces to close the transverse pores, previously to its being sold. The carbonized surface produced by this charring, may be seen in bungs and taps; but not in corks, which being cut in the lengthway of the wood, the charring is taken off in the rounding.

'The uses of cork in Britain are well known. It was used as sandals by the Greeks, whence our cork soles, and probably the Venetian choppings (*cioppini*, Ital.), or shoes so high heeled, as to raise the women above the men. The poor people in Spain lay broad planks of it by their bed-

side to tread on, as great persons use Turkey and Persian carpets to defend them from the floor; and sometimes they line the walks and insides of their houses built of stone with this bark, which renders them very warm, and corrects the moisture of the air. Both in Spain and Barbary, bee-hives are made of cork; for this purpose, they roll the bark into a cylinder of five or six feet long, and six inches in diameter, boring the holes for the entrance and exit of the bees, as in the Polish hive.—(*Encyc. of Gard.* 1738.)

'Q. Coccifera *Cusoja*, Span., has prickly leaves like those of the holly, or Q. Ilex; from this species is collected the kermes, or scarlet grain, a little red gall, occasioned by the puncture of the coccus ilicis. With these galls scarlet colour was dyed till the discovery of America, when another species of coccus, the cochinillifer, was found in the Mexican woods upon the Cactus.

'Q. Phellos is remarkable for the form of the leaves, which differ in character from the rest of the species. Q. Ilex, the holly, or holm oak, *Chene verd*, Fr. *Elice*, Ital. and *Euzina*, Span., is a handsome evergreen tree, and the timber is supposed equal to that of the common oak. Q. Gramuntia is thought by some to be only a variety of this species. The acorns of Q. Esculus are sweet, and, it is said, are frequently eaten by the poor in the south of France: the tree very much resembles the common English oak.

'The willow-oak grows to the height of forty or fifty feet, spreading its branches, when in open places, extremely wide; it yields the finest and most durable ship-timber of any species known; for which reason it is considered one of the most valuable trees in America. The laurel-oak, or, as it is sometimes called, swamp willow-oak, is about fifty or sixty feet high; its wood, according to the elder Michaux, is very valuable, and almost preferable to that of Q. Virens. The water-oak, Q. Aquatica, is about forty feet high when full grown; its wood is but little valued. Its leaves vary according to the soil and age, *ad infinitum*. There is scarcely one tree found having leaves like the other; and the same tree is almost as variable in its different branches. The downy black oak, Q. Triloba, is from forty to twenty feet high, according to Michaux, of very rapid growth, and extremely well calculated for inclosing land. The barren oak, or black jack of the Virginians, Q. Nigra, is of low growth, especially in the more northern states; it bears very abundantly, and furnishes a fine mash for hogs; the wood is small, but excellent for fuel. The black oak, or quercitron, Q. Tinctoria, is one of the largest trees of the American forest, and highly valuable on account of its timber as well as bark, which is very superior for tanning to any other oak. Q. Falcata is a very large tree, commonly called Spanish oak. The wood of the upland white oak, or iron oak, is of great value in ship-building. The fruit of the Q. Prinus, known by the name of the chesnut white oak, swamp chesnut oak, and, in the southern states of North America, white oak, is large, and of a sweet taste. The bark of the rock chesnut oak, Q. Mountana, is excellent for tanning. The yellow oak, Q. Castanea, is a large and beautiful tree with eatable acorns.'—p. 798.

An interesting branch of the subject of botany has been lately taken up by Baron Humboldt, who has traced the geographical distribution of plants in an extensive and scientific manner; and

has in his researches discovered the singular fact, that in a climate of a particular temperature, the plants are nearly of the same class. This has been explained on the principle that similar causes produce similar effects. The same circumstances take place in the distribution of animals. Thus a lake on a mountain in Scotland, shall have the same sort of fish in it as one in parallel circumstances in Switzerland, &c. The char is found in lakes a thousand leagues asunder; Captain Parry even found a species of char in a lake in Melville Island, near the pole. Mr. Saunders, who travelled in Thibet, found on the mountains there, the same plants as would be produced in the same situation in Europe, the arbutus uva ursi, for example, which is a native of Scotland, Switzerland, and Canada. Now these countries stand so widely separated, that it is scarcely within the compass of probability, that seeds could be wafted from the one to the other.

In medicine, the revolution lately produced is very great; for almost all the numerous tribes of inefficient herbs and simples have been set aside, and only those plants retained, which operate powerfully on the human system. Every reader knows the chief of these powerful vegetable drugs, among which we may mention opium, ipecacuanha, jalap, rhubarb, hemlock, foxglove, henbane, belladonna, meadow-saffron, cherry-laurel, and a few others. Many of these are very strongly poisonous, when injudiciously managed; and when they are administered with evil intent, they cannot be so easily detected as the metallic poisons. This is still a desideratum in medical chemistry, which we hope to see soon supplied.

Perhaps it is scarcely necessary for us to mention the old popular prejudice, that herbs and simples are both safer and more efficacious remedies than drugs; and we would not have alluded to it, were we not suspicious that it still lurks in the minds of many of the better informed classes, and this merely for the want of thought, merely from taking the opinion from hear-say, as (by the way) we take most of our opinions; for observation without help is much rarer among us than we are willing to allow. In the present case of the herbs, nothing could be more strikingly erroneous and false, than that they are safe remedies which any body may use with impunity. We have just seen, that some of the strongest poisons which we possess are derived from herbs. A single drop of the acid which may be extracted from cherry-laurel water, when applied to the nose of a dog, made him instantly drop down dead; and the same effect would be produced in a man were it applied to a part destitute of skin. This dreadful poison has the great disadvantage of fine flavour like that of peach-blossoms, or bitter almonds, and has in consequence been lately much used in making up wines, to which it gives a rich musty flavour. Wine of this character, if taken in quantity must be very pernicious, and is often the unsuspected cause of many sudden deaths in people of good health. We think it quite unnecessary to combat the prejudice of the safety of herbs by farther illustration.

We should now try, before we leave this subject, to become a little more erudite in the science of botany, otherwise, we may gain for ourselves a confirmed character for superficialness and skimming, from those who think that profound learning consists in grave books and mysterious language. Such did very well in the monkish ages, when magic was in fashion, but most men, though not all, are now too wise to be duped—to believe that what is unintelligible must be profound, and what is decked in long and sounding words, must be the deepest learning. So let them think; we shall not disturb their opinion, for if they give us the plain and useful facts, and the plain and interesting arguments, we cheerfully allow *them* to retain all the solemn mystery and stately importance of what is certainly mock science.

We shall come then to the subject of mosses, or, as some are pleased to call it, *Museology;* and we would willingly go critically into the different systems of Hedwig, and Hooker, and Von Bredel, and explain how these little tiny inhabitants of rocks and wastes differ from the more shewy productions of our gardens, and how they are distinguished by their leaves, and flowers, and fruit; and by the forms of their caps and fringes, and how they germinate, and grow, and decay; and we would with much pleasure talk of *Fortulæ,* and *Neckeræ,* and *Orthotricha;* and we think we could make others take pleasure in it too, had we a long sunny day at command, and a highland glen for a lecture room—but we fear we should only tire the reader's patience, were we to attempt this in the present paper. Among our rare specimens, we have several of the lately discovered moss, called *Hookeria læte vivens,* which has been hitherto found only in one spot, in small quantity and seldom in fruit: a young friend and ourselves on visiting the spot, were fortunate enough one day to gather about fifty specimens each of this rare moss in full fruit; before this there was not above ten, or a dozen specimens in all the cabinets of Europe. We were for the moment as much rejoiced at the discovery, as if we had found a diamond mine, yet after all, the *Hookeria læte vivens* had nothing except its rarity to recommend it, and had it been as common as *tortula muralis,* we should have passed it by. Such are the little incidents, however, which brighten the scene of human life—such are the glimpses of sunshine, which beam on the wilderness of our early recollections, and whether it is the finding of a rare moss, or the discovery of a diamond mine, the pleasure is much the same—the pleasure of being amused,—the pleasure of having something to think of, and something to talk about.

Mosses, however, small as they are, and insignificant as they seem, abound every where even in cultivated fields and gardens; the rare little moss, the *gymnostomum conicum* is found in gardens, with many of the *phasea* and *tortulæ.* They flourish chiefly in winter, and seem destined by providence to keep fresh the verdure of the earth, when other plants are withered and dead, and to pro-

tect the roots of these withered plants from the vicissitudes of the season,—a provision which gardeners find it useful to imitate. In woods that are densely shaded, also, there is a great profusion of mosses, chiefly of the sort called *hypna*, which cover the soil where none of the larger plants could grow for want of air and light. When mosses grow in water, as do all the *sphagna*, and many others, they not only purify it from corrupted vegetable matter, but they have a strong tendency to convert it into firm land, by forming and accumulating soil.

We may often observe the top of a brick, or of a stone wall, green with moss, and sometimes tufts of grass and other plants growing there. Now we ask, whence was the soil formed which supports the moss and the grass? It was not there when the wall was built, and appears to have been carried thither: whence then has it come? We cannot, we confess, go to the very first beginning of the formation, or manufacture of this soil, but we can go very near it. The first indication of vegetable life on the wall, is that of a green silky-looking substance, having somewhat the appearance of a coat of green paint. When this is examined by a microscope, it is found to consist of minute buds of moss. As at this stage there is almost no support for these tiny moss-buds, minute though they be, they never advance farther than the bud, and die with the first dry weather which occurs, leaving their remains to rot, and form the first particles of true vegetable soil.

As soon as a thin layer of soil is thus formed, a crop of lichens make their appearance, and go through the same process of growth and decay; and if other circumstances are favourable, the soil soon accumulates to a sufficient depth for grass and other plants which can grow in little earth. If the wall in question be very old, other larger plants, such as a wall-flower and house-leek, will make their appearance. On old ruins you may even see trees, particularly those which bear winged seeds, as the ash and sycamore.

Whence, however, the seeds are, of the tiny moss which first appears on the wall, we cannot say, and in this consists the mystery. We have seen a house built of free-stone, raised from a quarry more than a hundred feet below the surface of the soil, and in the course of one month, the whole wall as green with moss, as if it had been painted. Now, if we are to take the doctrine for granted, that every plant arises from seed, the many millions of seeds of these innumerable mosses must have come from the air, or must have existed for centuries in the stone under the earth. One or other of these must be the case.

That it is not impossible the seeds may have existed in the rock, several curious facts would lead us to believe. We know, for example, that seeds retain the power of germinating and growing for several thousand years; for some wheat which was found wrapped up with an Egyptian mummy, was quite fresh, and when sown, grew as well as if it had been gathered the preceding harvest. A more striking fact still is, that when a piece of

land, which has never been tilled, is turned up by the spade or the plough, it becomes immediately covered with a crop of annuals,—charlock, chickweed, shepherd's purse, and many others, not one of which may grow within a hundred miles of the spot. What is no less wonderful is, that all these annuals will again disappear, as soon as the grass is again suffered to spread over the spot which has been dug up. We may likewise mention, what is well known to farmers, that by scattering quick-lime over a field which only produces coarse grass, this is destroyed, and other grasses of better quality, and previously unknown to the soil, spring up. Now whence, we ask, were the seeds procured, if they were not equivocally and mysteriously generated?

In the solution of this, and many other interesting questions, which can only be determined by minute and accurate information, the 'Encyclopædia of Plants' cannot fail to be an excellent guide; for the accuracy of the descriptive details will enable the student to identify every plant he meets with, from the forest tree, to the tiniest moss, and without such minute knowledge, it is impossible to proceed far in philosophical experiment and discovery.

There is one feature of the descriptive portion of the work, to which we would call particular attention, as perfectly original, and exceedingly ingenious and useful. We are sorry that we cannot exemplify this, as its merits depend upon peculiar types, cast on purpose for the work, by means of which, a plant can be described in a space incredibly small. Upon this invention, indeed, the cheapness of the book mainly depends, as it saves some hundreds of pages of letter-press, and as the types are hieroglyphic, they speak to the eye, and are equally, if not more, distinct than words at length. The extent to which condensed description, and we may add, condensed engravings, have been carried in the work before us, appears little short of miraculous, as the reader will the more readily comprehend from the fact, that it would require several hundred pounds worth of books to furnish all the information given here for four guineas and a half. The engravings alone, indeed, must have cost, we should imagine, eight or ten thousand pounds, and the other expenses probably amount to a similar sum. Altogether, we never saw so extraordinary a book; as every body, from the most illiterate gardener to the most erudite botanist, must be astonished at the multitudinous mass of information it contains in so small a compass. In fact, it appears to us, not a whit less wonderful than the fabled story of the Iliad in a nut-shell.

ART. III. —*Histoire de la détention des Philosophes et des Gens de lettres à la Bastille et à Vincennes, précédée de celle de Foucquet, de Pellisson et de Lauzun, avec tous les documens authentiques et inédits:* Par J. Delort. 3 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1829.

GREAT as were the evils which the Revolution inflicted upon the French people, there is no doubt that those evils were more than

compensated by the results which sprung from that memorable event. The principles which were laid down by the *philosophes* were put into practice by the promoters of the French Revolution, and the result of the experiment was such, that no people, however blinded by prejudice, or misled by false theories; no nation, however galled by oppression, or exasperated by suffering, will ever again attempt to substitute licentiousness for slavery, or atheism for superstition. But, setting aside the advantage likely to arise from the failure of an experiment, which, had it proved successful, would have led not only to the overthrow of every monarchy in Europe, but to the subversion of all civil and religious institutions, it will appear, that it is not merely from the warning which the madness and the horrors of the French Revolution offer to other nations, that its chief benefits arise; but that its more immediate results are to be found in the striking change it has produced in the character, as well as the actual improvement which has been effected in the condition, both moral and political, of the French themselves. It was, indeed, impossible that a people, whose mental energies were so "cribbed, cabined, and confined," by the severest despotism, should have made any progress in useful knowledge, or sound philosophy—a term which we cannot determine ourselves, to apply to the dreams and fancies of the *philosophes*. The nature of philosophy is, as its name implies, the love of wisdom; they cared but little for wisdom which they loved not half so much as their own conceit: the purpose of *true* philosophy is, to render man good, by making him wise, and thus to bring him nearer to the likeness of the great being who created him after his own image; while the chief purpose of what was so lately called philosophy, seems to have been by teaching man to rely chiefly, if not entirely, on the gratification of the senses, to reduce him to the likeness of a beast. The French Revolution, while it shewed the danger, as well as the absurdity of such doctrines shook, to its very foundation, the estabiished system of oppression which, by so long weighing upon the people, had cramped their energies, and almost destroyed their nature. But in doing this, it promised days of greater freedom and enjoyment, that, not the less certain for being distant, and which, though delayed by the oppressive government of Napoleon, are now fast approaching. True it is, that the hopes of the future were rendered doubtful by the sufferings of the present; true, that anarchy, like "a great and strong wind," rent asunder the ties that bound the sovereign and the people; true, that the "fire" of dissension raged high and threatened to destroy all it approached; but the wind has subsided, the fire has been quenched, and now has come the "still small voice" of reason, whose accents though gentle, were never heard in vain, and whose counsels will procure to the French people, more liberty than they ever enjoyed, and more happiness than they had ever anticipated.

Among the many abuses which were put an end to by the French

Revolution, was the horrible system of *Lettres de Cachet*, so often brought into action by Louis XIV., and Louis XV., and which doomed to solitary, and often to perpetual confinement, some of the most distinguished men of France, as regards their talents, their characters, or the rank they held in society. Nothing, indeed, can be imagined at once more dreadful and more dangerous, than the power thus granted to a king or his ministers, of depriving of their liberty those whom they looked upon as enemies; and that, too, without being accountable to society, or to their victims, for the evils so wantonly inflicted.

On this interesting subject, much additional light is thrown, by the work to which we now call the attention of our readers. It is written, or rather compiled, by M. Delort, already favourably known to the public, both of this and of his own country, as the author of an amusing work on the Environs of Paris, an Essay on the History of Charles VII., of Agnes Sorel, and of Jeanne d'Arc; and the most satisfactory account that has hitherto been published of that mysterious and interesting being, the *Man with the iron mask.*

The work of M. Delort gives, as its title implies, an account of the imprisonment, in the Bastille and several other state-prisons, of the *philosophes* and literary men, who rendered themselves obnoxious to the French government. Of the great interest which this work is likely to excite, our readers will judge, when we tell them that among those whose incarceration is there narrated, are found the names of Pellisson, the historian of the French Academy; Foucquet, the *surintendant* of Louis XIV; Lenglet du Fresnoy, the author of the celebrated *Méthode pour étudier l'Histoire;* of Fréron, Diderot, Marmontel, Mirabeau, and "though last, not least," of Voltaire himself. Each article gives an account of the life of the individual before and after, as well as during his confinement, and of the circumstances which led to his imprisonment. To these Memoirs is added the whole correspondence carried on between the king or his minister, and the governor of the *château* in which the prisoner was confined. These letters, which form the most valuable part of the volumes, and are, as may be supposed, highly interesting, are stated by M. Delort to have been found by him, sometimes deposited among other literary documents, and sometimes consigned to the shop of a grocer in Paris. This last circumstance might perhaps shake our belief in their authenticity, if the established respectability of M. Delort did not remove every motive for suspicion, especially when combined with the well-known fact, that at the taking of the Bastille, the immense quantity of papers which had been preserved in that fortress, were partly destroyed by the populace, and partly carried away by them, and sold to the shopkeepers of Paris. If, however, this were not so notorious as it is, we should still believe the letters published by M. Delort to be genuine, for their contents are in such perfect

accordance with the spirit of the times at which they are said to have been written and the character of the individuals to whom they were attributed, that they carry with them, to our minds, the evidence of their authenticity.

The most interesting of the Memoirs contained in this work, is that in the volume which relates the detention of Foucquet, Pellisson and Lauzun. Of Lauzun, already known to the English reader as having assisted the queen of James II., in her escape to France, we shall speak hereafter. Pellisson, who was afterwards arrested on account of his attachment to Foucquet, was remarkable, both for the vivacity of his mind and the ugliness of his person. After arriving in Paris, he soon became acquainted with the celebrated Mademoiselle Scudery, whose beauty was no greater than his own, and their friendship gave rise to the following epigram:—

"La figure de Pellison
Est une figure effroyable;
Mais quoique ce vilain garçon
Soit plus laid qu'un singe et qu'un diable,
Sapho lui trouve des appas!
Moi, je ne m' en étonne pas,
Car chacun aime son semblable."

It is impossible to ascertain whether Pellisson was as much pleased as we are ourselves with the wit of this epigram, but it is not likely to have given much pain to Mademoiselle Scudery, who had strength of mind sufficient to be indifferent to her want of beauty, as is evident from the following epigram, which she composed on seeing her own portrait:

"Nanteuil en faisant mon image,
A de son art divin signalé le pouvoir:
Je hais mes yeurx dans mon miroir;
Je les aime dans son ouvrage."

A History of the French Academy, composed by Pellisson, towards the latter end of 1652, gave so much pleasure to that learned body, that it was unanimously decided, he should occupy the first vacancy; and in the mean time, although their number was limited to forty, he was elected the forty-first member—a distinction rendered still more flattering to him, by a law which the Academy passed at the time, that the like favour should never again be conferred on any individual. Pellison, while he cultivated literature, sought opportunities of improving his fortune, and having succeeded in attracting the attention of Foucquet then *surintendant des finances*, the latter fixed him near his person in 1657. Foucquet, whose father had been counsellor of state, gave early promise of the talent he afterwards displayed. Having, on account of his success in the conduct of public affairs, been appointed, in 1653, *surintendant des finances*, his ambition, which he took no pains to conceal,

and the extravagant manner in which he lavished the public money, soon roused the suspicion, and excited the displeasure of the king. As a proof of his ambition, it was observed that he had taken for his crest a squirrel, around which were inscribed the words "*Quò non ascendet?*"; and as a specimen of his extravagance, it may be sufficient to mention that, giving in his house at Vaux, a grand fête to the king and his court, he caused purses filled with gold to be placed in the chamber of each guest, that those who were not provided with a sufficient sum for play, might thus be fully supplied. But there is no doubt that a more powerful motive than the displeasure excited by the imprudence or the ambition of Foucquet, prompted the king to issue the mandate that deprived him of his liberty. He had the temerity to endeavour not only to emulate the monarch in liberality, but to rival him in his love; and actually made to Mademoiselle de la Vallière an offer of two hundred thousand livres. The mistress of the king rejected, as may be supposed, the offer with indignation, and complained to her royal lover, who, as may be supposed, took the first opportunity he found of gratifying his revenge, and punishing his rival. The proof of this infatuation on the part of Foucquet, so great as to need proof, may be found in the following letter written to him by Madame Duplessis Belièvre, who had the charge of this *honourable* transaction. It is interesting as an historical document, and we give it in the original, from a conviction of our incapacity to do justice to the *naïveté* of its style.

'Je ne sais plus ce que je dis, ni ce que je fais, lorsqu'on résiste à vos intentions. Je ne puis sortir de colère, lorsque je songe que cette demoiselle de la Vallière a fait la capable avec moy. Pour captiver sa bienveillance, je l'ay encensée par sa beauté, qui n'est pourtant pas grande; et puis luy ayant fait connoître que vous empêcheriez qu'il ne luy manquât jamais de rien, et que vous aviez vingt mille pistoles pour elle, elle se gendarma contre moy, disant que vingtcinq mille n'étoient pas capables de luy faire faire un faux pas; et elle me répéta cela avec tant de fierté que, quoique je n'aye rien oublié pour la radoucir avant de me séparer d'elle, je crains fort qu'elle n'en parle au Roy, de sorte qu'il faudra prendre le devant. Pour cela ne trouvez-vous pas à propos de dire, pour la prévenir, qu'elle vous a demandé de l'argent, et que vous luy en avez refusé; il la rendra suspecte pour la Reine mère. La grosse femme Brancas et de Grave vous en rendront bon compte: quand l'une la quitte, l'autre la reprend. Enfin, je ne fais point de différence entre vos intérêts et mon salut. La politique a voulu que je visse l'aigle: il m'a paru un fort bon homme, mais fort dupe en nos affaires: je luy ay donné de la pâture pour trois mois, et je luy ay fait avaler cela le plus doucement du monde. En vérité on est heureux de se mêler des affaires d'un homme comme vous: votre mérite applanit toutes les difficultés; et, si le ciel vous faisoit justice, nous vous verrions un jour la couronne formée.' —p.p. 15, 16.

After the fête given him at Vaux, the king went into Brittany, and Foucquet, who had conceived a hope of soon becoming prime

minister, was arrested immediately on his arrival at Nantes, and conducted under a strong guard to the castle of Angers, where he was kept in strict custody; from thence he was carried to that of Amboise, then to the dungeon of Vincennes, where he underwent, for the first time, an examination by M. Poucet, and was finally conducted to the Bastille, by the same individual, who received orders to sleep in the room, and never to lose sight of his prisoner.

It is said that the imprisonment of Foucquet caused no little dismay among the ladies at the French court; a fact which will be easily accounted for when it is stated, that among his papers were found a great many female portraits, and numerous small parcels, *ticketed*, containing female hair of various colours.

It is much to the credit of Foucquet, as well as of his friends, that in the hour of trial he was not abandoned by them; and their attachment must have been the more gratifying, as among them were, besides Pellisson, such men as Corneille, Molière, Saint Evremont, Racine, La Fontaine; and women like Mademoiselle de Scudérie and Madame de Sévigné. Previous to the trial of Foucquet, which soon afterwards took place, Pellisson gave at once a striking proof of presence of mind and of his anxiety to save his friend and patron. Being questioned in his presence as to a fact it was important to conceal, and which Foucquet strongly denied, Pellisson said to him: "You would not, Sir, deny this so boldly, if you were not certain that the papers which proved this fact have been destroyed." Thus warned, Foucquet persisted in the denial, and his enemies were unable to prove what would have greatly increased the danger of his situation.

The proceedings against Foucquet lasted three years, at the end of which nine of the twenty-two judges, who were appointed to decide this cause, voted for his death. Their decision was not, however, carried into effect, but on the 20th of December, 1664, he was condemned to perpetual banishment, and all his goods and lands were confiscated. The particulars of this lengthy trial have been published in sixteen volumes, which afford some valuable materials for history.

Louis XIV., well aware of the danger of allowing a man like Foucquet, already acquainted with the secrets of the state, to leave the country, commuted the pain of banishment into that of imprisonment for life; and by his order the prisoner was taken, under the guard of a hundred musketeers, to the citadel of Pignerol, on the frontiers of Piemont.

The following orders, addressed by Louis himself to Saint-Mars, the governor of the citadel, are very curious, as shewing the extreme importance attached to the safe custody of the prisoner. While

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* 'Galerie de l'ancienne cour, tome i. p. 370, deuxième edition.'

we lament the hard fate of the servant "who is to be deprived of all communication, and have no more liberty of going out than his master," we are amused with the care taken to provide the prisoner with a physician, a confessor, and the ornaments necessary for saying mass. Such extreme attentions from a man to one he has doomed to spend the rest of his life in a dungeon, remind us very much of those of a cook to the unhappy bird she has placed under the coop, and whom she visits every morning to ascertain the state of its food and the progress of its obesity.

'Quant à la forme et manière selon laquelle le dict capitaine Saint-Mars debvra garder le dict Foucquet, Sa Majesté ne luy en prescript aucune, s'en remettant entièrement sur sa prudente et sage conduite et sur ce qu'il a vu praticquer par le dict sieur d'Artagnan, pendant tout le temps qu'il l'a gardé tant au bois de Vincennes qu'à la Bastille; Sa Majesté recommandant seulement bien expressément au capitaine Saint-Mars de ne pas permettre que le dict Foucquet ayt communication avec qui que ce soit de vive voix ni par éscript, et qu'il soit visité de personne ni qu'il sorte de son appartement pour quelque cause et soubs quelque prétexte que ce puisse estre, pas même pour se promener.

'Que si le dict sieur Foucquet demandait des plumes, de l'encre et du papier, l'intention de Sa Majesté n'est pas que le dict capitaine Saint-Mars luy en fasse administrer, mais bien qu'il luy fasse fournir des livres s'il en désire, observant néanmoins de ne luy en faire donner qu'un à la fois, et de prendre soigneusement garde en retirant ceux qu'il aura eus en sa disposition, s'il n'y a rien d'escript ou de marqué dedans. Que s'il a besoin d'habit ou de linge, le capitaine Saint-Mars prenne soin de lui en faire faire, et Sa Majesté pourvoira au remboursement de ce que les dicts habits, linge et livres auront coûstué, sur les advis que le dict capitaine Saint-Mars en donnera.

'Que Sa Majesté ayant faict oster au dict Foucquet le médecin et le vallet de chambre qui l'ont servi pendant son séjour au château de Vincennes et à la Bastille, a ordonné au dict sieur d'Artagnan de le faire servir dans son voyage par l'un des siens; elle désire que le dict capitaine Saint-Mars luy donne un vallet pour le servir tel qu'il jugera plus propre, *lequel vallet sera pareillement privé de toutte communication* et n'aura non plus de liberté de sortir que le dict Foucquet, en considération de quoy Sa Majesté fera payer au dict vallet, outre sa nourriture, 600 livres de gages.

'Et pour la subsistance du dict Foucquet et celle du vallet, Sa Majesté fera faire un fonds de six mille livres par chaque an ...

'Sa Majesté fera faire aussy un fonds de la somme de douze cents livres pour chaque an pour le bois et chandelles, tant pour le feu de la chambre du dict Foucquet que des corps de garde ...

'Que si le dict Foucquet tombait malade, ou qu'il eût quelque indisposition, le capitaine Saint-Mars le fera assister des médecins, apothicaire et chirurgien de la dicte ville de Pignerol qu'il estimera à propos, et Sa Majesté pourvoira au payement ...

'Et lorsque le dict Foucquet voudra se confesser, il luy fera tenir un confesseur, observant néantmoins de n'advertir le dict confesseur qu'un

moment avant qu'il doibve eatendre le dict Foucquet, et de ne luy pas donner toujours la mesme personne pour le confesser . . .

'Il choisira aussy un chapelain pour dire la messe tous les jours au dict Foucquet, pour l'entretiennement duquel chapelain Sa Majesté a ordonné la somme de mille livres par chaque an, et, en outre, celle de cinq cents louis pour l'achapt d'ornements ou diverses autres choses nécessaries pour célébrer la messe . . .

'Et au surplus Sa Majesté recommande au capitaine Saint-Mars de la tenir advertie de temps en temps de ce qu'il fera . . .

'Paris, le 24 décembre 1664.

'*Signé* Louis.'

Thus ended the *public* career of Foucquet; and now begins that part of his life which had hitherto remained so strictly kept from the world, that for years his own friends were not assured of his existence, and that until M. Delort discovered the interesting correspondence given at the end of the volume, it was still a matter of doubt in France, whether this unhappy man had lived to regain his liberty, or ended his days in prison. That the latter was the case, is now placed beyond doubt, and this fact gives so much additional interest to all relating to him, that we believe we shall best please our readers by pursuing our account of his life. There is, indeed, no reason why we should not do so. The purpose of this article is to make our readers acquainted with the life which men were doomed to lead either in the Bastille, or the other state prisons of France; and since the life of one prisoner is as much like that of another as the walls of one dungeon resemble those of another dungeon, it matters little whether we speak of the Bastille or of any other prison; whether we describe the solitude and the sufferings of Foucquet, or those of any other victim of malice and despotism.

Saint-Mars, on the arrival of the prisoner, placed him in one of the dungeons of the citadel, gave him a servant and lent him books, but told him he was not to hear from, or write to any one, and consequently denied him pen, ink, or paper. Foucquet soon asked for a confessor, but as it was suspected that his reason for doing so was to obtain information rather than satisfy his conscience, he was allowed the indulgence only four times a year.

In the month of June, the lightning falling upon the citadel, the powder magazine was blown up; the furniture in Foucquet's room was buried under the ruins, but he and his servant, who were thought to have perished, were found unhurt in the recess of a window. He was removed to another place of safety, till his old habitation was rebuilt. Soon after, he contrived to make pens with the bones of a fowl, used a mixture of wine and soot instead of ink, and concealed what he had thus been enabled to write, in the cushion of his chair. But what particularly annoyed the minister was, that the prisoner had succeeded in manufacturing a kind of ink, which only appeared when the paper on which it had been used was held to the fire. Both the pens and the writings having

been discovered, they were sent to court, and Foucquet was closely watched and his person searched several times in the course of the day. Unable any longer to procure paper, he began to write in books, and made his private notes on his pocket handkerchiefs. It having also been discovered that he wrote on ribbons, Saint-Mars received orders to give him only black ones, to have his clothes lined with black, and to have a laundress detained in the citadel, for the purpose of washing his linen.

About this time another prisoner was brought to Pignerol, of whom, as he became the friend and companion of Foucquet, it is necessary we should give some account. This was Lauzun, to whom we alluded at the commencement of the article. He was on the point of being married to Mademoiselle de Montpensier, with the king's approbation, when the fickleness of the latter, or some other cause, induced him to forbid the marriage he had permitted, and Lauzun having disobeyed his orders, was first sent to the Bastille, and thence to Pignerol; and thus two men who had enjoyed the greatest possible favour at the same court, were, by a singular coincidence, and nearly at the same time, consigned to the same prison, and almost to the same dungeon. Lauzun was, unknown to either, placed in the room under that which was occupied by Foucquet, and the king wrote himself to Saint-Mars, desiring him to use all possible precautions, as his new prisoner was "capable of employing every means to regain his liberty." He was also ordered to deny him the use of pen, ink, and paper, and to inform the king *by every post* of the state of his prisoner.

About this time, the king for the first time allowed Foucquet to receive a letter from his wife and to answer it, provided the answer was submitted to the prince, that he might decide as to the propriety of its being delivered. Soon after the lady also received permission to write to her husband twice a year, and to receive answers, on condition that the correspondence should be sent to Louvois, the minister of state, that he might ascertain whether any mention was made of any but *family* affairs. To us, pity thus meanly dealt out, seems very contemptible, and almost worse than the severest cruelty; but doubtless to the poor wretch who had already been ten years immured in a dungeon, it was some comfort to hear from those he loved.

While Foucquet was receiving this consolation, his solitude was also relieved by the visit of his fellow prisoner Lauzun, who, notwithstanding the vigilance of his gaoler, contrived to make a passage from his room into that of his neighbour. But soon, concealment became unnecessary, and the king having thought proper to lessen the punishment of his prisoners, allowed them to see each other, and to take their meals and exercise together, in any part of the citadel—a hint being at the same time given to Lauzun, that the soldiers who accompanied him in his walks carried firearms, that they had orders to fire upon him if he attempted to

escape, and that if he or Foucquet endeavoured to have any communication out of the citadel, they would again be as strictly confined as they formerly had been. Saint-Mars was desired, in the letter containing these directions, and which was addressed to him by Louvois, the king's minister, either to let his prisoners take their walks at different times, or if more convenient to him, that they should do so together; to be always present, in order to hear their conversation, and see that their intercourse was not of too close a nature. The time given them for walking, was two hours every day, and they were not only "to be allowed all becoming games which they might desire, either for pastime or for exercise," at which, however, Saint-Mars was to be present, but he was to allow his officers to "play with them at any of the said games which they should desire, provided they did so in his presence." How well Saint-Mars attended to these directions, and how faithfully he discharged his trust, may be supposed from the fact, that he received at that time, from his royal master, a present of 15,000 livres, as may be seen from the following order sent to the treasurer.

'Garde de mon trésor royal, monsieur Gedeon Dumetz, payez comptant au sieur de Saint-Mars, cappitaine de la compagnie d'infanterie, qui sert à la garde des sieurs Foucquet et Lauzun, la somme de *quinze mil livres*, que je luy ay accordée par gratiffication, en considération de ses services et pour luy donner moyen de me les continuer. Et rapportant par vous la présente avec quittance du dit sieur de Saint-Mars seulement, la dite somme de x6. 9 livres, sera employée au premier acquit de comptant, qui sera expédié par certiffication à vostre déscharge.

Fait à Saint-Germain en Laye, le 30 janvier 1679.

Comptant au trésor-royal.

Bon. LOUIS.'—p. 285.

But what must have been more pleasing to Foucquet than these indulgencies, was the information he received shortly after, that his son was bearer of a letter, in which the king allowed his family to visit him. They soon availed themselves of it, and towards the end of May, 1679, Foucquet again beheld his wife, his son, and his brother, whom he had not seen for nineteen years. Lauzun was likewise allowed to receive his family, and the king at the same time, permitted him to have in the fortress "*quatre jeunes chevaux pour les monter dans la cour et sur le bastion où il avait coutume de se promener.*"

Soon after this, a rupture took place between the two friends, on account, it is supposed, of Mademoiselle Foucquet having come to reside near her father. Louvois, who foresaw that this misunderstanding might be turned to advantage, by enabling him to learn from one of his prisoners the projects of the other, gave Saint-Mars strong injunctions, in a letter, dated November 28th, 1679, not to attempt a reconciliation between them. The precaution was, however, unnecessary; for poor Foucquet died, March 23, 1680,

after having remained more than seventeen years in confinement. Lauzun was liberated in the following year, and we now return to Pellisson, the first of this unhappy trio, whom we introduced to our readers.

Deprived of books, ink, and paper, Pellisson had for his only companion a stupid servant, who could offer his master no other means of amusement than the bagpipe on which he played. Soon, however, the prisoner made use of this instrument to procure himself another companion. He perceived in his dungeon a spider, and by feeding it to the sound of his servant's instrument, succeeded, after some months' perseverance in teaching it to leave its hole when it heard the instrument, to come and feed on the knees of its master. Of the pleasure thus afforded him, Pellisson was soon deprived. Bezemaux, the governor of the Bastille, entered one day his dungeon, and with a sarcastic smile, asked him how he spent his time. Pellisson tranquilly told him he had found himself a friend in his captivity; and giving the usual signal, the spider came to feed in his hand. The governor no sooner saw it, than he threw it on the ground and crushed it with his foot. Would not the darkest dungeon in his own Bastille, have been too good a place for such a wretch!

Every means having been tried, but in vain, to obtain or force from Pellisson, the secrets with which it was well known his master had intrusted him, all his friends, among whom were some of the most distinguished characters in France, used every possible effort to obtain his liberty, and his aged mother having represented to the king, that her unhappy son was every day losing his strength and his sight, for want of air and exercise, he was, at first, allowed to walk on the terrace of the castle, and was finally liberated in 1664, after more than three years' imprisonment.

And here we close our account of the captivity and sufferings of these three individuals, a narrative which we would not have carried to such a length, did we not feel assured that our readers would be as interested in it as ourselves. Upon the horrible nature of the system which warranted such proceedings, we need not offer any comment. True it is, that one of these men had offended, and that the two others might have rendered themselves obnoxious to the ruler of their country; yet can any offence, real or imaginary, warrant the cruelty of immuring within the walls of a dungeon, three fellow creatures; two for years, and one for life? But what must have still more embittered their fate, was the precaution taken to prevent their receiving any intelligence of what passed outside the walls of their dungeon: surely life, under such circumstances, was worse than death; and if we reflect, that this arbitrary power was placed in the hands of the most arbitrary of men, whose will was a law, and who were amenable to no one for the injustice they might commit, and the pain they chose to inflict, we cannot help repeating what we said at the

commencement of this article,—that great as were the evils which the French revolution inflicted, it has produced advantages equally great, by abolishing the greatest abuses; and so effectually has it done this, that Centuries must pass before any monarch, however despotic, shall attempt to build another Bastille, or issue another *Lettre de Cachet*.

ART. IV.—*History of the Rise of the Mahomedan Power in India, till the year, A. D.* 1612. *Translated from the Original Persian of Mahomed Kasim Ferishta.* By John Briggs, M. R. A. S. Lieutenant-Colonel of the Madras Army. 8vo. London: Longman and Co. 1829.

THE Arabian chapter is beyond all question one of the most remarkable in the book of History. The elevation of the standard of the prophet, was a signal which set the whole world in motion. To rise up among the statues and temples of Greece, like the green ivy that at length hides the ruin—to grasp the entire continent of Africa, from the edges of its four seas—to penetrate into the populous depths of Europe, by its Mediterranean avenue, and look frowning on the busy scene from the towers of the Alhambra—to spread, like a shadow, over the vast countries of India, and darken even idolatry with a more horrid gloom—all was but the work of a few centuries to the wild followers of Mohamed. In that middle station in the progress of society, when the virtues of civilization have not been attained, and those of barbarism are lost, the invaders were everywhere unwelcome guests. To the timid negro they were terrestrial gods, whose inflictions were the more painful that the sufferer dared not writhe; by the chivalrous European they were held, on account of their faith, in religious horror; and to the idolatrous but tolerant Indian, they were the objects—and well they earned the sentiment—of unextinguishable hate. A national taint seems to have framed their character in each of the three continents. Cruelty and rapacity, the common vices of barbarians, having received the sanction of divine law, were in them unappeasable and insatiable. To convert and to slay, were duties equally agreeable; for these were the alternatives offered by their faith. Conquest, whether achieved by treachery or the sword, was alike honourable; for their enemies were the enemies of heaven. Their learning was sufficient, for it enabled them to read the law of blood in the Koran; in politeness they had made considerable advances, and they could lie with facility; while in religion they were so devout as never to murder or steal, but in the name of God and their prophet.

Although the Persians, Toorks, Afgans, French, Dutch, and English, have all played their parts in the grand theatre of India, the Arabs first raised the curtain for that succession of tragedies which has ever since deluged the stage with blood. From the first

attempts of that people by the way of Persia, a complete history of India to the present time, would fill a library; but that part of the period preceding the collision of the Christian with the Mahomedan powers, including a space of considerably more than five hundred years, has hitherto been almost a blank. The bitter reproach which the veteran Anguetil Dusserron threw out against the English was, in fact, not undeserved—nor up to the present time has it been altogether wiped away. "Always fables, episodes, scraps!" cried the indignant enthusiast, "or a book or two translated without commentary, such as Williams and Jones have done for India, and Hyde for Persia—it is to keep Europe in infancy—to possess the treasure of science, and keep the door shut." Dusserron alluded more particularly to our deficiency in Sanscrit literature; but it is much more surprising that the only good history existing of the Mahomedan power in India, should have been suffered till now to remain locked up from the European reader, in Persian manuscripts.

Colonel Dow's partial translation of Ferishta, was so injudiciously interpolated with his own observations, that Dr. Johnson and Mr. Burke could not believe the history to be genuine; and Dr. Lertt's translation, although said to be correct so far as it went, included only a small portion of the work. Under these circumstances, the arduous attempt of Colonel Briggs, the author before us, was in the highest degree praiseworthy; and his successful execution of the task, insures to him the gratitude of every lover of history. His work is the very beau ideal of translation from the Oriental languages. We are neither startled in every line by that strangeness of expression which calls the attention of the reader from the events related to the book which relates them, nor is any uncomfortable feeling of doubt insinuated into our minds, by the accustomed smoothness of European phraseology. A happy medium is preserved throughout; and we are reminded that the author was an Oriental of the 16th century, only by tokens sufficient to insure our assent to the genuineness of the work. It is to accident that we are indebted for this complete translation of Ferishta, for it was Colonel Briggs's intention to have published an original history, making use of the labours of the Persian merely as part of his materials. The event which rendered his plans abortive, and destroyed at a blow the hopes of many years, is related in the preface, in the following simple and manly language.

'The war which broke out in India in 1817, rendered it necessary for me to accompany the army that marched to Malwa. I left my library and manuscripts at Poona, with the exception of the translation of Ferishta, which had been sent to Mr. Wm. Erskine at Bombay. On the 5th of November, 1817, the Peshwa attacked the Poona residency, driving before his troops the members of the resident's establishment, among whom were several English ladies and their children; and after sacking the place, the troops set fire to the houses, and burned them with their

contents. My own family had the good fortune to escape with their lives; but the whole of my property of every description, including my library, together with my manuscripts, the labour of so many years, was lost or destroyed. After an absence of fifteen months, I revisited Poona at the end of the war, for a few days only, and I then purchased two of my English manuscripts, which are all that I was ever able to obtain. I also procured one copy of Ferishta in Persian, which contained several valuable annotations and corrections. This copy has since been carefully collated with several others, and a new and correct edition was left by me at Bombay in 1827, in order to be printed. My intention of compiling the Mahomedan history is therefore now at an end; but as I was in possession of a correct translation of Ferishta, from a very good copy of the original, I felt that it contained sufficiently interesting matter to admit of a separate publication; and thus I offer it to the world, although it is, in truth, only a small part of a mass of historical matter that can never be recovered.'—vol. i pp. viii, ix.

In endeavouring to form some estimate of the merits of Ferishta, as a writer, we have remarked one peculiarity in his character which may reflect some light upon those of his personages, who might otherwise appear to be little better than ravening beasts of prey. Killing, with him, is murder only when a believer is the victim. The Hindoos are bitterly reproached for some solitary assassinations; while his great moral hero, Mahomed Shah Bahmany I. is extolled to the skies for the slaughter of five hundred thousand infidels; and all this is said in such perfect simplicity and good faith, that one might be tempted to smile, were the affairs of less atrocity. But, again, this very Mahomed, the wholesale butcher of the Hindoos, was a wise and virtuous king, so far as his own subjects were concerned; and he died at peace with heaven, and amidst the prayers and tears of his people, and desiring the words 'All is vanity!" to be engraved on his tomb. And in the same manner, Ferishta himself, brutally ignorant and ferociously cruel in one respect, was in every other humane, high-minded and intelligent. The monomania is curious, and in judging of the moral character of the Mussulman conqueror, it must by no means be forgotten, or instead of cool reasoning we shall have nothing but idle declamation. The soldiers of the faith were brought up to believe that plunder was their inheritance, and extermination their duty; no feelings of remorse, therefore, could be expected to agitate their last dying hour—no vision of gold and blood, such as haunt the pillow of the European murderer, could swim before their dying eyes.

But it may be interesting to inquire into the effect which this principle, instilled into the mind, produces on the general character. On this subject the reports of impartial travellers will probably be found to differ from what may be gathered from history. In the still life of even comparatively civilized society, when the passions of men are without the stimulus of war, the Mahomedan will perhaps be found in as complete practice of many of the moral

virtues as the Christian. The evil parts of his law will be a dead letter; and by the good he will find himself propelled, rather than otherwise, in the exercise of the charities of social intercourse. But in war and conquest, which is the province of the historian—in the great events which determine the fate of societies,—sometimes without disturbing their level—there will be found, in active operation, the portentous maxims of the Mahomedan faith. The demons of cruelty, rapacity, and lust, will not be satisfied with the single province assigned to them; they will gradually extend their empire, like the all-grasping crescent, till it comprehends the whole human heart. Mahomedan blood will be seen to have the same red dye as that of the infidel—Mahomedan treasures will procure the same delights—and, accustomed to murder and plunder, the soldiers of the faith will soon drop those nice and unnatural distinctions between persons and races. The volumes before us offer sufficient evidence of this fact. No sooner are the personages of Ferishta satiated for the moment with Hindoo blood, than they turn and rend one another; and the consequence is, that, taking even those parts of the work which narrate only the conflicts of Mahomedan with Mahomedan, the history presents such a series of treacheries, murders, and devastations, as are altogether unparalleled in the annals of atrocity.

In going through the volumes, we noted down the fate of each of the Mahomedan chiefs who ascended the thrones of India; but the detail, we find, would be both too long and too disgusting for these pages. The following, however, is an abstract; but the gentle reader, when he comes to the unoffending word *deposed,* is requested to picture to himself, in a few cases, the perpetual imprisonment of the monarch, in a few others, his eyes torn out, and in all the rest, assassination—the conspirators being uniformly Mahomedans.

Of the sixteen kings of Lahore, ten were deposed.

First Tartar dynasty of the kings of Dehly, consisting of eleven kings—seven deposed.

Second dynasty.—Four kings—all deposed.

Third dynasty.—Eight kings—three deposed.

Fourth dynasty.—Seven kings—four deposed.

Fifth dynasty.—Four kings—two deposed.

Sixth dynasty (the race of the Great Mogul).—Four kings—one deposed.

Seventh dynasty (Afghans).—Five kings, four deposed.

Dynasty of the kings of the Deccan, eighteen—six deposed.

Dynasty of the kings of Beijapoor, five—two deposed.

Dynasty of the kings of Ahmudnuggur, nine—six deposed.

Dynasty of the kings of Hyderabad, five—three deposed.

Dynasty of the kings of Guzerat, fourteen—eight deposed.

Dynasty of the kings of Malwa, seven—two deposed.

Dynasty of the kings of Kandeish, thirteen—four deposed.

The numerous kings of Bengal, Behar, Joonpoor, Mooltan, Sinde, Cashmere, &c. were equally unfortunate.

But it is necessary to give a specimen of the manner in which these things were managed in Mahomedan India; and we select a chronicle of king Gheias-ood-Deen Shah Bahmuny, whose fatal offence was choosing his own commander of the guards.

'This conduct excited the jealousy of Lallcheen, one of the principal Toorky slaves of the household, who had not only aspired to the dignity of prime minister himself, but desired to obtain the office of Meer Nobut for his son Hussan Khan. Disappointed in these views, he evinced his discontent, and was reproved by the King, who often observed in his presence, that it was highly injudicious to prefer slaves to offices over the heads of men of family, many of whom were descendants of the Prophet, and for his own part he regretted that he had ever departed in this respect from the rule of his ancestors.

'Lallcheen treasured up these remarks in his mind, and secretly meditated revenge, though he did not shew his mortification openly. This chief had a daughter of exquisite beauty, as celebrated for her wit, as for her skill in music, whom the King was desirous of possessing, and made private overtures to obtain her. Her father, discovering his partiality, invited the young King to an entertainment, and the latter hoped that on this occasion Lallcheen would present his daughter to him. After having entertained his royal guest with much splendour, and while exhilarated with wine, Lallcheen requested the King to command his followers to withdraw, making signs from which the former augured favourably. Eager to possess the slave's beautiful daughter, and immersed in the ocean of excess, the King imprudently commanded his attendants to quit the room. Lallcheen, leaving only one eunuch with wine in the apartment, went in the direction of his haram, and shortly after returned with a naked dagger in his hand. The King, though much intoxicated, attempted to resist, but, unable to walk steadily, he fell, and rolled down a flight of steps, when Lallcheen, seizing him by the hair, with the aid of the eunuch, threw the King on his back, and pierced out his eyes with the point of his dagger. After which, sending for the royal attendants one by one, as if by the King's order, he put them to death as they entered, to the number of twenty-four persons, most of whom were men of rank; so that no one remained of sufficient power to oppose the murderer's future designs. Lallcheen placed Shums-ood-Deen, the late King's brother, on the throne, and sent the latter into confinement to the fortress of Sagur. This event happened on the 17th of Rumzan, in the year 799, after Gheias-ood-Deen had reigned only one month and twenty days.'—vol. ii. pp. 353—355.

The sequel of the story is not less agreeable. The cousins of the deposed monarch, Feroze Khan, and Ahmud Khan, brought an army against the murderer and the new king, but were defeated. They next attempted to obtain their object by treachery, having received assurances of friendship from some officers of the court.

Feroze Khan, relying on these assurances, sent Meer Feiz Oolla Anjoo and Syud Kumal-ood-Deen, with other respectable persons, to the Queen

and Lallcheen, representing that fear only had occasioned their rebellion, of which they now sincerely repented; and promising, if the King would send them letters of pardon, to repair to court. The Queen-mother and Lallcheen, well pleased at these overtures, sent the letter required, replete with flattering assurances of forgiveness.

'Soon after the arrival of this communication, the two brothers were sitting on a terace, and consulting whether or not they might venture to go to Koolburga, when a Kashmeerian madman passed by and exclaimed, "I am come, O Feroze of happy auspices, to conduct thee to Koolburga, and to make thee King." Regarding this as a happy omen, they proceeded immediately to Koolburga; where they received dresses and gifts from the King. But Lallcheen and Feroze Khan were, from the first moment, suspicious of each other, and continued on their guard.

'About a fortnight after their arrival, on Thursday the 23d of Suffur, in the year 800, Feroze Khan came into the durbar, attended by twelve silehdars devoted to his interest, and about three hundred of his other followers at the same time obtained admittance into the fort, one or two at a time. He then sent for his brother Ahmud Khan, upon whose arrival he told Lallcheen, that some of their relatives were come from their estate, in order to pay their respects to the King, and he requested that orders might be given to the porters to admit whomsoever he should send for.

'Feroze Khan taking care to occupy Lallcheen's attention in conversation, his brother went out on pretence of introducing his relatives; but in attempting to pass with twelve persons at once he was stopped by the guards, and fancying that the plot was discovered, he resolved to run all hazards, and to attack those on duty. The sentries being overpowered, Ahmud Khan rushed into the durbar, where no opposition was made but by Lallcheen's sons; the rest of the assembly instantly fled. Shums-ood-Deen Shah and his minister hid themselves in a subterraneous apartment; and the three hundred adherents of Feroze Khan, as had been preconcerted, attacked and put to flight the dependents of Lallcheen in the courts of the palace; so that the plan succeeded according to design.

'Feroze Khan having put chains on the King and Lallcheen, confined them in the apartment to which they had fled for shelter, while himself, accompanied by the nobility, repaired to the hall of audience, and ascended the Tukht-i-Feroza, thus fulfilling the prediction of the Kashmeerian; and having assumed the title of Feroze Shah Roze Afzoon, begirt himself with the sword of Alla-ood-Deen Hussun Gungoo. Having now established his authority, he deprived the late king of his eyes, and confined him in the fortress of Bidur. At the same time sending for Gheias-ood-Deen from his prison at Sagur, he gave over Lallcheen to his resentment. That Prince, though quite blind, having ordered Lallcheen to be placed before him, slew him with one stroke of his sabre. He then entreated Feroze Shah to allow him to perform the pilgrimage to Mecca; which request being acceded to, he sailed from Choul, and arrived in safety at the holy city; where he resided till his death, which occurred many years after. During his lifetime, Feroze made him a liberal allowance of five thousand golden ashruffies *, and sent him annually rich clothes.

* An ashruffy, like the gold mohr of modern times, varied from thirty to forty shillings in value.

'The reign of Shums-ood-Deen only lasted five months and seven days. —vol. ii. pp. 359—362.'

The observations we have been tempted to make will be rendered more striking by the extract, afforded by the following anecdote of the personage, with whom Ferishta begins the detailed portion of his history. Subooktugeen, a Toorkish slave, was purchased by a king of Ghizny, who made him, at first, a private horseman in his army. The captive, being of an active disposition, employed himself, when not on duty, in hunting in the forest; and, one day succeeded in capturing a fawn which he found feeding with its mother. Riding off with his prize, he looked back accidentally, when, seeing the doe following, with demonstrations of alarm and affection, the heart of the soldier was melted: he returned the fawn to its mother, and as she bounded into the wilderness, he saw her after turning back her head to gaze on the generous huntsman. That night the Prophet appeared to him in a dream, and addressed him in these words: "The generosity which you have this day shewn to a distressed animal has been appreciated by God, and the kingdom of Ghizny is assigned to you in this world as your reward; let not thy power undermine thy virtue, but thus continue the exercise of benevolence towards mankind." The promotion of the slave took place with singular rapidity after this incident, till at length his patron dying, he was acknowledged sovereign of Ghizny, and became the parent of a line of kings.

Subooktugeen was among the earliest of the Mahomedan chiefs who came in hostile contact with the Hindoos; and, like a true Moslem, the soldier who had taken pity on the fawn at the poor doe's intercession, was deaf to the shrieks of the infidel mothers of India.

In relating the early successes of this monarch, our author allows us to perceive that the despotic courage for which the Rajpoots are remarkable at the present day, was generally admitted at that period: nearly nine centuries ago. At that time, it also appears, the Rajahs were not taken exclusively from the military caste, as they ought to have been, according to the laws of Menoo, and the assertions of almost all writers on India. As the passage exhibits, besides, a curious instance of superstition on the part of the writer, we extract it.

'Jeipal, the son of Hutpal, of the Brahmin tribe, reigned at that time over the country, extending in length from Surhind to Lumghan, and in breadth from the kingdom of Kashmeer to Moultan. He resided in the fort of Bitunda for the convenience of taking steps for opposing the Mahomedans; and finding, by their reiterated invasions, that he was unlikely to enjoy tranquillity at home, he raised a great army, and brought together numerous elephants, with a design to attack them in their own country. Subooktugeen, receiving intelligence of Jeipal's intentions, marched another force towards India. The two armies coming in sight of each other, on the confines of Lumghan, some skirmishes ensued, and

Mahmood, the son of Subooktugeen, though then but a boy, gave signal proofs of his valour and conduct.

'Many days elapsed without the opponents having engaged each other, when it was mentioned to Mahmood, that in the camp of Jeipal was a spring, into which, if a mixture of ordure should be thrown the sky would immediately become overcast, and a dreadful storm of hail and wind arise. Mahmood having caused this to be done, the effects became visible; for instantly the sky lowered, and thunder, lightning, wind, and hail succeeded, turning the day into night, and spreading horror and destruction around; insomuch that a great part of the cattle was killed, and some thousands of the soldiers of both armies perished. But the troops of Ghizny being more hardy than those of Hindoostan, suffered less than their enemies. Jeipal in the morning found his army so dispersed and dejected from the effects of the storm, that, fearing Subooktugeen would take advantage of his condition to attack him, he made overtures for peace, in which he offered to pay to the king of Ghizny a certain tribute, and to propitiate him with presents of elephants and gold.

'Subooktugeen was disposed to accede to these proposals, but his son Mahmood prevailed with his father to reject them. Jeipal now sent other ambassadors to explain to Subooktugeen the customs of the Indian soldiers, particularly the rajpoots, "who, if driven to desperation," said he, "murder their wives and children, set fire to their houses and property, let loose their hair, and rushing on the enemy, are heedless of death, in order to obtain revenge.

'Subooktugeen, convinced of the truth of Jeipal's statement, consented to terms.'—vol. i. pp. 15—17.

Mahmood, the son of Subooktugeen, was one of the greatest of the Mussulman princes of that early period. A gallant stand was made against his progress by the Hindoos; and its failure illustrates, very forcibly, the remark of the judicious Arrian on the invasion of Alexander, that its success should be attributed to the divisions among the native princes. The Rajah of Lahore, assisted by some other chiefs, advanced to meet the Sultan Mahmood; and such was the mutual dread inspired by the appearance of the two armies, that they lay encamped, within sight of each other during forty days, before coming to action. The utmost enthusiasm pervaded the Hindoo army, which increased daily in numbers; and the flame of patriotism soon reached the interior of their distant homes, where their women—whom it has been so much the fashion to represent as burning exclusively with more unholy fires—sold their jewels, and melted down their golden ornaments to furnish the sinews of the war of liberty. The battle which ensued was short but sanguinary. The natives rushed upon their opponents with such impetuosity that five thousand Mahomedans were hewn down in a few minutes. The latter, however, rallied, and the elephant on which the Hindoo general rode, becoming unruly from the effects of the *naptha balls*, turned and fled, which was the signal for a general route. In some copies, Colonel Briggs remarks, the word *guns* is written for

diately vociferated loudly, so that the porter, fearing the court might be disturbed, and the noise reach the King, was under the necessity of conducting him to the officers of the bed chamber, who immediately acquainted Mahmood.

'The King, instantly arose, and wrapping himself in a loose cloak, followed the man to his house. He found his nephew and the man's wife sleeping together in one bed, with a candle standing on the carpet near them. Mahmood, extinguishing the candle, drew his sword, and severed his nephew's head from his body. Then commanding the man to bring a light, he called for water, and having taken a deep draught, he told him he might now go and sleep with safety, if he could trust his own wife.

'The poor man fell at the King's feet in gratitude, but begged him to say, why he put out the candle, and afterwards called so eagerly for water to drink? The King replied, he put out the candle that pity might not arrest his hand in the execution of his duty, for that he tenderly loved the youth; and moreover, said, he had made a vow to God, when he first heard the complaint, that he would neither eat nor drink till he had brought the criminal to justice, which was the cause of his intense thirst. Let it not be concealed from my learned readers, that although we have many well authenticated stories of the inflexible justice of some virtuous monarchs, we have no other instance of this nature. God only knows the hearts of his people.'—vol. i. pp. 86, 87.

A few days before his death, Mahmood ordered his gold and caskets of precious stones to be brought into his presence, and having gazed upon them for the last time, wept—not for the blood with which they had been bought, but because now they were to be for ever lost to his eyes. The next day he reviewed his army, his elephants, camels, horses, and chariots—feasted his eyes for a season on the remembrance of his glory—and then, bursting again into tears, retired into his palace to die.

In the first Tartar dynasty of the princes of Dehly, we find the singular phenomenon of a female assuming the reins of government. The Sultana Ruzeen Beegum was a woman of no ordinary character. Sagacious, just, and intrepid, she steered, with an untroubled brain, in the midst of the breakers which had overwhelmed her family; administering the laws of the kingdom with strict impartiality, and confounding her enemies, either by politic manœuvres, or the force of her arms. "She was possessed," says Ferishta, "of every good quality which usually adorns the ablest princes; and those who scrutinize her actions most severely, will find in her no fault—but that she was a woman!" Alas! she was, indeed, a woman, and her crime was a woman's crime: she loved, "not wisely, but too well." The object of this fatal attachment was an Abyssinian slave, whom she elevated to the rank of Chief of the Nobles. This conduct disgusted the wild leaders around her: they rebelled, and after many changes of fortune, the favourite fell in battle, and his royal mistress ended her days in a dungeon, by the bowstring or the dagger.

Keikobad, with whom this dynasty ended, was a weak and luxurious Prince, governed by favourites, and abandoned to his pleasures. We insert the closing part of his reign, as affording some striking touches of manners:—

'Kurra Khan, the Emperor's father, who had hitherto contented himself with the kingdom of Bengal, having heard of the state of affairs at Dehly, wrote to his son, warning him of his danger, and advising him how to act. But his admonition was of no avail; and Kurra Khan, seeing not only that his advice was neglected, but conceiving that matters must soon be brought to a crisis, collected his army, and marched towards Dehly, about two years after the death of his father, the late King. Keikobad, hearing that his father had advanced as far as Behar, marched to oppose him, and encamped his army upon the banks of the Gagra. Kurra Khan lay upon the Surjoo; and both armies remained some days in hourly expectation of an action. The old man, finding himself much inferior in power to his son, began to despair of reducing him by force, and accordingly opened a negotiation.

'The young Prince assumed a haughty tone; and, by the advice of his minister, prepared for battle. At this moment, a letter was brought to the King from his father, written in his own hand, couched in the most tender and affectionate terms; begging he might be blessed with one sight of his son before matters were carried to extremities. This letter awakened the dormant feelings of his nature, and he gave orders to prepare his retinue, that he might visit his father. The favourite attempted in vain to prevent the interview; but finding the Prince resolute, he prevailed on him to insist, as King of Dehly, on the first visit; hoping, by this means, to break off the conference. His design, however, did not succeed; for Kurra Khan, determining not to be overreached by this device, consented to pay his son the first visit, and ordering the astrologers to determine on a lucky hour, he crossed the river, and proceeded towards his son's camp.

'Keikobad, having prepared every thing for his father's reception in the most pompous and ceremonious manner, ascended his throne, and gave directions that his father, on his approach, should kiss the ground three times. The old man, accordingly, on reaching the outer tents, was ordered to dismount; and when he came in sight of the throne, was commanded to pay his obeisance in three different places as he advanced, the officer of the gold stick crying out, according to custom, "Kurra Khan comes to humble himself before the King of the universe."

'Kurra Khan was so vexed at this indignity, that he burst into tears; which being observed by his son, he could no longer support the scene, but leaping from his throne, fell on his face at his father's feet, imploring his forgiveness and blessing. Kurra Khan raised him in his arms, embraced him, and for some time clung to his neck, weeping aloud. The whole scene was so affecting, that almost all the court began to wipe the tears from their eyes.

'The first transports of joy being over, the young King caused his father to ascend the throne, and paying him his respects, took his seat on his right hand. He then ordered a salver full of gold coin to be waved three times over his father's head, and distributed it among his retainers; after which the nobles of the court were also required to make presents. This meeting being over, and Kurra Khan having returned to his camp, a friendly intercourse was maintained between the two princes for twenty

days; during which the father and son alternately visited each other, and the time was given up to festivity and joy. The only terms which were settled between the two kings were, that each should retain his former dominions, to which they both prepared to return. Before they separated, however, Kurra Khan called his son, the minister, and his deputy, into a private apartment, and gave them advice as to their future conduct in the government. Having then embraced Keikobad, he whispered in his ear, to rid himself of Nizam-ood Deen as soon as possible; after which they parted in tears, and returned to their respective capitals. Kurra Khan was much affected, and told his friends, on his return to his own camp, that he had parted with his son for ever, for he was still apprehensive of the minister, and of the wayward disposition of the young King.'—vol. i. pp. 276—279.

In some time after his return to Dehly, Keikobad exhibited in his conduct the impression which the interview with his father had made upon him.

'But it was not the interest of Nizam-ood Deen that he should reform his habits. The minister, therefore, soon led him back to his pleasures; and for this purpose collected a number of beautiful women, graceful dancers, and good singers, from all parts of the kingdom, whom he occasionally introduced as if by accident. One day, while the King was riding out, he was accosted by a beautiful female mounted on a fine Arabian horse, with a tiara of jewels upon her head. A thin white robe, spangled with golden flowers, flowed loosely over her rounded shoulders, and a sparkling girdle of gems encircled her slender waist. This fair creature, throwing herself, as if by accident, in the King's way, displayed a thousand charms, while, at the same time, she sang a love song. Then, suddenly stopping short, she begged pardon for her intrusion, and would not, without much entreaty, proceed. The King was struck with her beauty, and immediately dismounting, ordered his tents to be pitched, and devoted that evening to her society. This female was as remarkable for her talent as for her beauty. While she was dancing, the King broke into rapture, and frequently repeated some verses alluding to her charms. She answered every time extempore, in the same measure, and with so much wit and elegance, that the whole court was astonished.'—vol. i. pp. 279, 280.

The King could not withstand the seductions of this syren, and he was awakened from the intoxication of sensual enjoyment, only by the failure of his constitution. Too late he resolved to get rid of his minister, for the party formed against him was now irresistible. Even the evident approach of death, from disease and intemperance, was no defence against assassination. The ruffians hired by his enemies found him lying on his bed in a dying state, deserted by his attendants: they beat out his brains with bludgeons, and rolling him up in the bed-clothes, threw him out of the window into the river.

The second dynasty was commenced in the person of Julal-ood-Deen Feroze Khiljy, a Prince whose extraordinary fault was clemency. Being seventy years of age when he usurped the throne, by means of two royal murders, he resolved to wash his hands from blood, and devote the few remaining years of his life to acts of

benevolence, and the enjoyment of his good fortune. His turbulent nobles, however, tried his patience severely, by their frequent rebellions; and at length his vengeance fell upon one individual, who is too extraordinary a character to be passed over in silence.

'The execution of the Dervish Siddy Mowla is one of the most remarkable events in this reign. This event has been thus transmitted to us through the histories of Zeea Burny and Sudr Jehan, of Guzerat.

'Mullik Fukhr-ood-Deen Kotwal, of Dehly, died about this time. His death reduced to poverty many of the ancient families of the time of Gheias-ood-Deen Bulbun, which he had long supported at his own private expense. Among others, were 12,000 readers of the Koran, and some thousand domestic dependents. All these looked to Siddy Mowla for their maintenance. According to Sheikh Ein-ood-Deen Aeejapoory, this holy man, in the character of a religious mendicant, had travelled from Joorjan, in Persia, to the west, where he visited various countries, and had kept company with men famous for piety and learning. He then returned, and eventually came to Hindoostan to visit Sheikh Fureed-ood-Deen, Shukr-Gunj, with whom he resided for some time. In the reign of Gheias-ood-Deen Bulbun, having an inclination to see Dehly, he took leave of his friend, who strenuously advised him to cultivate no intimacy with the great men of the court, telling him, such connection would, in the end, prove fatal to him.

'Siddy Mowla arrived at Dehly, and instituted an academy, and a house of entertainment for travellers, fakeers, and the poor of all denominations, turning none away from his door. Though very religious, and brought up in the Mahomedan faith, yet he adopted some particular doctrines of his own, which caused him to neglect attendance at public worship. He kept no women, nor slaves, and lived upon rice only; yet his expences, in charity, were so great, that, as he never accepted of any presents, men were astonished whence his finances were supplied, and actually believed that he understood the science of alchemy. After the death of Gheias-ood-Deen Bulbun, he became still more extravagant, not only bestowing larger sums in charity, but expending more profusely in his entertainments, which were now frequented by all the great men of the city. He made nothing of bestowing 2000 or 3000 pieces of gold to relieve the wants of any noble family in distress. In short, he displayed more magnificence in his feasts than the princes themselves. Some idea may be formed of his charities when we find it asserted, that he expended daily, upon the poor, about 1000 maunds of flour, 500 maunds of meat, 200 maunds of sugar, besides rice, oil, butter, and other necessaries in proportion. The populace usually crowded his gates daily in such numbers, that it was scarcely possible to pass; besides which, the King's sons, and other princes of the court, resorted to him with their retinues, and spent whole days and nights either in festivity or in philosophical conversation. To these expences (after the death of Fukhr-ood-Deen Kotwal) the Dervish Siddy Mowla added the maintenance of the numerous dependents of the Kotwal. At this time, also, Kazy Julal-ood-Deen Kashany, a man of intriguing disposition, having obtained the entire confidence of Siddy Mowla, began to inspire the philosopher with views of ambition. He told him, that the people looked on him as sent from God to deliver the king-

dom from the tyranny and oppression of the Khilijes, and to bless Hindoostan with a wise and just government.

'Siddy Mowla suffered himself to be deluded, and privately began to bestow titles and offices upon his disciples, and to assume a tone and manner sufficiently indicative of his design on the throne. He engaged Meer Mohsun Kotwal and Nutty Pyhlwan, two of his followers, to join in the King's retinue on Friday, as he went to the public mosque, and to assassinate him; while he himself prepared about 10,000 of his adherents to support his usurpation. One of his followers, however, dissatisfied with the part assigned to him in the approaching revolution, went privately to the King, and disclosed the plot.

The King caused both Siddy Mowla and Kazy Julal-ood-Deen Kashany to be apprehended, and brought before him for examination. They persisted in their innocence, and as no other witness appeared against them, the accusation was rendered doubtful. The King, therefore, caused a fire to be prepared in the plain of Bahadurpoor, in order that they might be submitted to the fiery ordeal, to purge themselves of their guilt; and having left the city to see the ceremony, he ordered a circle to be railed off round the pile.'—vol. i. pp. 296—299.

Having said their prayers, the accused were just about to plunge into the flames, when the King turning to his ministers, inquired, whether it was lawful to try Mussulmen by the fiery ordeal? The custom being pronounced heathenish, the ceremony was stopped short.

'The king now directed Kazy Julal-ood-Deen Kashany to be sent prisoner to Budaoon, and Siddy Mowla to be confined in a vault under the palace, and two other men, who had engaged to perpetrate the king's assassination, to be publicly executed. At the same time, he banished a number of those who were suspected of being accessaries. While the police were carrying Siddy Mowla through the court to his prison, the king pointed him out to some Kalendars who stood near the throne, and said, "behold the man who was projecting such an evil against us. I leave him to be judged by you, according to his deserts." At these words, a Kalendar, whose name was Sunjurry, started forth, and running towards the prisoner, began to cut him with a razor.

'Siddy Mowla, without offering him resistance, entreated him to be more expeditious in sending him to God. He then addressed himself to the king, who was looking over the balcony, and said, "I am rejoiced that you have thought of putting a period to my life at once; yet it is sinful to distress the pious and the innocent; and be assured that my curse will lie heavy upon you and your unfortunate posterity." The king, hearing these words, became pensive and perplexed. His son, the Prince Arkully Khan, who hated Siddy Mowla for the great intimacy which existed between him and his elder brother, Khan Khanan, seeing the emperor's irresolution, beckoned to an elephant rider, who was in the court ready mounted, to advance, and tread Siddy Mowla to death. Zea Burny, the author of the history of Julal-ood-Deen Feroze, informs us that he himself was then in Dehly, and that immediately after the death of Siddy Mowla, a black whirlwind arose, which, for the space of half an hour, changed day into night, and drove the people in the streets

against one another, so that they could scarce grope their way to their own habitations.

'The same author relates, that no rain fell in these provinces during that year, A. H. 690; and a famine ensued, by which thousands of Hindoos daily died in the streets and high ways, while whole families drowned themselves in the river.'

Being less resolute in another instance, this most clement Prince had his head taken off by his nephew, Alla-ood-Deen, who then quietly ascended the musnud. The new King had not enjoyed his dignity long, till some very extraordinary crotchets began to disturb his brain.

'In the third year of the reign of Alla-ood-Deen, when prosperity shone upon his arms, he began to form some extraordinary projects. One of these was the establishment of a new religion, that like Mahomed he might be held in veneration by posterity. He often consulted with his brother Aluf Khan, Noosrut Khan his Vizier, and Rookn Khan, on this project, while engaged in their cups. His other design was equally absurd. He proposed to leave a viceroy in India, and like Alexander the Great, to undertake the conquest of the world. In consequence of this latter project, he assumed the title of "Alexander the Second," which was struck upon the currency of the empire. Notwithstanding these high notions, Alla-ood-Deen was so illiterate, that he was ignorant of the common acquirements of reading and writing; but he was so obstinate and self-willed in the ridiculous ideas which he formed, that men of learning, who disdained to prostitute their judgment, avoided the court, or stood silent in his presence. There were not, however, wanting sycophants, who, though they knew better, extolled all his sentiments to the skies, and seemed to foster their own imaginations with his crude projects.

'Alla-ool-Moolk, the kotwal of the city, an old man, and so fat that he was unable to attend the court oftener than once a month, being one day sent for by the king to be consulted regarding his religious project, determined (however fatal the consequences) to reject every measure proposed in opposition to the doctrine of the Mahomedan faith, and to make a sacrifice of his few remaining years rather than encourage the king's design. With this firm resolve he attended at court, and found the king drinking with a number of his principal chiefs. Alla-ood-Deen began to converse with Mulik Alla-ool-Moolk on his favourite subject; but the old man told him he had something to say to him in private, and would be glad if he would order the wine and the company away.'—vol. i. pp. 333, 334.

The old Kotwal had the intrepidity to give the King some good advice; and instead of losing his head, received in return a robe of honour, 10,000 rupees, two horses richly caparisoned, and two villages.

The following adventure of a Hindoo heroine, whom this monarch designed to honour, would form an admirable incident in a romance:—

'Alla-ood-Deen, having received an extravagant account of the beauty and accomplishments of one of the Rhaja's daughters, told him, that if he would deliver her over to him, he should be released. The Rhaja, who

was very ill treated during his confinement, consented, and sent for his daughter, with a manifest design to prostitute her to the king. The Rhaja's family, however, hearing of this dishonourable proposal, concerted measures for poisoning the Princess, to save the reputation of the house. But the Rhaja's daughter contrived a stratagem by which she proposed to procure her father's release, and preserve her own honour. She accordingly wrote to her father, to let it be known that she was coming with all her attendants, and would be at Dehly on a certain day, acquainting him with the part she intended to act. Her contrivance was this. Having selected a number of the dependents of the family, who, in complete armour, concealed themselves in litters (such as are used by women), she proceeded with such a retinue of horse and foot, as is customary to guard ladies of rank. Through her father's means, she received the king's passport, and the cavalcade proceeding by slow marches to Dehly, was admitted without interruption. It was night when the party arrived, and, by the king's especial permission, the litters were allowed to be carried into the prison, the attendants having taken their stations without. No sooner were they within the walls, than the armed men leaping out of the litters, put the king's guards to the sword, and carried off the Rhaja. Horses being already prepared for his flight, he mounted one, and rushing with his attendants through the city, before opposition could be made, fled to his own country among the hills, where his family were concealed. Thus, by the exertions of his ingenious daughter, the Rhaja effected his escape, and from that day continued to ravage the country, then in possession of the Mahomedans. At length, finding it of no use to retain Chittoor, the king ordered the Prince Khizr Khan to evacuate it, and to make it over to the nephew of the Rhaja. This Hindoo prince, in a short time, restored the principality to its former condition, and retained the tract of Chittoor as tributary to Alla-ood-Deen during the rest of this reign. He sent annually large sums of money, besides valuable presents, and always joined the imperial standard in the field with 5000 horse and 10,000 foot.' —vol. i. 362, 363.

The succeeding dynasty produced a more determined man of projects than Alla-ood-Deen.

'Having heard of the great wealth of China, Mahomed Toghluk conceived the idea of subduing that empire; but, in order to accomplish his design, it was found necessary first to conquer the country of Hemachul, which lies between the borders of China and India. Accordingly, in the year 738, he ordered 100,000 horse, under the command of his sister's son, 'Khoosrow Mullik, to subdue this mountainous region, and to establish garrisons as far as the frontiers of China. When this should be effected, he proposed to advance in person with his whole army to invade that empire. The nobles and counsellors of state in vain assured him, that the troops of India never yet could, and never would advance a step within the limits of China, and that the whole scheme was visionary. The King insisted on making the experiment, and the army was accordingly put in motion. Having entered the mountains, small forts were built on the road, to secure a communication; and proceeding in this manner, the troops reached the Chinese boundary, where a numerous army appeared to oppose them. The numbers of the Indians were by this time greatly diminished, and being much inferior to the enemy, they were struck with

dismay; which was only increased, when they considered their distance from home, the rugged country they had passed, the approach of the rainy season, and the scarcity of provisions, which now began to be severely felt. With these feelings, they commenced their retreat towards the foot of the range of hills, where the mountaineers, rushing down upon them, plundered their baggage, and the Chinese army also followed them closely. In this distressing situation the Indian army remained for seven days, suffering the extreme of famine. At length, the rain began to fall in torrents; the cavalry were up to the bellies of their horses in water. The waters obliged the Chinese to remove their camp to a greater distance, and gave to Khoosrow Mullik some hopes of effecting his retreat; but he found the low country completely inundated, and the mountains covered with impervious woods. The misfortunes of the army seemed to be at a crisis; no passage remained to them for retreat, but that by which they entered the hills, which was occupied by the mountaineers; so that in the short space of fifteen days the Indian army fell a prey to famine, and became the victims of the king's ambition. Scarcely a man returned to relate the particulars, excepting those who were left behind in the garrisons; and the few of those troops who evaded the enemy did not escape the more fatal vengeance of their King, who ordered them to be put to death on their return to Dehly.'—pp. 416—418.

The invasion of Tamerlane took place between this and the following dynasty. This colossal villain is better known to our readers than the comparatively obscure personages whose names we have already mentioned; but it may be interesting to have an account of his seizure of the throne of Dehly, in the words of Ferishta.

'Teimoor continued his rout to Bhutnere, crossing the river at Ajoodhun, and encamped at Chaliskole, from which place, in one day, he marched with his cavalry, fifty coss to Bhutnere. Upon his arrival, the people of Depalpoor and other adjacent places crowded into the town in such numbers, that half of them were driven out, and obliged to take shelter under the walls. They were then attacked on the day of Teimoor's arrival, and some thousands of them were slain. Row Khiljy, the governor of the place, seeing the enemy so few in number, drew out the garrison, and formed without the town in order of battle. The Moguls, however, upon the first onset, drove them back, while Teimoor, in person, pressed so hard upon the rear of the fugitives, that he got possession of the gates, before they could be shut. He then drove the enemy from street to street, and thus became in a few hours, master of the whole of the town, except the citadel; to reduce which, he ordered it to be undermined.

'The garrison now proposed to capitulate; and the governor having had an interview with Teimoor, presented him with 300 Arabian horses, and with many of the curiosities of Hindoostan. Teimoor, in return, presented him with a dress of honour, and sent Sooliman Shah and Ameer Alla-dad to take possession of the gates, commanding them to slay all those who had taken refuge in the place, and who had been before active against his grandson, Mirza Peer Mahomed. The rest of the prisoners, after being plundered, were ordered to be dismissed. In consequence of this order, 500 persons, in a few minutes, were put to death by the Moguls. Both the Mahomedans and Hindoos, who remained within the fort, struck with

horror, and dreading a similar fate, set fire to the place in despair, killed their wives and children, and sought nothing but revenge and death. The scene was awful; and the unfortunate inhabitants, in the end, were cut off to a man, though not before some thousands of the Moguls had fallen by their hands. This conduct so much exasperated Teimoor (the firebrand of the universe), that he caused every soul in Bhutnere to be massacred, and the city to be reduced to ashes.

'Teimoor then marched to Soorsutty, and put the inhabitants of that place also to the sword, giving the town up to pillage. Advancing to Futtehabad, he continued his ravages through that district, and the adjacent towns of Rajpoor, Ahroony, and Toohana. From thence he detached Hukeem Eraky towards Sumana, with 5000 horse, while he himself scoured the country, and cut off a body of Jutts, who had lived for some years by plunder. His army, in the mean time, being now divided under different chiefs, carried fire and sword through the provinces of Mooltan and Lahore; but when they advanced near the capital, he ordered a general rendezvous at Keithul, within ten miles of Sumana.

'Here Teimoor joined his army, and having regulated the order of his march, advanced towards Dehly. When he reached Paniput, he directed his soldiers to put on their armour; and that he might be the better supplied with forage, crossed the Jumna, into the Dooab, and took the fort of Lony by assault, putting the garrison to the sword. The Mogul army continued its route along the river, and encamped opposite to the city of Dehly, posting guards at the fords leading into the Dooab from the capital. Teimoor then detached Sooliman Khan and Jehan Khan to scour the country to the south and south-east of the city, whilst he himself, on the day of his arrival, with 700 horse only, crossed the river to reconnoitre Dehly. The king of Dehly, and his minister, Mullo Yekbal Khan, seeing so few troops in the retinue of Teimoor, sailed out with 5000 horse and foot, and 27 elephants. A skirmish took place, in which the Dehly troops were repulsed; and Mahmood Seif Beg, a Dehly officer of rank who led the attack, was taken prisoner. Teimoor ordered him to be instantly beheaded; and after having made the observations which he wished, repassed the river, and joined his army. On the next morning, he moved his position more to the eastward. On this occasion it was reported to him, that there were above 100,000 prisoners in his camp, who had been taken since he crossed the Indus; and that they had on the day before expressed great joy when they saw him attacked, which rendered it extremely probable, that on a day of battle they would join their countrymen against him. Teimoor having ascertained that most of them were idolaters, gave orders to put all above the age of fifteen to the sword; so that upon that day nearly 100,000 men were massacred in cold blood.'—pp. 488—491.

Pursuing his success, Tamarlane forded the Indus, and encamped on the plain of Ferozabad, one of the suburbs of Dehly.

'Though the astrologers pronounced the seventh an unlucky day, Teimoor marched out of his lines, and drew up his army in order of battle. Mahmood Toghluk, and Mullo Yekbal Khan, with the Dehly troops, and 120 elephants, covered with armour, marched forth to oppose the Moguls. But at the first charge, most of the elephants' drivers were dismounted; and these unwieldy animals, deprived of their guides, fled to the rear, and

communicated confusion to their own ranks. The veteran troops of Teimoor, who had already conquered half the world, availed themselves of this advantage, and the Indians were, in a short time, totally routed, without making one brave effort to save their country, their lives, or their property. The conqueror pursued them with great slaughter to the very gates of Dehly, near to which he fixed his head quarters. The consternation of the fugitives was so great, that not trusting to their walls, Mahmood Toghluk and his minister deserted the capital during the night, the former flying to Guzerat, the latter taking the route of Birun. Teimoor, gaining intelligence of their escape, detached parties after them; one of which came up with Mulloo Yekbal Khan, killed a great number of his retinue, and took his two infant sons, (Seif-ood-Deen and Khoodadad) prisoners. Teimoor received the submission of all the chief men of the city, who crowded to his camp, and were promised protection, on condition of paying a contribution. On the Friday following, Teimoor caused himself to be proclaimed Emperor, and the usual titles to be read in his name in all the mosques.

'On the 16th of the same month, having placed guards at the gates, he appointed the chiefs and magistrates of the city to regulate the contribution, according to the wealth and rank of the inhabitants. Information was in the mean time brought that several nobles, and some rich merchants, had shut themselves up in their houses, with their dependents, and refused to pay their share of the ransom. This induced Teimoor to send troops into the city, at the instance of the magistrates, to enforce their authority; a step eventually productive of the most fatal consequences. The arrival of the Mogul soldiers created confusion; plundering ensued, which could not be restrained by the officers, and they durst not acquaint Teimoor with the state of affairs.

'Teimoor, according to his custom after success, was then busy in his camp celebrating a grand festival on account of his victory, so that it was five days before he received any intelligence of the proceedings in the town. The first intimation he obtained was from the city being in flames; for the Hindoos, according to custom, seeing their females disgraced, and their wealth seized by the soldiery, shut the gates, set fire to their houses, murdered their wives and children, and rushed out on their enemies. This led to a general massacre, some streets were rendered impassable, by the heaps of dead; and the gates being forced, the whole Mogul army gained admittance, and a scene of horror ensued easier to be imagined than described. The desperate courage of the Dehlyans was at length cooled in their own blood, and throwing down their weapons, they at last submitted themselves like sheep to slaughter; in some instances, permitting one man to drive a hundred of them prisoners, before him. The city yielded an enormous booty. The historians have gone into some details of the amount of the silver, the gold, and the jewels, captured on this occasion, particularly rubies and diamonds; but their account so far exceeds all belief, that I have refrained from mentioning it. Nizam-ood-Deen Ahmud, however, relates these circumstances differently in his history. He states, that the persons appointed to realise the contribution on the part of Teimoor having used great violence, by torture and other means, to obtain money, the citizens rose and killed some of the Moguls. This being reported to Teimoor, he ordered a general pillage,

This is the first instance on record of the Moguls having plundered Delhi. —vol. i. pp. 488—494.

This remarkable miscreant, having satiated his rapacity and blood-thirstyness, soon after abandoned his conquests, vanishing from the scene as suddenly as he had entered.

A chasm in the history of the Kings of Galenda, for which Ferishta lamented he had no materials, is filled up by Colonel Briggs, in the third volume; and we are also indebted to our able translator for a genealogical table of each royal family, placed at the beginning of the dynasty, a chronological synopsis of the principal events occurring simultaneously in Europe and India, and an abstract of the Portuguese annals in Asia, besides numerous and occasionally important notes. Our limits, of course, prevent us from going further into the examination of this interesting work; but our readers, we hope, will now be induced to examine for themselves.

ART. V.—*Sir Thomas More; or Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society.* By Robert Southey, Esq. LL. D. Poet Laureate. 8vo. London: Murray. 1829.

THE public are already persuaded that Dr. Southey's pen is too quick for his thoughts. He goes on year after year, labouring at the production of new books, apparently without caring much about the fate of his past works, or perhaps trusting with overweening confidence to their superlative merit for their final triumph over criticism and time. By thus incessantly wielding the weapon of language, sometimes in sport, but oftener in obstinate conflict, he has acquired a skill and readiness in the management of it, which frequently conceal his constitutional deficiency of vigour. With one or two exceptions, no living writer is so thoroughly possessed with confidence in his own powers, or in the patience of mankind. He conceives every possible topic to be accessible to his genius, and has no doubt whatever but that men will stop the wheel of public business, or of pleasure, to listen to the music of his periods, which are not, however, the most musical that could be constructed.

The subject at least of the present work must be allowed to be important. It is no less a theme than the history and destiny of mankind. The idea, also, of throwing the discussion into the form of dialogue was felicitous, as this form of composition enables an author to bring forward, without becoming tiresome, all that has been, or, in his opinion, can be advanced against his hypothesis; and at the same time, if he be at all inclined to play the sophist, so to state the objections that they shall either appear absurd in themselves, or weak in comparison with his replies. But Dr. Southey has merely adopted the appearance of dialogue.

The interlocutors, viz. himself, and the Ghost of Sir Thomas More, fall almost immediately into the same strain; and rather relieve each other as they happen alternately to be out of breath, (if this may be said of a ghost), than conduct a polemical discussion. It may perhaps be thought that it was scarcely worth while to bring back from the dead the spirit of one of the wisest men that England has ever produced, merely to make him a kind of stalking-horse, behind which the author might stand to shoot his arrows at the peculiar game which he delights to pursue. These dialogues, therefore, are not dialogues, but monologues, and monologues, too, of a very heavy and wearisome nature. No doubt Southey was betrayed into this species of writing, for which he is utterly unfit, by his friend Landor, who, in his turn, was led to adopt it by the examples of Plato and Cicero. But Mr. Landor's *Imaginary* Conversations, as they are very properly termed, want altogether that verisimilitude which constitutes one of the greatest charms of Plato's Dialogues. We are sure that the author had no means, which we have not, of knowing what *Aristotle*, and Callisthenes, or Cicero and his brother Quintus, thought or said upon any particular occasion; and therefore, while we admire the historical truth, or the dramatic propriety, with which his characters are sometimes represented, we at the same time feel that the vision before us is the mere creation of the writer's brain. Not so in Plato's Dialogues. There the characters are real, and the conversations not only possible but probable. Socrates did not complain that Plato had put him into positions in which he never stood, or made him take part in conversations at which he was not present. He merely remarked that the *young man* attributed to him *more* than he had said. In Dr. Southey's Dialogues, since we must call them so, the Ghost does not preserve the slightest identity with the man called Sir Thomas More. On the contrary, it utters opinions and sentiments which that great man, when living, spurned and detested; and therefore, instead of appearing to us as he ought, in the light of a great man's beatified spirit, he is only a duplicate of the author himself.

Upon the propriety or wisdom of interrogating the dead, respecting the prospects of the living, our opinions are probably not very different from those of Dr. Southey. The human race are like plants, which, though they may be ameliorated or rendered worse, by being planted in a favourable or an untoward soil, are yet always essentially the same, and must be benefited or injured by the same circumstances. By choosing a ghost, however, for his companion, when he wished to wrestle with profound and difficult questions, the Doctor seems to insinuate, that he is acquainted with no living man worthy to sift his cogitations, and perhaps he may never be convinced of the contrary. But unless we are much deceived, the public will find that, previous to the revelations from Kestwick, men were not wholly in the dark respecting the nature

and destiny of society; and that, even had Sir Thomas More been permitted to slumber undisturbed in his shroud, the conviction that irreligion, and famine, and pestilence, are fearful evils, to which society, in all its stages, is liable, would have been no less strong than it will be, when these *dialogues* shall have been perused by *all the world*.

If the reader supposes that, by what we have said above, we desire it should be inferred, that the work before us is a feeble or contemptible production, he will have deceived himself. It has great and obvious faults, among which, a spirit of intolerance is not the least; but it has also, in spite of these drawbacks to the author's powers, great merits, and considerable beauties to recommend it. The writer, himself, is a phenomenon, peculiarly worthy of contemplation. Owing to certain circumstances, he appears to be subject to the sway of two species of influences, which alternately, urge him towards moderation, benevolence, and charity, and towards the reverse of these. We believe, however, that the former are the original gift of nature, the latter the fruit of circumstances.

To convey to the reader a proper idea of the nature and character of the work, it should be observed, that it commences with an account of the state of the author's mind, at the time when he describes himself as entering seriously and systematically upon the contemplation of the progress and prospects of society. It is important, that in all momentous concerns the initiative movement should be discovered, and, if possible, all the circumstances in which it originated, or by which its first operations were accompanied. It is, therefore, with much satisfaction, that we learn that it was in the November of the year in which the Princess Charlotte died, when the whole kingdom was stricken with grief, that Dr. Southey had his first interview with the ghost. The particulars are related with the utmost solemnity and minuteness. Step by step we are carried on from the simple and common-place occurrences of life, to the startling, preternatural colloquy which forthwith takes place, and is carried on, if not with the brevity and conciseness of the interrogations and responses of oracles, at least, with a considerable portion of the obscurity and magisterial dignity with which the Gods conveyed their decisions to mortals.

The author, we are informed, was sitting alone in his library, with a book (probably the Utopia, though this is not stated) lying open before him. His thoughts, turning upon the calamitous event which, at that period, occupied the mind of every man in England, were interrupted, or, rather, perhaps, urged on with more rapidity in the course they had taken, by the arrival of the post-*woman* (from which we learn, that in that portion of this highly civilized country the fair sex undertake the drudgery of letter-carrying) bringing letters, which, like the newspapers of the day, were filled with allusions to the subject of the general grief. The step from

the post-woman to dreaming, was exceedingly natural, for the letters of most persons, especially those who write at any considerable length, savour strongly of opium, and procure unpleasant dreams. Dr. Southey felt like ordinary mortals upon this occasion. He yielded to the narcotic effects of the drugs he had been taking, threw himself against the back of his chair, (we trust he studies and sleeps in one that has strong arms), and fell asleep. He had no sooner entered the land of dreams, (for whatever may be said by the author, or others to the contrary, the whole work is plainly the record of a dream) than he was accosted by an elderly, grave, and dignified person, whom, as Americans are generally elderly, grave and dignified, he immediately took to be a citizen of one of he trans-Atlantic republics. The stranger, addressing the Doctor by the name of *Montesinos*, (which is, being interpreted, "Old Man of the Mountains") observes, in substance, that being completely unknown to his host, for the meeting is supposed to take place in the Doctor's library, he considers that circumstance a sufficient recommendation. The Doctor, tacitly acknowledging this principle of social intercourse, enters into familiar conversation with his ghost, and the discussion of the most profound and important questions immediately ensues. By degrees, the mists of sleep appear to clear away from about the speakers, as the clouds do from mountain peaks, and they stand out in all the sharpness and distinctness of reality before the reader. In other words, the ghost becomes a real visitor at Keswick, and roams forth with his pleasant and learned host among the lakes and mountains, where, like the fallen spirits in Pandemonium, or its vicinity, they discourse "of fate, free-will, fore-knowledge, absolute," &c.; and, lost in wandering mazes, find no end, until they come to the end of the volumes. The method which the ghost takes to make his real nature known to his companion is imagined with great felicity. Having discoursed together for some time upon the belief in witchcraft and conjuration, which Dr. Southey considers to be both pious and rational, the author observes:—

'My serious belief amounts to this, that *preternatural impressions* are *sometimes* communicated to us for wise purposes; and that departed spirits are *sometimes* permitted to manifest themselves.

'*Stranger.*—If a Ghost then were disposed to pay you a visit, you would be in a proper state of mind for receiving such a visit?

'*Montesinos.*—I should not credit my senses lightly; neither should I obstinately distrust them, after I had put the reality of the appearance to the proof, as far as that were possible.

'*Stranger.*—Should you like to have an opportunity afforded you?

'*Montesinos.*—Heaven forbid! I have suffered so much in dreams from conversing with those whom even in sleep I knew to be departed, that an actual presence might perhaps be more than I could bear.

'*Stranger.*—But if it were the spirit of one with whom you had no near ties of relationship, or love, how then would it affect you?

'*Montesinos.*—That would of course be according to the circumstances on both sides. But I entreat you not to imagine that I am any way desirous of enduring the experiment.

'*Stranger.*— Suppose, for example, he were to present himself as I have done; the purport of his coming friendly; the place and opportunity suiting, as at present; the time also considerately chosen... after dinner; and the spirit not more abrupt in his appearance, nor more formidable in aspect than the being who now addresses you?

'*Montesinos.*—Why, Sir, to so substantial a ghost, and of such respectable appearance, I might, perhaps, have courage enough to say with Hamlet,

"Thou comest in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee!"

'*Stranger.*—Then, Sir, let me introduce myself in that character, now that our conversation has conducted us so happily to the point. I told you truly that I was English by birth, but that I came from a more distant country than America, and had long been naturalized there. The country whence I come is not the new world, but the other one: and I now declare myself in sober earnest to be a Ghost.

'*Montesinos.*—A Ghost!

'*Stranger.*—A veritable Ghost, and an honest one, who went out of the world with so good a character that he will hardly escape canonization if ever you get a Roman Catholic king upon the throne. And now what test do you require?

'*Montesinos.*—I can detect no smell of brimstone; and the candle burns as it did before, without the slightest tinge of blue in its flame. You look, indeed, like a spirit of health, and I might be disposed to give entire belief to that countenance, if it were not for the tongue that belongs to it. But you are a queer spirit, whether good or evil!

'*Stranger.*—The headsman thought so, when he made a ghost of me almost three hundred years ago. I had the character through life of loving a jest, and did not belie it at the last. But I had also as general a reputation for sincerity, and of that also conclusive proof was given at the same time. In serious truth, then, I am a disembodied spirit, and the form in which I now manifest myself is subject to none of those accidents of matter... You are still incredulous! Feel then, and be convinced!

'My incomprehensible guest extended his hand towards me as he spake. I held forth mine to accept it, not, indeed, believing him, and yet not altogether without some apprehensive emotion, as if I were about to receive an electrical shock. The effect was more startling than electricity would have produced. His hand had neither weight nor substance; my fingers when they would have closed upon it, found nothing that they could grasp: it was intangible, though it had all the reality of form.

'In the name of God, I exclaimed, who are you, and wherefore are you come?

'Be not alarmed, he replied. Your reason which has shown you the possibility of such an appearance as you now witness, must have convinced you also that it would never be permitted for an evil end. Examine my features well, and see if you do not recognize them. Hans Holbein was excellent at a likeness.

'I had now, for the first time in my life, a distinct sense of that sort of porcupinish motion over the whole scalp which is so frequently described by the Latin poets. It was considerably allayed by the benignity of his countenance and the manner of his speech, and after looking him steadily in the face I ventured to say, for the likeness had previously struck me, Is it Sir Thomas More? The same; he made answer: and lifting up his chin, displayed a circle round the neck brighter in colour than the ruby. The marks of martyrdom, he continued, are our insigna of honour. Fisher and I have the purple collar, as Friar Forrest and Cranmer have the robe of fire.'—vol. i. pp. 14, 15.

The Doctor and the Ghost now proceed to business, and with singular modesty both disclaim, at the outset, all pretensions to prescience. As those who are skilled in botany, however, can tell by examining the seeds of plants, the nature of the fruits and flowers they will produce, when their hidden principles shall have been called into action by the proper operation of soil, water, and sunshine; so the philosopher, by scrutinizing the seed of futurity, is enabled to predict its form and colour. Ghosts are all philosophers *ex professo*, and Dr. Southey, like Hudibras, can tell—

> "Where Entity and Quiddity,
> The Ghosts of defunct bodies, fly."

In proceeding to tell the fortune of the world, a bold and vast undertaking, the author certainly touches upon, and handles with much skill and effect, several questions of considerable difficulty; while other questions are rather skirted round, and timidly looked upon, than explored. We cannot here find room to enter minutely into any one of the subjects discussed, as a full investigation of it would lead us far beyond our limits, while a bird's-eye view would be useless. We shall therefore run in a miscellaneous manner through the work, selecting a few of the best passages, more especially such as may be thought to throw light upon the personal character and habits of the author himself, and adding an observation or a remark when it seems to be needed.

The changes which have taken place in Dr. Southey's opinions, are matters of public notoriety, and have been spoken of with bitterness or indulgence, according as the speakers were actuated by their particular and private sentiments. For our own part, we do not so much blame him for his mutability (as we are all mutable creatures), as for his uncharitableness towards those who profess the opinions he once thought well-founded, and in the profession of which we doubt not he was, as Mr. Coleridge says of himself, "most sincere, most disinterested." Cannot he imagine, that the same sincerity, the same disinterestedness may actuate those who still worship before the altars which he has deserted! His reasons for deserting them are more than once hinted at in the volumes before us, and, among other examples, in the following passage. Striving to place his own conduct in

the same light with that of Sir Thomas More, who is supposed to have lost much of his liberal enthusiasm towards the end of his life; he makes the Ghost observe:

'We have both speculated in the joy and freedom of our youth upon the possible improvement of society; and both in like manner have lived to dread with reason the effects of that restless spirit, which, like the Titaness Mutability described by your immortal Master, assails Heaven and disturbs the earth.'—vol. i. p. 19.

And again, alluding to the same subject, he says,—

'*Montesinos.*—If it be your aim to prove that the savage state is preferable to the social, I am perhaps the very last person upon whom any arguments to that end could produce the slightest effect. The notion never for a moment deluded me: not even in the ignorance and presumptuousness of youth, when first I perused Rousseau, and was unwilling to believe that a writer whose passionate eloquence I felt and admired so truly, could be erroneous in any of his opinions. But now, in the evening of life, when I know upon what foundation my principles rest, and when the direction of one peculiar course of study has made it necessary for me to learn every thing which books could teach concerning savage life, the proposition appears to me one of the most untenable that ever was advanced by a perverse or a paradoxical intellect.'—vol. i. p. 45.

The logic by which the author endeavours to establish the persuasion that his interview with Sir Thomas More was not a dream, is a striking example of his system of reasoning.

'It was no dream, of this I was well assured: realities are never mistaken for dreams, though dreams may be mistaken for realities; and therefore this being a dream, might be mistaken for reality. Moreover I had long been accustomed in sleep to question my perceptions with a wakeful faculty of reason, and to detect their fallacy. But, as well may be supposed, my thoughts that night sleeping as well as waking, were filled with this extraordinary interview; and when I arose the next morning, it was not till I had called to mind every circumstance of time and place, that I was convinced the apparition was real, and that I might again expect it.'—vol. i. p. 21.

From all which an ordinary reasoner would infer, that this interview, being a dream, had been mistaken for a reality. The Doctor proceeds in another way. He informs us that he was *well assured* it was not a dream, *because realities* are never mistaken for dreams: that is, he first assumes that it was a reality, and then argues most cogently, that, this being the case, it could not possibly be a dream. To make the matter still more clear, and to convince us invincibly that it could not have been a dream mistaken for a reality, he adds *that dreams are sometimes mistaken for realities*: that is, that what we suspect to have taken place in this instance, does sometimes take place. A peculiar and extraordinary mode of arguing!

Dr. Southey would not, we imagine, be very ready to acknow-

judge that he had borrowed any portion of his philosophical creed from the Buddhists; but let the Oriental reader compare the opinions contained in the following singular passage, with the doctrines upon the destruction and renovation of the world, which are held by the followers of Gautama, and he will be convinced that they are derived, not from the Bible, but from the cosmogony of the Singalese and Burmans.

'*Montesinos.*—When I have followed such speculations as may allowably be indulged, respecting what is hidden in the darkness of time and of eternity, I have sometimes thought that the moral and physical order of the world may be so appointed as to coincide; and that the revolutions of this planet may correspond with the condition of its inhabitants; so that the convulsions and changes whereto it is destined should occur, when the existing race of men had either become so corrupt, as to be unworthy of the place which they hold in the universe, or were so truly regenerate by the will and word of God, as to be qualified for a higher station in it. Our globe may have gone through many such revolutions. We know the history of the last; the measure of its wickedness was then filled up. For the future we are taught to expect a happier consummation.'—p. 33.

One of the principal charms of Dr. Southey's writings arises from the evidence they every where present of the vast reading and research of the writer. We are always sure that if he should be wrong, it is not from ignorance or want of reflection. He has ever at hand apt quotations to illustrate his meaning or enforce his arguments; and we every where discover traces of his acquaintance with the great authors of ancient and modern times, but more particularly with travellers. Occasionally this exuberance of reading, or, at least, the displaying it, is injurious to him. He loads his pages with references to other writers, and the quotations detached from the work they are meant to illustrate, would frequently form a volume themselves. To pursue, however, our intention of extracting such passages as appear to throw light upon the character and habits of the author: in the introduction to the third colloquy he observes:—

'Inclination would lead me to hibernate during half the year in this uncomfortable climate of Great Britain, where few men who have tasted the enjoyment of a better would willingly take up their abode, if it were not for the habits, and still more for the ties and duties which root us to our native soil. I envy the Turks for their sedentary constitutions, which seem no more to require exercise than an oyster does, or a toad in a stone. In this respect, I am by disposition as true a Turk as the Grand Seignior himself; and approach much nearer to one in the habit of inaction, than any person of my acquaintance. Willing however as I should be to believe, that any thing which is habitually necessary for a sound body, would be unerringly indicated by an habitual disposition for it, and that if exercise were as needful as food for the preservation of the animal economy, the desire of motion would recur not less regularly than hunger and thirst, it is a theory which will not bear the test; and this I know by experience.

'On a grey sober day, therefore, and in a tone of mind quite accordant with the season, I went out unwillingly to take the air, though if taking physic would have answered the same purpose, the dose would have been preferred as the shortest, and for that reason the least unpleasant remedy.'—pp. 39, 40.

In the course of a discussion on slavery, in which the question is touched with a curious mixture of boldness and timidity, which to ordinary eyes has much the appearance of sophistry, the following passage occurs :—

'*Montesinos.*—A planter, who, notwithstanding this curious specimen of his taste and sensibility, was a man of humane studies and humane feelings, describes the refined and elegant manner in which the operation (of branding) is performed, by way of mitigating the indignation which such an usage ought to excite. He assures us that the stamp is not a branding iron, but a silver instrument; and that it is heated not in the fire, but over the flame of spirits of wine.

'*Sir Thomas More.*—Excellent planter! worthy to have been flogged at a gilt whipping-post with a scourge of gold thread! .. The practice of marking slaves had fallen into disuse: probably it was only used at first with captives, or with those who were newly-purchased from a distant country, never with those born upon the soil. And there was no means of raising a hue and cry after a runaway slave so effectually as is done by your colonial gazettes, .. the only productions of the British colonial press!

'*Montesinos.*— Include, I pray you, in the former part of your censure, the journals of the United States, . . . the land of democracy and equal rights,' —pp. 74, 75.

There is a truth and delicacy of touch in the following picture of a November day, which remind us strongly of the Dutch painters, in their most happy productions.

'It is no wonder that foreigners, who form their notions of England from what they see in its metropolis, should give such dismal descriptions of an English November; a month when, according to the received opinion of continental writers, suicide comes as regularly in season with us as geese at Michaelmas, and green pease in June. Nothing indeed can be more cheerless and comfortless than a common November day in that huge overgrown city; the streets covered with that sort of thick greasy dirt, on which you are in danger of slipping at every step, and the sky concealed from sight by a dense, damp, oppressive, dusky atmosphere, composed of Essex fog and London smoke. But in the country November presents a very different aspect: there its soft, calm weather has a charm of its own; a stillness and serenity unlike any other season, and scarcely less delightful than the most genial days of Spring. The pleasure which it imparts is rather different in kind than inferior in degree: it accords as finely with the feelings of declining life as the bursting foliage and opening flowers of May with the elastic spirits of youth and hope.

'But a fine day affects children alike at all seasons as it does the barometer. They live in the present, seldom saddened with any retrospective thoughts, and troubled with no foresight. Three or four days of

dull sunless weather had been succeeded by a delicious morning. My young ones were clamorous for a morning's excursion. The glass had risen to a little above change, but their spirits had mounted to the point of settled fair. All things, indeed, animate and inanimate, seemed to partake of the exhilirating influence. The blackbirds, who lose so little of their shyness even where they are most secure, made their appearance on the green, where the worms had thrown up little circles of mould during the night. The smaller birds were twittering, hopping from spray to spray, and pluming themselves; and as the temperature had given them a vernal sense of joy, there was something of a vernal cheerfulness in their song. The very flies had come out from their winter quarters, where, to their own danger and my annoyance, they establish themselves behind the books, in the folds of the curtains, and the crevices of these loose window-frames. They were crawling up the sunny panes, bearing in their altered appearance the marks of uncomfortable age; their bodies enlarged, and of a greyer brown; their wings no longer open, clean, and transparent, but closed upon the back, and as it were encrusted with neglect. Some few were beginning to brush themselves, but their motions were slow and feeble: the greater number had fallen upon their backs, and lay unable to recover themselves. Not a breath of air was stirring; the smoke ascended straight into the sky, till it diffused itself equally on all sides and was lost. The lake lay like a mirror, smooth and dark. The tops of the mountains, which had not been visible for many days, were clear and free from snow: a few light clouds, which hovered upon their sides, were slowly rising and melting in the sunshine.'—pp. 116—118.

Notwithstanding the sedentary habits of Dr. Southey, which appear to deprive him of half the pleasures of the country, he seems occasionally to be liable to the inroad of sudden bursts of enjoyment which confound his habits of calculation and penetration, and cause him to associate the delight with which his breast is at such moments overflowing, with the simple or indifferent objects which happen to surround him. In the following passage the author describes one of these fits of pleasure, which are evidently like angel's visits, few and far between.

'By this time we had nearly past over the fell, and had begun to descend upon Castlerigg. The children had halted beside a rocky basin in the mountain-stream, to remind me of a sight which we had once enjoyed there, and to enjoy it again in recollection. It was a flock of geese who in the bright sunshine of a summer's day were sporting in that basin, and with such evident joyousness that it was a pleasure to behold their joy. Sometimes they thrust their long necks under the water straight down, and turned up their broad yellow feet; sometimes rose half up, shaking and clapping their wings; sometimes with retorted head pruned themselves as they floated. Their motion did not in the slightest degree defile the water; for there was no soil to disturb; the stream, flowing from its mountain-springs, over a bed of rock, had contracted no impurity in its course, and these birds were so delicately clean that they could not sully it; the few feathers which they plucked or shook off were presently carried away by the current. It was the most beautiful scene of animal enjoyment that I ever beheld, or ever shall behold: the

wildness of the spot, the soft green turf upon the bank, the beauty of the basin, (and they only who have seen mountain-streams in a country of clear waters can imagine how beautiful such basins are,) the colour of the stream, which acquired a chrysolite tinge from the rock over which it ran, and the dazzling whiteness of the birds, heightened by the sunshine, composed a picture, which, like that of Wordsworth's daffodils, when it has once been seen, the inward eye can re-create, but which no painter could represent. Our dear N. felt this, and regretted the impossibility of preserving any adequate representation of what he declared to be the most striking and beautiful incident he had ever the good fortune to behold. I thought of the story in Museeus's Tales, (a fiction known to the Arabians as well as the Germans,) and had they been swans instead of geese, could almost have fancied they were fairies in that form, and have looked about for a veil.'– pp. 145—147.

The author seems partial to that month which bears most analogy with his period of life. He remarks:—

'But though not habitually an early riser, few men in my rank of life have made more use of the morning hours, for composition, or for exercise, as the weather or inclination might determine. I had risen with the sun on one of those days toward the end of November which might make winter welcome, if we did not know what a tremendous artillery must be expected in his train. It had frozen during the night hard enough to dry the roads. A mist lay over the lake and extended along the foot of the mountains, which were covered nearly halfway down with new-fallen snow. The first rosy light shone upon their summits; and above was the blue sky, cold and clear.'—p. 150.

There is something extremely fine in the trait of character discoverable in the following anecdote.

'*Montesinos.*—I remember to have read or heard of a soldier in our late war, who was one day told by his officer to take aim when he fired, and make sure of his man. "I cannot do it, Sir!" was his reply. "I fire into their ranks, and that does as well; but to single out one among them, and mark him for death, would lie upon my mind afterwards." The man who could feel thus was worthy of a better station than that in which his lot had been assigned.

'*Sir Thomas More.*—And yet, Montesinos, such a man was well placed, if not for present welfare, for his lasting good. A soul that can withstand the heart-hardening tendencies of a military life, is strengthened and elevated by it. In what other station could he have attained that quiet dignity of mind, that consciousness of moral strength, which is possessed by those who, living daily in the face of death, live also always in the fear of God?'—pp. 210, 211.

We are happy to find such a testimony as the following, from an old experienced author, to put into the scales against that disgraceful and odious opinion, entertained by some base-minded writers, on literary pursuits.

'Well, would it be if men were as moderate in their desire of wealth, as those who enter the ranks of literature, and lay claim to distinction there, are in their desire of knowledge! A slender capital suffices to begin

with, upon the strength of which they claim credit, and obtain it as readily as their fellow adventurers in trade. If they succeed in setting up a present reputation, their ambition extends no further. The very vanity which finds its present food, produces in them a practical contempt for any fame beyond what they can live to enjoy; and this sense of its insignificance to themselves, is what better minds hardly attain, even in their saddest wisdom, till this world darkens upon them, and they feel that they are on the confines of eternity. But every age has had its sciolists, and will continue to have them; and in every age literature has also had, and will continue to have, its sincere and devoted followers, few in number, but enough to trim the everlasting lamp.'—pp. 349, 350.

We conclude with the following passage, in which the author describes the hopes of society.

'Looking, then, to human causes, there is hope to be derived from the humanizing effects of literature, which has now first begun to act upon all ranks. Good principles are indeed used as the stalking horse under cover of which pernicious designs may be advanced; but the better seeds are thus disseminated and fructify after the ill design has failed.

'The cruelties of the old criminal law have been abrogated. Debtors are no longer indiscrimately punished by indefinite imprisonment. The iniquity of the slave trade has been acknowledged, and put an end to, so far as the power of this country extends; and although slavery is still tolerated, and must be so for awhile, measures have been taken for alleviating it while it continues, and preparing the way for its gradual and safe removal. These are good works of the government. And when I look upon the conduct of that government in all its foreign relations, though there may be some things to disapprove, and some sins of omission to regret, it has been, on the whole, so disinterested, so magnanimous, so just, that this reflection gives me a reasonable, and a religious ground of hope. And the reliance is strengthened when I call to mind that missionaries from Great Britain are at this hour employed in spreading the glad tidings of the Gospel far and wide among heathen nations.

'Descending from these wider views to the details of society, there too I perceive ground, if not for confidence, at least for hope. There is a general desire throughout the higher ranks for bettering the condition of the poor, a subject to which the government also has directed its patient attention: minute inquiries have been made into their existing state, and the increase of pauperism and of crimes. In no other country have the wounds of the commonwealth been so carefully probed. By means of colonization, of an improved parochial order, and of a more efficient police, the further increase of these evils may be prevented; while, by education, by providing means of religious instruction for all, by saving-banks, and perhaps by the establishment of Owenite communities among themselves, the labouring classes will have their comforts enlarged, and their well-being secured, if they are not wanting to themselves in prudence and good conduct. A beginning has been made, . . . an impulse given: it may be hoped . . . almost, I will say, it may be expected . . . that in a few generations this whole class will be placed within the reach of moral and intellectual gratifications, whereby they may be rendered healthier, happier, better in all respects, an improvement which will be not more

beneficial to them as individuals, than to the whole body of the commonweal.

'The diffusion of literature, though it has rendered the acquirement of general knowledge impossible, and tends inevitably to diminish the number of sound scholars, while it increases the multitude of sciolists, carries with it a beneficial influence to the lower classes. Our booksellers already perceive that it is their interest to provide cheap publications for a wide public, instead of looking to the rich alone as their customers. There is reason to expect that, in proportion as this is done, . . . in proportion as the common people are supplied with wholesome entertainment, (and wholesome it is, if it be only harmless) they will be less liable to be acted upon by fanaticism and sedition.

'You have not exaggerated the influence of the newspaper press, nor the profligacy of some of those persons by whom this unrestrained and irresponsible power is exercised. Nevertheless it has done and is doing great and essential good. The greatest evils in society proceed from the abuse of power; and this, though abundantly manifested in the newspapers themselves, they prevent in other quarters. No man engaged in public life could venture now upon such transactions as no one, in their station, half a century ago, would have been ashamed of. There is an end of that scandalous jobbing which at that time existed in every department of the state, and in every branch of the public service; and a check is imposed upon any scandalous and unfit promotion, civil or ecclesiastical. By whatever persons the government may be administered, they are now well aware that they must do nothing which will not bear daylight and strict investigation. The magistrates also are closely observed by this self-constituted censorship: and the inferior officers cannot escape exposure for any perversion of justice, or undue exercise of authority. Public nuisances are abated by the same means, and public grievances which the legislature might else overlook, are forced upon its attention. Thus, in ordinary times, the utility of this branch of the press is so great, that one of the worst evils to be apprehended from the abuse of its power at all times, and the wicked purposes to which it is directed in dangerous ones, is the ultimate loss of a liberty, which is essential to the public good, but which when it passes into licentiousness, and effects the overthrow of a state, perishes in the ruin it has brought on.

'In the fine arts, as well as in literature, a levelling principle is going on, fatal perhaps to excellence, but favourable to mediocrity. Such facilities are afforded to imitative talent, that whatever is imitable will be imitated. Genius will often be suppressed by this, and when it exerts itself, will find it far more difficult to obtain notice than in former times. There is the evil here that ingenious persons are seduced into a profession which is already crowded with unfortunate adventurers; but, on the other hand, there is a great increase of individual and domestic enjoyment. Accomplishments which were almost exclusively professional in the last age, are now to be found in every family within a certain rank of life. Wherever there is a disposition for the art of design, it is cultivated, and in consequence of the general proficiency in this most useful of the fine arts, travellers represent to our view the manners and scenery of the countries which they visit, as well by the pencil as the pen. By means of

two fortunate discoveries in the art of engraving, these graphic representations are brought within the reach of whole classes who were formerly precluded by the expense of such things from these sources of gratification and instruction. Artists and engravers of great name are now, like authors and booksellers, induced to employ themselves for this lower and wider sphere of purchasers. In all this I see the cause as well as the effect of a progressive refinement, which must be beneficial in many ways. This very diffusion of cheap books and cheap prints may, in its natural consequences, operate rather to diminish than to increase the number of adventurers in literature and in the arts. For though at first it will create employment for greater numbers, yet in another generation imitative talent will become so common, that neither parents nor possessors will mistake it for an indication of extraordinary genius, and many will thus be saved from a ruinous delusion. More pictures will be painted but fewer exhibited, . . . more poetry written, but less published: and in both arts, talents which might else have been carried to an overstocked and unprofitable market, will be cultivated for their own sakes, and for the gratification of private circles, becoming thus a source of sure enjoyment, and indirectly of moral good. Scientific pursuits will, in like manner, be extended, and pursuits which partake of science, and afford pleasures within the reach of humble life.'—pp. 421—424.

ART. VI.—*Histoire des Sectes Réligieuses qui sont nées, se sont modifiées, et se sont eteintes, dans les différentes contrées du Globe, depuis le commencement du siècle dernier, jusqu'a l'époque actuelle.* Par M. Grégoire, ançien Evêque de Blois. Nouvelle Edition. 3 vol. 8vo. Paris. 1828.

Two volumes of this work, or of a work with a very similar title, appeared in 1810. The present publication consists of three volumes; each contains important articles.

M. Grégoire, the author, was a remarkable performer in the great drama of the French revolution, and has engaged much of the public attention. The part which he acted, will be transmitted to the latest posterity, and will be praised or blamed, according to the feelings or judgment of those who consider that important event, and the circumstances with which it was connected.

Our readers will recollect the disputes to which, on the first dawn of the French revolution, the *Constitution civile du clergé*, gave rise. Those who signified their adherence to it, received the appellation of *Prétres assermentés*, and the *Clergé Constitutionel*. Among these, M. Grégoire took a very active part. He is also said to be a Jansenist, and a favorer of the *Nova Disciplina*, or new system of discipline, which long divided many portions of Italy and Germany into religious parties. He has always been one of the warmest opposers of the Jesuits; a strenuous advocate of the *Four Articles propounded by the Gallican Clergy in* 1682, and a warm admirer of the Solitaries of Post-royal. On *the Ruins of that celebrated establishment* he has published some interesting

pages. Having been raised to the See of Blois, he resigned it on the concordat between Pius VII. and Napoléon. He has since lived in great retirement; but has sent to the press a multitude of works, many of them in defence of his own principles or conduct. His *History of Religious Sects* is of a more general nature, but contains, as might be expected, many references to his own concerns, and often serves as a vehicle for an apology of them. The heaviest charge against him is, that, as a member of the National Assembly, he voted for the death of Louis XVI., and reviled his memory. Against the first of these accusations we think he has completely defended himself, by showing, that when this outrage took place he was in a remote part of France; that he protested against it, and induced some of his friends to do the same. His justification of himself against the charge of having used contumelious expressions of Louis XVI., after his lamentable death, is not so complete. But what actor in a great and ferocious revolution has not either done or said something too strong, or otherwise reprehensible? Louis XVIII. was himself, during many days in the first period of the French revolution, an active member of the philosophic party.

The volumes before us, and those by which they were preceded, shew a vigorous mind and multifarious erudition; but it is of a singular kind. M. Grégoire cites, and appears to be conversant with, hundreds of works in the French, the Italian, the German, and even the English language, the titles even of which are, we presume to think, almost wholly unknown to any of our readers.

His chapter on the ACTUAL STATE OF RATIONALISM in the second of the two volumes, which compose the first part of the work before us, is singularly interesting. It gives, in our opinion, a much more full and correct view of *the Rationalists* of Germany, than any work which has issued from the English press. He says that Rationalism first pullulated in Germany, about the year 1760. Under the different names of *Neologism, New Light, New System, New Exegesis, and Rationalism,*—by which last appellation it now is principally known,—it unfurled its unchristian standard against the *orthodoxy* of every denomination of Christians. According to the system of the Rationalists, as it is expounded by M. Grégorie, the authenticity and veracity of the Old Testament, must be altogether given up; and the history and doctrine of Christ are imperfectly related in the New: they have been still more imperfectly understood by its interpreters and commentators; but a new illumination has dawned; it is rapidly unfolding itself, and will soon be spread over every part of the Christian world. The grand secret of the discovery is, that the sacred writings are to be tried by the ordinary rules of reason and sound judgment; and whatever in them offends against either, is as erroneous as if it had been inserted in a common history. Our author gives a full, but rather desultory, account of the rise and progress of this system. He describes it as having originated in Germany; there, he says, it has an

extensive prevalence; the attention of all the idle and inquisitive is directed to it; and a very large proportion of the inhabitants are incurably tainted by it. He seems to allow that it has not made an equal progress in England; and he admits that no part of Christendom has produced more able defenders of Christianity, than are to be found among our countrymen. But he appears to think that, although we have not yet suffered much from Rationalism, the growth of Socinianism and Unitarianism among us is very rapid. We believe the former has almost entirely subsided into the latter: and that the number of Unitarians must not be estimated by their separate congregations. A full and dispassionate history of the rise, progress, and actual state of Unitarianism would be a valuable present to the literary world. All must allow that no denomination of Christians has shewn a more enlarged and unequivocal spirit of religious liberty, and truly Christian concord. All must say to them, in the words of Pharnabasus to Agesilaus—*Tales cum sitis, utinam nostri essetis.*

M. Grégoire then proceeds to give an account of the methods used in the reign of terror, during the French revolution, to exterminate Christianity and to propagate ATHEISM THROUGHOUT FRANCE; and particularly of the temples, and other edifices that were erected, and the festivals and ceremonials, that were instituted for this purpose. His account of them is very interesting. The ceremony of the federation preluded to them. On the 7th of November 1793, Gobel, the constitutional bishop of Paris, appeared at the bar of the convention, and announced his abdication of his episcopal see. M. Grégoire assures us that Gobel was silent on the article of religion, and that a renunciation of it, which he never made, was put into his mouth by the president, and affected to be received with acclamation by some members of the assembly, and by some low agitators, hired for the purpose. Several ecclesiastics, some of whom were Catholics and others Protestants, then ascended the tribune, and congratulated the assembly on their having assisted at the funeral of prejudice, the dawn of reason, and the triumph of liberty over religion.

"On hearing what had taken place, I ran,' says M. Grégoire, 'to the assembly and ascended the tribune. I observed that I had only a confused notion of what had just taken place. 'You talk,' I then said, 'of sacrifices to the nation; I am accustomed to them. Do your debates turn on attachment to liberty? Mine has been shown by a service of many years in its cause. Do you require from us the revenues of our sees? Mine I abandon to you without regret. Is religion the subject of your debate? Religion is not within your province. You have no right to meddle with it. I hear much of fanaticism and superstition. Against both I have always fought. Give proper definitions of those words, and you will see that fanaticism and superstition are diametrically opposite to religion. As to myself, I am a Catholic from conviction, a priest by my own choice, a bishop by the election of my flock; but my sacred cha-

racter. I derive neither from them nor from you. I have endeavoured to do good in my diocese. I hope to do more. I appeal to the religious liberty established by the constitution.' Here the rage of the audience became ungovernable; I thought my last hour was come. But the assembly broke up without proceeding to extremities."

M. Grégoire here takes some pains to show, that the conduct of Gobêl was greatly misrepresented, and that he was a sincere Catholic. He afterwards perished by the guillotine; and M. Grégoire assures us, that on the fatal plank, while the people shouted "Liberty!" Gobêl boldly cried out, "Jesus Christ!"

The National Assembly, in prosecution of its wishes to destroy Christianity, proscribed all religious worship, except a pure and simple adoration of the Deity: they passed a decree for abrogating the ancient calendar, and for substituting, in its stead, one totally different: they abolished the Christian names of individuals, and the Christian appellations of Streets, Squares, and Towns: they abolished Sunday, and made the *decadi*, or every tenth day, the day of rest, and enforced their decrees by severe persecution. M. Grégoire closes his account of these proceedings, by an eulogium of the resistance of the constitutional clergy to them. By his account it was firm, temperate, and effective. The public have long ceased to think of these senseless and brutal enormities: but to avoid a repetition of proceedings which lead to them, it is proper sometimes to recal them to memory.

From these scenes of Atheism, our author proceeds to THEOPHILANTHROPISM. He mentions different publications in favour of natural religion. The title of one of his chapters is, "*Deism established, under the form of public worship, in London, and other countries.*" We began to read it with great attention, expecting a discovery of some grand religious institution in our capital, which was unknown to us. We had not read many lines before we found that the promised chapter contained nothing more than an account of the crazy attempt of Mr. David Williams, to establish a Temple of Reason, in a room of a small house in Margaret-street, Cavendish-square; and of some similar puny attempts of the same kind in Germany. All, after a short and rickety existence, absolutely failed. For some time, France boasted of a similar institution; but it soon shared the fate of the others. Schism soon found its way into Theophilanthropism. In fact, devotion, unaccompanied by anything that affects the heart, generally subsides into languor, or is elevated to fanaticism: each is equally fatal to it.

Our author then brings before his readers a multitude of other sects. Most are little known; but we are surprised at the quantity of learned and interesting matter which he produces, even when he treats of those which are most obscure. He does not spare several devotional confraternities and associations of his own church. To these, the Jansenists were always systematically opposed; and M. Grégoire luxuriates in this opportunity of abusing them, and the Jesuits, who favoured them.

M. Grégoire then mentions the attempts made in Germany, to effect an union between the LUTHERANS and CALVINISTS: all have failed. It is true, that in some instances they agreed on a formula of union; but in every such instance, each party was allowed to understand the formula in their own sense, and each understood it differently; so that the separation between them remained, substantially, as wide as ever. The *Abbé Tabaraud* has published an excellent work, *Sur la Réunion des Chrétiens,* now in its second edition. We earnestly recommend it to our readers. We also recommend to them the same writer's *History of the Declaration of the Gallican Clergy in* 1682, the fullest and best written account of that important document which has yet appeared. M. Tabaraud has favoured the public with many other works, particularly a *Life of the celebrated Cardinal de Berulle.* He is certainly one of the ablest of the present French writers.

It is not generally known, that one—perhaps the most gigantic—of the projects of Napoléon was, to effect a reunion of all Christians. His plan was, to procure from each leading sect an admission that a sincere believer among every other denomination of Christians might be saved; then to promulgate the articles of faith in which all Christians agree; and afterwards to establish a form of public worship, in which all sects, consistently with their own respective creeds, might join. He proposed that all the states of Europe should adopt these regulations; and that no other religious profession or faith, should be required by any state. It is said, that with a view to this project, *M. Bonald,* by Napoleon's direction, composed his celebrated essay, *Sur l' unité des Cultes.*—The practical religion of Napoleon was often invisible; that he was superstitious, is certain—that he had some partiality for the religion of his ancestors, is probable. If the project we have mentioned had taken place, it would have made every national church in Christendom, an Unitarian community.

M. Grégoire slightly mentions the *Illuminés.* The account given of them by the Abbé Barruel excites curiosity: it contains important anecdotes and acute observations, but the strength of the Abbé's prejudices, and the force of his imagination, appear in every page of his work, and make us read it throughout with great distrust.

M. Grégoire's account of the PRESENT KNIGHTS-TEMPLARS is very curious, and will be thought, by the generality of his readers, the most interesting portion of his work. The Knights-Templars were condemned and suppressed *at,* but not *by,* the Council of Vienne, held in 1311. The extent, and even the existence, of the crimes with which they were charged, is very problematical. It pleads strongly in their favor, as our author justly observes, that the Bishops of Spain, when consulted upon them, replied, that they had no charges to make against them; that Denys, the King of Portugal, supported them for a long time, against the instances of

the Pope and the King of France, for their destruction; that he substantially preserved them, by forming them into a new Order, called *the Order of Christ*, under nearly the same rule, and with nearly the same dress; that this new Order was ratified by a Bull of the Pope; that Henry, the King of Portugal, became grand master of it; and that, by his desire, two of the Knights accompanied *Vasquez de Gama*, in his great voyage of discovery. The archives of the Order are said, by M. Grégoire, to be kept at Tomar.

Most of our readers know, that Jean de Molay was Grand-Master of the Order of the Knights-Templars at the time of its dissolution, and have read with due indignation, the account of his disastrous fate. *Marcus Lamenius*, was his immediate successor; he abdicated the charge in favour of *Thomas Theobald of Alexandria*. In the instrument of his abdication, Lamenius anathematised the Scottish-Templars as dissenters from the Order; and the Knights of the Order of Jerusalem, as idle and unfeeling spectators of its sufferings; and he transmitted to his successor the signs, symbols, and solemn words, peculiar to the Order. It appears that the Order also had a form of alphabet, known only to its members. M. Grégoire gives an engraving of it. In this alphabet, the abdication of Lamenius is written. It is expressed in Latin: a transcription of it is inserted in the third edition of *The Manual of the Knights of the Order of the Temple*, published at Paris, in duodecimo, in the year 1825. All the Grand-Masters, posterior to Lamenius, have set their names to the original. M. Grégoire informs us, that the most scientific antiquarians and diplomatists have declared that they see no objection to its authenticity, or to that of the monuments among which it is deposited; the principal of these are,—some bones of *Jean de Molay*, his sword, the helmet of the Dauphin of Auvergne, who suffered with him; the Grand-Master's crozier, patina, and mitre.

The succession of Grand-Masters has been regular: among these are found the names of Du Guesclin, of three Armagnacs, a Chabot, a Montmorency, a Valois, Philip of Orleans, (the celebrated Regent), and three other Bourbons; the list ends in Fabre Palaprat, the present Grand-Master, a physician of the highest eminence in his profession.

Several illustrious men have been affiliated to the Order: as Bochart, Fénélon, Massillon, Frederic II. of Prussia, Barthélemi Paoli, the Duke of Sussex, and Prince Alexander of Wirtemburgh; we place them according to the dates of their respective affiliations.

Paris is the seat of the order: some of its members pretend that they have knights-companions in England, Brussels, Rio de Janeiro, Calcutta, several parts of Greece, particularly Mount Athos; but M. Grégoire considers this wide spread of the Order to be very doubtful. Great disputes have taken place on the necessity of a certain rank of nobility, as a qualification for admittance into it.

Every year they commemorate by a solemn service, the death of

Jean de Molay. In 1808, this anniversary service was performed in the church of *Saint-Paul-Saint-Antoine*, at Paris. A sumptuous cataphalque was raised in the middle of the church; the crown, and other insignia of the Grand Master, were placed on a mortuary cloth: a throne for the chief officers of the order, was erected near the cataphalque. Soldiers of the line attended the service, and preserved order; a funeral oration, in memory of Jean de Molay, was pronounced. M. Grégoire informs us, that the whole expense of this exhibition was defrayed by government; and that the object of it was to make the Order subservient to Napoleon and his views.

There formerly were female convents of the Order; but none has existed within the last century.

The form of the Order is hierarchal, and is composed of a variety of grades. A manuscript, in folio, called *the Leviticon*, contains the liturgy of the Order, and the forms of initiation: it is in the Greek language; it is written on parchment, in golden letters. A copy of it, and of eighteen chapters of the Gospel of St. John, is preserved among the archives of the Order: some assign it to the thirteenth, others to the eleventh century; but its authenticity appear not to be questioned.

Their creed seems to be a kind of pantheism; but it assumes the name of the Christian religion, and professes to be the religion of nature, as it was taught in the temples of Egypt. From these, it is said to have been taken by Moses, and communicated by him to the Hebrews. In their hands, it was corrupted; but was restored to its pristine purity by Jesus of Nazareth. He became superior of the order, and conferred the supremacy upon John, his beloved disciple.—From John it devolved, in 1118, to *Théoclet*, a Grand Master of the Order; and through his successors, it has been regularly transmitted to the present Grand Master: from John, the Templars called themselves *Johnnites*.

They have three symbolic rites; baptism, performed by the oblation of water, a sign of purity: the eucharist, performed by the oblation of bread and wine, a sign of unity; and the priesthood, or the power of governing others and absolving them from sin, a power conferred by Christ on his apostles, and transmitted by them to their successors. The unity of God, and the uniformity of nature, in all its operation, are distinctly inculcated in the Leviticon: it professes a total ignorance of the nature or duration of rewards and punishments in the next life. "Jesus," says the Leviticon, "was delivered to his enemies, and died for the support of truth, but returned to eternal life. What is eternal life? The power possessed by each individual of living its own life: of acquiring an infinity of modifications, of combining itself unceasingly with other beings, in the manner prescribed by the eternal laws of the infinite wisdom, justice, and goodness of the sovereign intelligence. The belief of the order is founded on two authorities—tradition, and the gospels and epistles written by our brother, father, and lord, the

apostle patriarch John, (to whom be all honour and glory); books which have been preserved in the temple without any alteration, and which contain the whole of the doctrine of the Catholic, or universal church." Thus the creed of the Templars, as it is expressed in the Leviticon, consists of a sublime pantheism, with a sprinkling of an adulterated Christianity.

To acquire a full and accurate notion of the system propounded in the Leviticon, the documents to which M. Grégoire refers, should be consulted.

That the original doctrine of the Templars was conformable to that of the Roman Catholic church, is clear from the approbation of their Order by the council of Troyes, and by St. Bernard's splendid encomium of it. At what time, or by what means, were they brought to adopt a new creed? M. Grégoire asks this question, but does not solve it. Other questions present themselves—how could so many Roman Catholics—particularly, how could Fénélon, or Massillon, belong to an order, professing such very heterodox opinions? How could such an Order assist at the celebration of a high mass? All this is an enigma to us. It can only be solved by answering, that whatever it may once have been, the Leviticon has long lost its authority, and long been a dead letter. The whole subject deserves to be elucidated; it may serve to clear up one of the greatest puzzles in history—the destruction of the Knights-Templars.

The last volume of M. Grégoire's publication, opens with a word which, we believe, none of his readers ever met with—BASILEOLATRIE, explained by him to mean KING-WORSHIP. It contains a multitude of curious facts, which shew that under the ancient monarchy of France, in every stage of the French revolution, throughout the domination of Napoléon, and since the return of the Bourbons, the sovereign power of the state has been addressed in language to which the *Deus optimus maximus* alone is entitled. This article contains a multitude of interesting passages; but we do not see the propriety of inserting it in a work, appropriated to an account of *Religious Sects*.

The work is closed by a very curious and important article on the different RELIGIOUS SECTS OF THE JEWS—the Rechabites, Samaritans, Caraites, the black Jews of Malabar, the Chasidim, the jumping Jews, the Pietists, Zabbataists, the Cryptod-Jews at Thessalonica, the Turko-Jews, the Jewish Christians in Russia, and the Thalmudists. M. Grégoire gives an account of the actual state of the Jews in America, Italy, Spain, Portugal, England, Holland, Switzerland, Poland, Germany and France; of their schools, missions, synagogues and literature. The whole of this article is written somewhat desultorily, but abounds with useful and pleasing information.

The histories of the Jews, by *Josephus* and *Basnage*, are known to all our readers; Dr. Jahn's we recently noticed. An account of the Jews, since the destruction of the Temple, is

inserted in the *Universal History;* it is supposed to have been written by the celebrated *Psalmanazar;* it certainly does credit to its author. A more enlarged account of this portion of the Jewish history was published in 1818, by *Mrs. Hannah Adams,* of Boston, in America. In 1824, an excellent account of the civil and religious state of the western Jews, and of their commerce and literature during the middle ages, was published at Paris, by *M. Beugnot.* From these works, and that which is the subject of the present article, a complete account of the civil, political, ecclesiastical, commercial, and literary history of this highly interesting, and much abused portion of mankind, might easily be framed. The attention of the public is now directed to them, and proclaims the utility of such a publication. Why don't the Jews themselves employ some persons, duly qualified for such a work, to compose and circulate it liberally among the public? Nothing would more essentially serve to make the world acquainted with their present state—to remove the prejudices which materially hinder their improvement and their closer union with society.

We return to M. Grégoire:—Differing from him, both on several religious and several political topics, we yet bear a willing testimony to his extensive researches, his literary talents, and the liberality of his opinions. Might not an account, by himself, of his life, writings, and opinions, be made a useful and pleasing vehicle of important and interesting information?—a successful imitation of the celebrated *Huetius de rebus ad eum pertinentibus,* one of the most valuable pieces of autobiography which we possess. It might throw light on many important events of the times, still imperfectly known; and be an useful vehicle for the defence of his own character, in the instances in which it has been impeached. We beg leave to recommend it to him.

ART. VII.—1. *Sketches of Irish Character.* By Mrs. S. C. Hall. London: F. Westley. 1829.

2. *Le Maçon, Roman de Mœurs Populaires; Par Michel Raymond.* 2 vols. Paris.

WE have put these works together, because no better method, we believe, could be invented for fairly judging of the popular character of different nations, than collecting and placing in juxtaposition a variety of their tales and romances. Some volumes, of the most amusing and instructive nature, might be compiled on this plan, and if the talents of a few good translators and original writers were conjointly employed on such an undertaking, the design there can be little doubt would be amply successful. It would be necessary, however, that the tales should be not mere imitations, nor national only in the names of places and persons,

but really and faithfully original in their respective kinds—the product of imaginations which work upon living forms, and speak in the language of home; owing their attractions, not like other works of fiction, to the novelty and strangeness of the things represented, but to the novelty and freshness of the representation itself. We are disposed to give little credit to any tale founded on national manners, not written by a native of the country. Much ingenuity may be displayed, and particular customs and characters may be described with tolerable exactness; but the author can never forget that he is writing for picturesque effect, or fail to mix up his foreign feelings with the description. Even when he is most exact, the impression his work makes is not natural; it is like that of a paste seal—an inverted copy. A story, on the contrary, written by a native of the place where the scene is laid, is free from the sharp points and angles which appear in the descriptions of a stranger, and which, though they may attract attention, destroy the feeling of genuine interest with which a picture of foreign manners is contemplated. The personalities also, and the appearance of the author behind the curtain, which in the one instance are destructive of the proper effect, are in the other no slight addition to the amusement and information of the reader—the person and countenance which are thus obtruded upon his notice, are still in harmony with what we before saw, and if his attention be for a moment distracted from the story by the untimely intrusion of the author, he only feels that he is made acquainted with another character of the same nation. Where originals, therefore, are not of easy access, good translations of foreign tales, are, beyond all comparison, superior to the very best imitations by authors of other countries. With regard to the description of popular manners, by means of tales and sketches, the task is a much more difficult one than is supposed. An author who sets about making us acquainted with his countrymen, or any class of persons, by such a method, is met at the very outset by difficulties of no slight dimensions. The nature of his composition deprives him of the usual advantages of an author over an artist. He must effect every thing by one stroke of his pen, or he does nothing. He can only show his objects under one broad light, nor keep them longer than a moment before the eye. He can enter into no explanations without destroying the effect of his representation, and is obliged to trust entirely to his own happy humour at the moment of sketching, and the rapid perception of the reader. Every separate picture which he draws, presents the same difficulties, and requires the same skill and acuteness in the execution, so that whenever his minds flags, it is not one page in his work which is dull, but the whole picture that is confused and blotted. In addition to these difficulties in the execution, may be added another very material one, that of avoiding giving caricatures instead of portraits—of being ludicrous instead of humorous. Many of the

sketches which we have seen, have failed entirely of their proper effect, from this circumstance—the writers having imperceptibly fallen into a vein of outrageous merriment, when their readers were only willing to enjoy a smile. Whenever this is the case, the book is necessarily closed in disgust, as it never happens that mirth is produced where only humour is natural, no more than it is possible that a bad portrait painter should, by his unskilfulness, make a good caricature.

Notwithstanding, however, these obstacles to the composition of a good sketch-book, we possess some excellent and spirited pieces of the kind; and though there are very few in which we do not find traces of the faults to which we have alluded, those which are respectable are sufficiently amusing to put us in good humour with the class of works to which this belongs. The authoress of the 'Irish Sketches,' whose talented husband is well known to the public, has also made her claim good to attention, by productions of an earlier date, which have delighted us equally by their pathos and purity of sentiment. In her present work we meet her under a new character, and recognise in these lively pictures of her countrymen, much natural wit, as well as facility of description. The following is part of a tale, called Peter the Prophet, recounting how ill-luck was boded to two lovers, and how it came to pass.

'"Is it true that your niece, Alice, is going to be married to Corry Howlan; she's a sweet pretty girl, but——."

'"Now, Mister Peter, or Peter the Prophet, or whatever other name ye may have, I'll just trouble ye to hould y'er tongue about Alice and Corry; not that I care a toss up (with all due respect) for y'er prophecies, although ye want every body to believe ye've the second sight like a Highlander; but ye see, as they are to be married, it's unlucky to have any ill laid out for them; and as to the girl, God's blessings be about her, she's the light of my eyes, and the joy of my heart, every day and hour of her life, the jewil."

'Peter looked annoyed at hearing his prophetic powers called into question, but he deemed it safer to hold his peace for a time; at all events, until they came in view of the new quay.

'Along a green shady lane which led to the centre of that day's attraction, two people were walking, or rather strolling, of very different appearance to Paddy and Peter—Peter and Paddy I ought to say—a lively, lovely girl, with roguish hazel eyes, not the soft sleeping eye of that bewitching colour, but a round brilliant little orb, now twinkling, now dazzling, now half shut, and not unfrequently stealing under its pent-house lid to "the far corner," and peeping slyly about for fun or mischief—the nose of this little personage was, moreover, *retroussé*—an unerring token of much spirit, and, if vexed, not a little spite. But it was the glittering fairness of this fairy creature which, united to the pure glow of health and cheerfulness, completed her fascination, and made Alice Mulvany the most perfect bit of Nature's colouring I ever had the good fortune to behold. Her companion, Corry Howland, could not have been mistaken as belonging to any country, principality, or power, but the green little Island—how

often have I been both amused and mortified at hearing my English friends exclaim, whenever a particularly miserable, dirty, round-faced, stupid person, met their view, "Oh, how like an Irishman;" "quite impossible to mistake that *creature* for any thing but an Irishman;" trust me those know little of our peasantry who judge of them from bricklayers' labourers, superannuated watchmen, and Covent-garden basket women. Corry Howlan was a good specimen of our small farmers—and I will sketch him for your amusement, gentle reader, as he loitered down that green lane with his merry companion—height, six feet one or two—an air of easy confidence, and every limb well proportioned—face, oval—teeth, white and even—nose, undefined as to aquiline, Grecian, snub, or Roman, but nevertheless, highly respectable; eyes, large, *bieu fonceé*, and expressive; brow, open, shaded with rich curling brown hair—the dress, as usual on holiday occasions—red waistcoat, blue coat, knee breeches, white stockings, neat black Spanish leather shoes—shirt collar thrown back à-la-Byron, loosely confined at the base by a green silk handkerchief—a "bran new beaver," placed on one side the head in a knowing position, and a stick, not dignified enough to be designated as "shelalah," nor slight enough to be called "switch." There are many likenesses which, though correct as to shape and feature, fail in expression, and so it is in the present instance. I cannot paint the affectionate feelings pourtrayed in the young man's face, when his eyes rested on the careless, thoughtless girl, who trippped at his side, as giddy as the gay butterfly that wavered from the perfumed meadow-sweet to the beautiful but scentless convolvulus, and whose long twirling stems were supported at either side their path by black-thorn or greeny furze. One of the most beautiful features in an Irish landscape, is the quantity of small singing birds which animate every break and bush; and, as they paced along, the young folk disturbed either the soaring lark, the merry stone-chatter, the gay goldfinch, the tiny wren, the linnet, bunting, yellow hammer; as they approached the thicker coverts, a jetty black bird, or timid partridge, would rustle for a moment amid the leaves, and then dart across their path, swift as an arrow.'—pp. 197—200.

In the green lane, and amid the singing of the small sweet birds, the lass chooses to put her lover's temper to the proof. All is well borne till they meet at a dance, by the sea, where Corry's jealousy is awakened by her flirting with the smart mate of a vessel in the harbour. After the dance a dispute as to the possibility of swimming to a certain point took place, between the rivals, which ended in a wager. Corry leapt into the sea, but was soon seen baffling, in vain, with the tide and the whisky he had drunk.

'It was one of the clearest evenings that ever beamed out of the heavens; the moon had risen upon an unclouded sky; the waters reflected the "night's fair queen" and the little twinkling stars in its clear blue bosom. The island might be somewhat more than an Irish mile from the pier; and the efforts Corry made to gain it were distinctly visible, but the eddy near the distant shore was very strong. As there were many jutting crags that intercepted the even flowing of the tide, Paddy Mulvany did not follow in the exact track, but kept to the right of Corry. Alice stood on the pier in breathless anxiety; and that feeling was increased

to one of indescribable agony, when she heard the mate exclaim—"Good God!—sure it can't be!—yes—the current—he's struggling—as I hope to be saved! he's gone down." The crowd now pressed forward to the end of the pier. Stoutly did Mulvany try to tack his boat so as to gain the drowning man; but unfortunately she stuck upon a sand bank, and there was no time to disengage her; he therefore relinquished the oars, and plunged into the sea. By this time Corry had risen; but before his friend reached him he had again disappeared. One loud, long shriek of agony, drew the attention of the spectators for a moment to the land. It was Corry's aged—widowed mother. She rushed fearfully along the quay, exclaiming, "My boy!—my boy!—my blessed boy!" It was with difficulty she was restrained from casting herself into the waters; her eye fixed on Alice; and she said, in a tone between bitterness and love, "Ally! Ally! why did ye let him go? sure I know if you had gainsayed him, he'd a' soon died, as done any thing to hurt you."

'Mulvany had watched the moment for Corry's rising, and "treaded the water," while he seized him by the collar, so as to prevent the possibility of grappling. Instead of the exertion he expected, he was much horrified to find the poor fellow apparently a motionless corpse; and when he placed him in the boat no symptom of lingering life was manifested. A loud shout from the shore told plainly how sincerely the people rejoiced in the success of Mulvany's exertions. Alice and Corry's mother rushed into each others arms; trembling, they awaited the arrival of the boat; but it is quite impossible to describe what followed, when the wet and senseless form of the beloved of their hearts was laid on the strand.

'One in the crowd tried to soothe the wild grief of Alice; "Asy, asy, dear, sure 'tis God's will!" She turned towards the man who had spoken, and pointed to the body, then, with the action of frenzy, shook the pale hand, shrieking, "Corry! oh, Corry, dear! why wont ye wake? oh! wake, wake, 'tis I that ax it;" and the unhappy girl fell senseless on the bosom of him she had dearly loved. The noise roused the mother, who had been wiping off the chill damp from her son's forehead; her sorrow "was too deep for tears." "I tell ye, Alice, he's dead!" she murmured, when the girl's lament broke upon her ear, "and will never wake again!" she bent over him, while her hand rested on his ashy brow, and muttered, unconscious of the presence of strangers—"You were a good son, agra! the green plant of the desert. How like his father he is now, whin I saw him last, jist before they put him in the could grave, in the morning of his days,—dead—dead!"

'"My good woman," said the captain of the vessel, pushing through the crowd, "It is impossible that such a strong fine fellow as that could be smothered in so short a time by a mere mouthful of salt water! come, my hearties! lend a hand and haul him aboard; there's hot-water, and stoves, and every convenience—and it won't be the first time we brought a lad to life after a ducking." The old woman looked earnestly in his face, and, clasping her hands, faintly articulated, "life! to life! God's blessing! life! life!"—and accompanied the kind-hearted Englishman, who assisted, himself, in the removal.

'At any other time, the Irish would have strenuously exerted them-

selves to prevent the interference of the English about "death concerns;" but the captain's kind manner, and Mr. Townsend's going on board, silenced all their scruples; Paddy Mulvany also followed, supporting his niece, whose youthful feelings rebounded at the prospect of Corry's recovery. As he was stepping on board, some one pulled his sleeve, and the ominous face of "Peter the Prophet" popped over his shoulder.

'I just wanted to remind you, Paddy Mulvany, that I tould ye no good would come of the new Quay; you'll just please to remember, Paddy Mulvany—"

'Paddy turned full on him—"Ye ill-looking, croaking, money-making ould vagabond, if I catch y'er wizend raven-face within tin yards of me or mine, either in town or country, I'll just give ye the finish, and here's the beginning."

'The drover made a blow at Mister Peter, which, if it had arrived at its destination, would have silenced his prognostication for a time, but he had wisely retreated, *and ever after* kept the other side of the road when he espied Paddy's striding figure approaching.

'The efforts of the English crew were successful. And the next morning a groupe of three—no—*four*, passed up the green lane, where the birds were singing, and the flowers blossoming, as sweetly as ever. An old woman could hardly be said to be in the advance, so closely did she keep, and so often did she turn back to look upon a party of three, who filled up the pathway. A young man, exceedingly pale, was in the centre, and he derived support and happiness from those on whom he leant. The girl was slight, and the tear-drop glittered in her eye, even when the pale youth gazed upon her with looks of undiminished affection; his hand, too, lay, but could hardly be said to lean, upon her fairy arm, while his companion on the other side had enough to sustain. Alice became a reformed flirt; and, although she never quite conquered her love for ingeniously tormenting, yet did she conquer her obstinacy, and declared unqualified approbation of the white cow.'—pp. 215—220.

If there is any class of literature which may be supposed to have been exhausted, it is that of novels. Every station of life has been observed and described, every sentiment of the heart has been studied and analyzed; every vice, every folly, every absurdity has been seized on to enlarge the province of the novel. It is nevertheless a fact, that novelists have in general selected their heroes from among the higher classes of society; those which are called the lower orders, appearing in them only for the purpose of introducing some detached scenes, some episodes, or by way of contrast. Mr. Raymond has taken a different course; he has studied and described the occupations and the enjoyments, the virtues and vices of the working classes; a faithful delineator of a neglected race, he has attempted to prove, that within its sphere may be discovered strongly defined characters, delicacy of feeling, and pathetic situation, without quitting the bounds of truth or probability. The author's idea is not strictly original, but it has received new life and vigour from his hands. His work

exhibits a view of the passions, with all their attendant train of horrors, unaccompanied by the polished elegance, which, in the more elevated ranks of life, renders them of less hideous aspect.

The author's dramatis personæ are grouped in the very heart of Paris, and the action seldom extends beyond the precincts of the Courtille, the Bois *de Vincennes*, or Pantin.

The scene opens in the Quartier St. Denis, Place des Innocens, where hundreds of vehicles are continually jostling; their drivers quarrelling; where, from the break of day to its close, all is bustle, confusion, and noise.

In the midst of this tumult, a young and pretty girl, with a basket of fruit and vegetables, is thrown down by a hack, and is on the point of being run over, and while a crowd is instantly assembled, and the coachman upbraided with carelessness, a handsome young man, who was asleep in the vehicle, is aroused, and perceiving the situation of the girl, jumps out and extricates her immediately from her perilous situation. She is not much hurt, but the contents of her basket have disappeared in the confusion; and after such a loss, she is naturally fearful of returning home. The young man, though from his appearance he could not be deemed in affluence, generously reimbursed her loss, and the grateful girl thanked him with such a look—so tender!—so bewitching!—in that moment his fate is decided.

These form the hero and the heroine of the tale. The former (Gauthier), thinking only of his adventure, repairs to the Place de Grêve, the rendezvous of masons out of work, and of masters who want workmen. Here his prepossessing exterior and intelligent air, soon procure him an employer; he is engaged forthwith, and the next day is to be found at work. Among his fellow workmen is one who demands particular attention. Leroux, who wants the acquaintance of the new comer, takes him under his protection, and undertakes to initiate him in the habits and manners of his companions.

This new acquaintance does not, however, obliterate from his memory the image of the young unfortunate. He makes a number of enquiries; and at last discovers her modestly seated behind the counter of a fruiterer. He enters; the girl immediately recognised her protector; an interchange of looks takes place, for love will make itself understood as well with a mason as a prince. The friends of Susan received the young man cordially, and he soon becomes as one of the family.

A convivial party at the Courtille, where chance brings in contact Gauthier, and his companion Leroux, with Susan and her family, serves to strengthen the ties of friendship, but is very near breaking those of love. Leroux, not over scrupulous in the choice of his acquaintance, appears with a lady on each arm, of very indifferent character, one of which is his mistress, and the other he intends making that of his friend. To be perceived by

Susan in such company! However, the sincere protestations of Gauthier have the effect of allaying the fears, and restoring the affection of his beloved. A good workman is a fair match for a fruit-seller's daughter. They love each other; with free hands and industry, what else is wanting? Among the great, the combinations and clashings of interests and ambition, make marriage a difficult and tedious affair. This, however, was on the point of being immediately accomplished, when an event came to pass which entirely put aside the happy project.

Gauthier, young in heart, and unhacknied in the ways of the world; clever, laborious, with that wish to oblige, and desire of success, which are attendant on the season of youth, excited the envy of his fellow-workmen, whose idle habits he would not encourage by his example, and obtained the good-will of his employer. An infamous trap was now laid for him; he was sent by his comrades to finish the top of a chimney of a newly-built house, when the work gave way, and he was precipitated into the street, while the authors of the plot repair to a public house to congratulate each other on the success of their horrid trick. We will transcribe this scene, as it will develope the characters of Leroux, and of his associates. It is worthy to take rank with some of the scenes described by Sir Walter Scott.

'The thing has succeeded to our hearts' content. Silence! It will go hard with him this time. Be quiet, I tell you! It will be a long while before he gets the better of this. Silence! You see what is got by not calling us his friends! Have care! This will teach him better than to take the bread again out of a man's mouth. Be on your guard! Such were the first words pronounced in an under tone by the workmen, while sitting at table. Indistinct whispers succeeded this conversation; there appeared among the party some signs of fear, and remorse: some looked round with evident anxiety towards the door, whilst others held down their heads, and in a troubled tone of voice seemed scarcely to know what they said, and left the full glass before them untouched. Bernard, and several others, laughed loudly with that sort of malignant pleasure which frequently attends the success of a bad action.

'Fear, distrust, and this horrid gaiety still prevailed in the room, when Leroux rushed in among them like a thunderbolt; "A glass!—a glass for Leroux!" cried they all at once. "I want no glass!" shouted Leroux to the waiter, who hastened to place one before him. "You may leave it now it is there! I'm rather warm!" said he, contracting his brow, and pouring out his liquor, which he drank off without making the usual salutations to his fellow workmen. "Gauthier is at the Hotel Dieu," said he, putting down his glass in so violent a manner as to make the whole board ring again. "He is there for having attempted to put the finishing stroke to the building. You sent him to do this—aye, Morbleu!—you! When I complained that the job was not reserved for me, no one took any notice. You were not jealous of me! it was but for me you had untied the ladder.—Hold your tongues! you are nothing less than murderers!"—(violent murmuring). "Silence!" cried Leroux,

grinding his teeth. "I am not going to turn informer. Your imprisonment will not cure the poor fellow! he may recover! but—if he does not," he continued, in a state of fury, "all of you—yes, all shall make the same leap—so be it, for that will serve my turn—one only! One I will have? Let him who first proposed this fine scheme come forth! I repeat; this matter shall go no further! it shall be between ourselves. I only want to know if he is as able to defend his own life as to take away another's. Well! is there no one among you hardy enough to say—"that was I!" While thus addressing himself to the masons, he eyed them all round with an expression of contempt and defiance, "Must I," resumed Leroux, with a voice almost stifled with choler, "Must I speak loud enough to be heard without? Which of you contrived this affair? Who has Gauthier to thank for this? Will you force me to raise an outcry? The corpse de garde is at no great distance; and if you have forgotten the road to the Place de Gréve, I may conduct you thither in spite of myself. Go to! which of you gets up? I shall lose all patience. Is it you, Sirrah?" added he, shaking violently the nearest mason to him. "You are all in the plot! Let some one answer me, or I have at you all!" He had already raised his robust arm over the one he had seized by the collar; the noise increased; the masons seemed preparing to fall upon Leroux, while the one who had fallen into his clutches, made an attempt to disengage himself. Leroux, however, mistaking his meaning—lifted the fellow from the ground—and murmuring—"Good!—I like you now"—dragged him out of the room.

'The masons, alarmed at their comrade's danger, prepared to rush after Leroux; but when at the threshold of the Cabanet, he looked back, his visage glanced with such terrific meaning, that they made a halt and seemed to consult each others' looks; ashamed, at length, of having hesitated, they rushed into the street—but all was quiet!

'Research proved fruitless. On returning to the room, they found Leroux alone—stripped to the belt—employed in dipping a tattered shirt in a tub, covered with dirt and blood. All trembled. Leroux however remained imperturbable; never changing his position on their entrance. He merely turned towards them as they entered,—and regarded them significantly as they whispered together—or appeared ready to ask him what had become of their comrade.'

Gauthier's accident was of a serious nature; but from the attentions paid him by his intended, his friend, and by the help of medicine, his youth at length triumphed; he recovered—and Susan became his wife.

Let us pass over the hours of bliss which succeeded. They are but few in the longest of lives—with Susan they were few indeed!

Time passed away. Gauthier became a father. Whilst he is occupied with his daily avocations, and the cares of his young family, let us return to Leroux and Clarissa, his companion at the Comptille. He had not lately visited his friend Gauthier, and was leading a debauched and idle life. The purse of a working man is soon exhausted, when labour is neglected. Leroux, however,

amidst all his vices, still preserved his sentiments of honour. The idea of a mean action never yet possessed him, though on suspicion of theft, he is about to be taken to prison, to be found guilty, and ruined for ever, if he does not immediately make good a sum which another had received for him. Thus pressed, he called to mind his friend Gauthier, "Sixty-five francs to-day or to-morrow, or its all over with thy friend!" No answer came. Leroux, of strong mind, and energetic character, with all the horrors of his situation before him, prefers death to disgrace. A pan of charcoal has been prepared to put in execution his design—when Gauthier enters; the sum he brings is not sufficient. Leroux, in despair, takes the money from his friend, enters a gaming-house, and finally quits it laden with booty.

Led away by this unlooked-for good fortune, Leroux tries his luck again. Gauthier accompanies him, and every evening the *Roulette* sweeps away the product of his daily labour. Susan is as yet unacquainted with the change in the conduct of her husband. Every week a certain sum is secretly conveyed to her from the good overseer, which she believes to be her husband's wages. That is made known to Gauthier, by the rude jokes of boon companions, and from that time, he attributed the generous conduct of his employer, to the worst of motives. Rendered furious at length, he is about to sacrifice her to his jealousy, but anger gives way to pity; his love returns, and Susan finds herself once more caressed. Months pass away, but the scene is sadly changed. The mother of Susan is no more; and when a second infant is the produce of their union, no one plays the part of nurse, but the same Clarissa heretofore mentioned, who is endowed with a certain goodness of heart, notwithstanding her vicious conduct. Susan, during this time, is placed in an hospital by her husband and Leroux. The latter plunges deeper into crime, and drags with him the unhappy Gauthier. Deprived of every means of existence, they enter into a combination, with a number of workmen, to raise the price of wages. Here some new characters appear still better acquainted with crime. The conspiracy is carried on in a quarry; the workmen are formed into troops, which have their pass word; a box also is provided for voluntary contributions. Gauthier, or rather Leroux, who appears to preside over his destiny like an evil genius, appropriates the first fruits of a robbery to the use of the association. The combination, however, is crushed; but not before some of its members had perished. Susan remains a fortnight in dreadful suspense; her husband, at length, is restored to her; she becomes reconciled, and once more gives credit to his promises of reform, on learning, also, that Leroux, who had so often caused him to forget his promises, had been obliged to fly from the pursuits of the police. Her hope proves vain; Leroux re-appears. He succeeds in drawing him once more into his snare; Gauthier is taken by him to a house in

Paris, which serves as a receptacle for all that is infamous. There he recognises some of the workmen who had been engaged in the conspiracy. They were consulting about the execution of a robbery; we will transcribe this scene:—

'"I mean to tell you, my friend (continued Jacques, taking his hand) that the trade of a Mason is good for nothing; and that we can easily enter the house through the roof—Now do you understand?" "I don't believe it," said Gauthier, with firmness. "I am sure of it," said Leroux. "Parbleu!" exclaimed a third. "Oh! the wretches," ejaculated, mournfully, Clarissa. "What is to be the end of all this?" asked Gauthier, drily. "Gold!" sharply replied Jacques. Gauthier got up and took his hat—"What are you going?" said Leroux, darting towards him—Gauthier pushed him away without speaking, and took hold of the latch of the door—Jacques and his friend interposed to prevent his going out. "Go to!"—said the latter—"don't you see that we are only joking. Sit down again, and let's all be friends. What! are we not all true Frenchmen? And can't we amuse ourselves a little? But no!" continued Leroux, "I will not practise a deception! How Gauthier are we to get a living in Paris now? There is nothing left for us but to strike a desperate blow! do not flatter thyself! thou wilt never get work; nor shall I. Well! an opportunity offers: look to it! I would sacrifice every thing to extricate thee from thy present difficulties. This effected! I will go with thee any where: into thy own part of the country if thou likest. But to see thee die of hunger, thou and thy little ones! that cannot, shall not be!—I am thy friend, and I think of that only. Besides, what is required of thee? Merely to give the alarm, if any danger approaches. What art thinking of? Nothing is yet done and nothing shall be done, unless thou art with us. But when we have eaten our last morsel of bread, what is to be done? what will become of thee and thy children? Worse may befal." "Can any thing be worse?" said Gauthier—"Aye, to die and be"—"Hold!" cried Jacques—"keep cool and be friends."'

Gauthier endeavours to escape; they prevent him; the wine inflames him. He becomes an accomplice; but the liquor, added to the dread of the crime about to be committed, reduces him to a state of stupor, and he is unable to give any assistance to his comrades; they leave him, and pursue their enterprise. The robbery is scarcely effected, before it is discovered. A house is found broken open, the coffers emptied, and a woman on one of the floors, bathed in blood. The police are immediately on the scent to track the villains, and Gauthier is thus found near the place, and conveyed to prison. We leave the unhappy Susan in the utmost distress and shame, obliged to quit her only asylum, rather than endure the contumely of her neighbours. We will trace the husband and Leroux to the expiation of the crimes of one of them upon the scaffold! Leroux, found guilty of murder, is condemned to death; Gauthier is acquitted. Leroux, about to die, exacts a promise, that he will bid him farewell as he passes on to his execution.

On the fatal day, the unhappy Susan, holding one of her children

in her arms, and the other by the hand, was traversing the streets of Paris, without knowing whither to direct her steps. The crowd, which increased every minute, brought her at length to the Place de Grève. A cart, preceded by a detachment of *gens-d'armes*, slowly made its way through the crowd. Arrived at the foot of the scaffold—it stops—a man gets out of it, and ascends with a firm and steady step. Farewell, Leroux! loudly exclaimed a voice. Farewell, Gauthier, answered the culprit. A piercing scream followed these adieus. Gauthier turned round and saw, at some paces from him, a woman, with two children in her arms, fall from the parapet upon which she had mounted, into the water.

The plot of the *Maçon* is simple, and has nothing improbable in it. M. Michel Raymond has studied, and faithfully pictured forth the manners and habits of the class of people he aims at describing. His book deserves to be set apart from the great number of novels, in which the description of manners is purely conventional. In his production, the language, the description, and the scene, nearly always accord in spirit with the individuals. Some faults are, however, discoverable in the style, and some of the descriptions are too minutely given; but the greater part of his work is distinguished for the grace, or horror of the picture. All the dangers and misery which wait on vice; the agony of a family wanting bread; the terror which pursues a culprit, hunted down by that society he has outraged, and whose revenge he awaits, are depicted in the most vivid and energetic colours. Here pass before the eyes of the reader, the various scenes of low life, with their joys, and their sorrows. The guinguette and the hospital; the cabaret and the *bourhe;* the gaming-houses and the scaffold. We have made two extracts only. We should have selected a great number of others, if we would have described the whole of the tumultuous scenes which occupy the life of one of the working class. As a descriptive scene, we should have given a morning view of the Place de Grève—as a pathetic one, the removal of poor Susan from her dwelling—as an immoral one, the sketch of the party, consisting of three women of the town and a bully—as a scene of extreme misery, the accouchement of Susan, where her second child is born—as one of horror, the execution in the Place de Grève. There is, however, some little defect in the character of Gauthier. The influence of Leroux over his friend, is not sufficiently explained; and the contest between the good and evil principles of Gauthier, is not carried on consistently. One cannot understand, for instance, why he should be seduced, the last time, from the arms and affections of his wife, to follow the footsteps of such a rogue. Gauthier in this instance becomes odious, where he is, perhaps, most worthy of pity. But the character of Leroux is finely drawn; the evil genius of Gauthier, who leads him through a vicious career, drags him down to misery and shame, and who is one, nevertheless, that cannot thoroughly hate, because he is not the complete villain—

because he has some innate virtue—is gifted with goodness of heart, and is ever ready to sacrifice his life to save that of his friend. Idleness is the root whence spring all his vices; this conducts him to the gaming table, and there is but one step between that and despair, and infamy and death, close the scene. Side by side with this man is drawn the character of the generous overseer. Such a one may or may not exist; but his goodness towards the family of the mason, and his virtuous regard for Susan, are highly interesting traits. The author has clothed the character of Susan with all the virtues; she is described of angelic purity. The part in which she learns the first theft committed by her husband, is so pathetically wrought, that tears must follow the perusal. Her character is, perhaps, too ideal—we think it should have been carried a little lower in the scale. The father and mother of Susan, are faithful sketches; and the character of Clarissa is not devoid of interest.

ART. VIII.—1. *All for Love; and the Pilgrim to Compostella.*—By Robert Southey, Esq. LL. D. Poet Laureate. London: Murray. 1829.

2. *A Day in Switzerland, and Florence; a Fragment.*—By Ambrose Spenser, Esq. London: Hurst, Chance, and Co.

3. *John Huss, or the Council of Constance; a Poem. With Historical and Descriptive Notes.* London: C. J. G. & F. Rivington. 1829.

4. *The Garland; a collection of Miscellaneous Poems.* – By the Author of "Field Flowers," &c. London: T. & G. Underwood. 1829.

WHILE it is easy to trace the progress of other departments of literature, and attribute their improvement or decay, to certain definite causes, that of poetry defies the calculations of criticism, and is like a stream, of which the course is repeatedly lost in subterranean passages. Under the most absolute monarchs and in the freest republics; during the times of civil commotion, and in the most tranquil seasons of peace, the lyre has been heard and the poet venerated with equal admiration. The inspiration to which they owe their power, has defied every change of circumstances, and seemed as independent of what is merely earthly, and of earthly concern, as that of the tenants of the air, and of the forest. The decay and alterations of style, which the art has experienced, have not pereeptibly followed the course of civil affairs. The only connection which they can fairly be proved to have had with the alteration of national manners, is to be attributed to the effect, which those may have on the language in general, in which the poet writes. But a difference, or even a material change for the worse, in matters of taste, is no evidence that the internal power of production is diminished, either as to its strength, or as to the number who possess it. The vigour and spirit of Lucan were not the less, because the language of Rome and the common style of writing were less pure when he wrote, than in the time of Virgil. It is an error,

therefore, and one which is not unfrequent, to determine the perfection or decay of poetry, by the different states in which a language is found at different periods. When it flourishes, its power is independent of the causes which favour or limit the elegancy of its expression—when it decays, the decrease of its energy is caused by circumstances which leave untouched the mere purity of language, and have little or no influence on other portions of literature.

We in vain seek, therefore, for an explication of the difficulties which attend the history of poetry, in that of general science. In this we find the arts progressing as national wealth increases. The study of politics becoming more diffused as the constitution of the country assumes a freer character, and the different departments of natural and moral philosophy mutually changing place, as the state of the community inclines to activity or leisure. But with poetry, it is different, and to have any chance of success, in explaining the phenomena of its history, we must have recourse to an observance of its relation to those parts of the human character which are most independent of temporary circumstances—which when they change owe their modifications to the slow and secret influence of feelings purely personal—to that portion of our constitution, we mean, composed of the passions, which though universal and common to all men, have nothing to do with their passions or interests as a community—which, are therefore, never influenced by the causes which agitate them in no other respects, and which if all the governments of the earth were confounded together, would remain the same, and have never yet appeared to bear any relation to the objects, in regarding which, men may be affected by the changes of their political condition.

Poetry, as the expression of our innermost sentiments—as a manifestation of what is most essential to our being—is necessarily dependent for its production on an author's possessing these principles in sufficient energy to prompt their expression, while its popularity and its capability of pleasing, is, in like manner, dependant on the readiness of its readers to sympathise in such a developement of sentiment and passion. From this intimate connection which it has with human nature itself, it must be some powerful agent indeed which can really affect the poetry of a nation —if there be little in the character of a people which favours its production at one period, it is not more favourable circumstances in their situation which will make it better at another—if there be that in their temperament which adapts them to receive pleasure from the exhibition of passion, or in the indulgence of the imagination, it will remain the same through ages, and be no more destroyed by any temporary changes of condition, than the distinctive characteristics of an individual.

If, then, we be asked how it happens that at one time we find poetry making so great a figure among the other classes of literature, and a short time before or after offering so little to arrest

attention? we answer, that when a change has taken place in its character, the spirit itself of the nation has changed, which is only to be credited as occurring after the most violent convulsions of society, and such as do not merely effect an alteration in the community but in persons, making men, in the relations of life, different to what they were before, or giving an unnatural superiority to what is public or political, over what is individual and human. It is seldom necessary, however, to employ such an explication as this, to account for the revolutions which taken place in poetical literature. They may almost uniformly be attributed to much less important causes, and, are very seldom so great as is supposed. The number of individuals in a nation to whom poetry is, or may be, a delight, is almost uniformly the same, because it is determined by the existence and reproduction of passions and feelings to which nature itself gives birth. The variations, therefore, in the popularity of poetry, is to be ascribed to causes which belong to its production, rather than to the manner of its reception—to those which influence the flowing of the stream, and not the source from which it springs. Were a celebrated poet as immortal as his works, and were he to continue to write with equal vigour, he would find an equal number of admirers in one generation as in another. That this would be the case, is proved by the constant veneration in which the great productions of antiquity have been held in all civilized countries, and it is hence reasonable to believe, that while one set of good poets in a nation is succeeded by another, none of them will have just reason to complain of a want of readers and admirers.

Applying, then, these observations to the present poetical literature of England, there seems to us to be no diminution in that vigour of feeling, in that readiness of a nature, rich in sentiment, to foster poetry, which has given popularity to Shakspeare, Milton, Byron and others, but a change in the manner, in the objects and purposes of those who produce it, which having diminished its power upon the imagination and passions, has occasioned a falling off in the encouragement to its production. Almost every other portion of literature which can be named, may be carried to, and allowed to have reached, perfection, without being popular; but poetry, when it loses its popularity, may be fairly judged to have lost its most essential qualities; nor can it be expected to have the influence which the feelings of mankind would give it, when it has ceased to address them in the language with which passion is acquainted. Its sole concern is with man, in the moments of his existence, when he is most ready to be moved by what is affecting, to admire what is lovely with the highest regard, and to sympathise with the objects which are most worthy of veneration. It must be so composed as to show this its proper character—to be so clear a mirror of humanity in its grace and strength, and, when it will, so powerful a demonstration of all the harmonies of nature

with the soul of man, that every one who is capable of feeling joy in the humanity or harmony itself, may find delight in the representation, having neither to employ any *finesse* of erudition to discover its meaning, nor being left to the chance of mistaking affectation for passion. And when this ceases to be the character of poetry—when it is of such a nature that the few instead of the many are attracted by its graces, and it is made a species of composition which we must look into with the microscope of thought before we can feel its fire in our bosoms, we want nothing further to convince us, that either poets have ceased to exist, or that they have mistaken the rules of their art.

The present state of poetry in England, leads us to conclude, that the glory of her muse is veiled under the latter of these circumstances. Even were we more ready than we are, to attribute the decay of poetry, at any time, to a positive diminution of the spirit which produces it, we could not at present ascribe it to this cause. The great names which have illustrated the last twenty years, and so many of which still exist, contradict any such supposition. We have poets, and that in the truest sense of the word, and we have readers ready to support as many more with the richest tributes of admiration,—but we have little poetry, and still less of the enchantment in thought and sentiment which it is fitted to diffuse. How comes this? By the unpopular manner, we answer, in which our poets have chosen to spend their inspiration—by the mistake they have made in their choice of mediums, to convey the revelations of imagination—by their having given way to the fashion of their age, and endeavoured to refine upon the simple and natural excellence of poetry, seeking to be every thing but mere poets, and thereby breaking the power of delighting, with which they were endowed.

It has been frequently observed, that poetry is generally found to decrease in vigour, as the love of criticism, or the exact sciences, advances. There appears to be no other good reason for this, than that whatever tends to give it the appearance or nature of an experiment, destroys its force and beauty. That poetry has suffered from the progress of criticism among us; we certainly cannot assert—for there is no country which can make any boast of its literature, which possesses so few examples of philosophical criticism—but it is, notwithstanding, equally certain, that our poets have, to a great extent, become experimentalists; that they have forsaken the splendid route of fancy, become dubious of their calling, and allowed themselves to listen to a curious and overweening spirit of novelty. They have been ready to believe, and the belief has poisoned the pure stream of inspiration, that as philosophers, controversialists, or politicians, they might make themselves either more usefully or powerfully heard, than simply as poets. One, therefore, embraces a faction; another takes up some high subject of polemics; and another attempts in verse to

unfold a system of pure, or rather sentimental, reason. There is scarcely one of the poets of the present age in England, who has been contented to rest his chance of being honoured by his countrymen, to the sole power of the lyre—to the full expression of the genius for which he first obtained respect. That which the unfortunate and bewildered Shelley did, endeavouring to put a political theory into verse, and to develope it by the workings of a grand and most unearthly imagination; and that which Mr. Wordsworth has done, making the deep well of holy feeling which exists in his soul, and the glorious light of thought, which lies like the pure light of heaven upon it, but means to establish a favourite view of nature; that which these two poets, both great in genius, have done, the rest have done likewise. The grandeur and simplicity, consequently, of the muse have been destroyed; the readers of poetry are taught to look for something different to the splendid creations which it before presented, and which made every poet esteemed as the guardian of a new paradise, or the possessor of a golden clue, whereby he could tread the yet unkenned walks of existence. The river of light and beauty, from which they watered the arid paths of the world, has been dammed up by the rubbish of weak reasoning. The free, trusting, and loving spirit of the Muse—her deep and passionate glance into the heart of all living things—her spells and charms that laid open the bosom of the air, and brought its hidden tenants into sight—the mysterious tenderness of her voice, that made men love her most, like the graciousness of religion, when they were most sad and solitary, thus affording some proof of her divine nature—these, her old and venerable attributes, no longer shine in their pristine excellence above the works of the human mind. They have been subjected to the humour of the times, and though philosophy and the sciences may continue to flourish, when somewhat shorn of their grandeur and seriousness, and though poetry itself in the material for its production may be undiminished, the feeling of delight which its name inspires can thus no longer exist entire; the public will gradually forget its charms, and at length become indifferent to its powers.

Such has been the case with poetry in this country. That which is natural has first been left for what is refined, and then, for what is altogether *récherché* and affected. Its popularity has proportionally diminished; it has gradually become the study of only a few tenacious admirers, and the encouragement to its production has consequently been cold and feeble. The rapid and general applause which the poet requires in sign of being understood, is no longer looked for: he applies himself to modes of composition which may obtain him the ear of accomplished readers, and makes it of little consequence whether his style, or the truth of his passion, be the attraction. Though some of our best poets, therefore, are still living, we have gradually lost the splendour of our poetical

character, and without knowing why, both people and authors have been taught to believe, that something either in the times, or in the atmosphere, has rendered England unfavorable to the muse. Let, however, but a poet arise, who has no greater wish than to be a poet; who feels something of the ancient enthusiasm for his art, and is content to follow the noble impulses of imagination in the grand and solemn, but still simple sentiments it awakens; let but such a poet arise—we ask not for one endowed with higher powers than those living possess, but with more freedom and juster views of his art—and we shall see an instant change in the state of our literature. It will cease to be believed that the progress of civility, or even the agitations of political changes, tend to destroy the love of poetry. It will be plainly understood, that the cause of its decay is almost uniformly attributable to the false experiments which authors make upon its character; and that its present unpopularity in this country, is owing to their having forsaken the bright eminence on which they rested.

Having made these observations in reference to our poetical literarature in general, we turn to the work of Mr. Southey, which has an interest, additional to that which belongs to its merits as a poem. Appearing, as it does, at a time when fiction is almost banished from poetry, its legendary character gives it a right to attention, which a different but more important production might not claim. It is written in a style which recals to our memory some of the sweetest efforts of the muse—of those which have made men of all ages and nations her willing captives; which have left us no room for asking—who are fit to be her votaries? or, what more than humanity is necessary to make her understood and loved? It requires, little more than an observation of the influence which the poetry of early ages had on the minds of men, to solve the whole mystery of the art. We seek not to be assisted in reflection in reading poetry; if it were, an inferior order of minds to those of poets might be our guide;—but, to see the light of truth and beauty enveloping the forms which the decay of our nature, or the trouble of the world, has shorn of their beauty. And this want, if it be to be answered, is, we are persuaded, easiest satisfied by the creations of the old imaginative poets, who, like the ancient statuaries, gave life to what was most perfect in fancy, but most exquisitely human in form and expression.

Could we promise to ourselves that the example of Mr. Southey would be followed, we should not hesitate to prophecy a speedy regeneration of the poetical fervour of our country. 'All for Love' is a simple and direct appeal to our sympathy. The interest which it thus gains on our feelings, is united to that which it possesses on our imagination, by the marvel of the story; and the poet has so well blended these different qualities of his production, that the reader feels himself in that state of mind in which pity and wonder have equally possession in his heart. The story may be comprised in a few lines.

A young man of Antioch having fallen violently in love with a beautiful girl, who was about to devote herself to a religious life, determined, in the phrensy of his passion, to apply to a magician for assistance. The only means, he was told, by which relief could be obtained for him was that which lay in the power of the prince of demons to bestow. Eleëmon, the lover's name, offered to consent to any conditions, if he could but obtain the object of his love. Having, therefore, received from the magician a passport to the evil spirit, he repaired to a Pagan's tomb:

'There on that unblest monument
The young man took his stand,
And northward he the tablets held
In his uplifted hand.

'A courage not his own he felt,
A wicked fortitude,
Wherewith bad Influences unseen
That hour his heart endued.

The rising Moon grew pale in heaven
At that unhappy sight;
And all the blessed stars seem'd then
To close their twinkling light;
And a shuddering in the elms was heard,
Tho' winds were still that night.

'He call'd the Spirits of the Air,
He call'd them in the name
Of Abibas; and at the call
The attendant Spirits came.

'A strong hand which he could not see
Took his uplifted hand;
He felt a strong arm circle him,
And lift him from his stand;

'A whirr of unseen wings he heard
About him everywhere,
Which onward, with a mighty force,
Impell'd him thro' the air.

'Fast thro' the middle sky and far
It hurried him along;
The Hurrican is not so swift,
The Torrent not so strong:

'The Lightning travels not so fast,
The Sunbeams not so far:
And now behind he hath left
The Moon and every Star.

'And still erect as on the tomb
In impious act he stood,
Is he raptured onward . . . onward . . . still
In that fix'd attitude.'—pp. 14—16.

The miserable Eleëmon having passed through the desolate regions of the air, found himself in the presence of the demon, to

whom he declared the purpose of his visit. A speech of bitter scoffing on the part of Satan, was thus concluded:

' "Remember, I deceive thee not,
Nor have I tempted thee!
Thou comest of thine own accord,
And actest knowingly."

' " Dost thou, who now to choose art free,
For ever pledge thyself to me?
As I shall help thee, say!"...
" I do; so help me, Satan!" said
The wilful castaway.

' " A resolute answer:" quoth the Fiend;
" And now then, Child of Dust,
In farther proof of that firm heart,
Thou wilt sign a Bond before we part,
For I take thee not on trust!"
' Swift as thought a scroll and a reed were brought,
And to Eleëmon's breast,
Just where the heart-stroke plays, the point
Of the reed was gently prest.

' It pierced not in, nor touch'd the skin;
But the sense that it caused was such,
As when an electric pellet of light
Comes forcibly out at a touch.

' A sense no sooner felt than gone.
But with that short feeling then
A drop of his heart's-blood came forth
And fill'd the fatal pen.

' And with that pen accurst, he sign'd
The execrable scroll,
Whereby he to perdition bound
His miserable soul.

' " Eleëmon, Eleëmon!" then said the Demon,
" The girl shall be thine,
By the tie she holds divine,
Till time that tie shall sever;
And by this writing thou art mine,
For ever and ever and ever!" '—pp. 22—24.

By a dream which equally affected the maiden and her father, who was Eleëmon's master, a sudden change was produced in her intentions to take the veil, and the splendid preparations which had been made for the ceremony the following morning, were employed in adorning her bridal. Twelve years of love passed on, and every happiness was offered Eleëmon, but the cursed sign of his condemnation was constantly before him. At length Cyra's father dies, and his spirit appears to her and reveals the fatal secret of her husband's condition. The whole of this is exquisitely related.—His wife leads him to the holy bishop Basil, who gives him hope

that by a severe penitence he may obtain release from his fatal engagement. He was accordingly directed to pass a night in utter solitude, and terrible contention with the enemy.

'Alone was Eleëmon left
For mercy on Heaven to call;
Deep and unceasing were his prayers,
But not a tear would fall.

'His lips were parch'd, his head was hot,
His eyeballs throbb'd with heat;
And in that utter silence
He could hear his temples beat.

'But cold his feet, and cold his hands;
And at his heart there lay
An icy coldness unrelieved,
While he pray'd the livelong day.

'A long, long day! It past away
In dreadful expectation;
Yet free throughout the day was he
From outward molestation.

'Nor sight appear'd, nor voice was heard,
Tho' every moment both he fear'd;
The Spirits of the Air
Were busy the while in infusing
Suggestions of despair.

'And he in strong endeavour still
Against them strove with earnest will;
Heart-piercing was his cry,
Heart-breath'd his groaning; but it seem'd
That the source of tears was dry.

'And now had evening closed;
The dim lamp light alone
On the stone cross, and the marble walls,
And the shrines of the Martyrs, shone.

'Before the Cross Eleëmon lay;
His knees were on the ground;
Courage enough to touch the Cross
Itself, he had not found.

'But on the steps of the pedestal
His lifted hands were laid;
And in that lowliest attitude
The suffering sinner pray'd.'—pp. 74—77.

Satan at last appeared, but Eleëmon clung to the Cross, and escaped his attacks, but so dreadful had been his agony, that by the morning it had 'made his dark hair white.' His fond wife had also passed the night in fervent prayer, with religious women, but in the morning, no longer able to resist her desire to see the suffering penitent, she approached the room, and obtained permission from the bishop, and his mother, the Abbess Eumelia, to enter.

'That welcome word, when Cyra heard,
With a sad pace and slow,
Forward she came, like one whose heart
Was overcharged with woe.

'Her face was pale, . . long illness would
Have changed those features less:
And long-continued tears had dimm'd
Her eyes with heaviness.

'Her husband's words had reach'd her ear
When at the door she stood;
"Thou hast prayed in vain for tears," she said,
"While I have pour'd a flood!

'"Mine flow, and they will flow; they must;
They cannot be represt!
And oh that they might wash away
The stigma from thy breast!

'"Oh that these tears might cleanse that spot, . .
Tears which I cannot check!"
Profusely weeping as she spake,
She fell upon his neck.

'He claspt the mourner close, and in
That passionate embrace,
In grief for her, almost forgot
His own tremendous case.

'Warm as they fell he felt her tears,
And in true sympathy,
So gracious Heaven permitted then,
His own to flow were free.

'And then the weight was taken off,
Which at his heart had prest; . .
O mercy! and the crimson spot
Hath vanish'd from his breast!

'At that most happy sight,
The four with one accord
Fell on their knees, and blest
The mercy of the Lord.

'"What then! before the strife is done
Would ye of victory boast?"
Said a Voice above: "they reckon too soon,
Who reckon without their host!"'—pp. 87—89.

The tale concludes with the contest between the bishop and the fiend, respecting the covenant, which ends in a declaration of Eleëmon's freedom.

'A peal of thunder shook the pile;
The Church was fill'd with light,
And when the flash was past, the Fiend
Had vanished from their sight.

'He fled as he came, but in anger and shame,
The pardon was complete,
And the impious scroll was dropt, a blank,
At Eleëmon's feet.'—p. 103.

Both in invention and pathos this is an admirable poem, and places the writer much higher in the rank of poets, so far as our own opinion is concerned, than any of his former productions. It is worthy of the best days of our muse, and of her truest votaries.

The little poem which stands next on our list, is by an author whose name, we think, has not before appeared in print. Whatever be the natural ability of an inexperienced writer, it is not on a first production we can fix an estimate of his talents. Many notable mistakes have been made by critics in so doing, and we are desirous, as much as possible, of avoiding their errors. The 'Day in Switzerland' is evidently the offspring of a mind in love with beauty of all kinds, fond of truth, and delighting in its expression. There is a mixture of good and high thoughts in almost every stanza, and the tone of feeling throughout, is that which only a delight in things essentially poetical could awaken. We feel pleasure in observing a mind thus constituted seeking the fittest and the strongest modes of developing its sentiments—of unfolding the mystery which makes it different to other minds. It is most frequently the case, that poets begin with pouring out sentiment, and are in the first instance intently employed in making known their own feelings or fortunes. According to the character of the man, this is mere cold, stale vanity, or a manifestation of individual passion; but there is no species of poetry more dangerous for a young writer to adventure upon than this; whatever talents he may possess he is almost certain of becoming, in the present day, an imitator of Byron, a poet of all others, who looks worst in the chalk cast of a copyist. We discover talent in Mr. Spencer's poetry which has given us great pleasure, but he is one of the numberless instances in which natural feeling has been made unnatural by imitation. No two men, even suffering from the very same kind of affliction, ever felt or expressed themselves in a manner which rendered it doubtful whether the one was or was not an imitator of the other. The servant of a great man might imitate his master, when he only felt that he ought to feel as he did, but he would not copy him if he had a feeling of distress in his own heart equal to that of his superior. But we know how powerful a charm lies in Byron's poetry, and though we are perfectly assured that no man can be a poet who imitates him more than once, we are willing to allow that he may have considerable natural genius and yet commit the error in the outset. With the same quantity of poetical feeling which is contained in this little poem, and with a language more stamped with freedom—more independent of the conventional expression of sentimentalists—a firmer exertion of original talent might have made it a work

worthy of considerable attention. The following passages prove that the author possesses talents which may one day make him better known to the world.

'Is there a heart in such an hour as this,
When beauty gloweth in the firmament,
Which feels not something more than common bliss?—
As if heaven o'er the earth in kindness bent,
And kissed away its sorrows. Love has lent
His gorgeous, richest colours, spreading far
As thought can follow in its wide extent.
Shot on the ethereal stream, each rising star
Brings home sweet thoughts to those who distant wandering are.

'Hark to yon solemn chime of distant bells,
Whose voices steal upon the attentive ear
Of evening! now another village swells
Its heart-rejoicing notes, which rustics hear,
And homeward wend; the vesper hour is near;
Day closing fitly with convenient prayer,
Along the heights, which over Clarens rear
Sweet habitations, fairest of the fair—
Such unaccustomed joy unfading dwelleth there.

'Soon as the nightingale's deep piercing song
Thrills in the midnight's silent depths, the woods
And rocks, whose wild romantic forms belong
To nature's unfrequented solitudes,
Are filled with richest melody; nor broods
A whisper to disturb the reign of love;
Which never slumbers on these peaceful roods
Perpetually watered from above,
Where zephyrs, birds, and fells, a soothing concert move.

'The luminious sheet of water lies as still
As a bride's bosom, which has ceased rebelling
'Gainst the sole idol of her heart and will,
Vanquished in dear love's fight; when from its dwelling
Sweet poppied sleep descends, the tumult quelling,
Kissing her dewy-eyes balls into rest;
Now fireless as the waning orbs, foretelling
Day's near approach:—thus ponderously prest,
Pillows the bride her charms upon her lover's breast.

'And mist, in variegated folds, is spread
Over the breathless beauty—while
Flowers, of divinest fragrance, round her bed
Droop, full of sorrow, in promiscuous file,
Beneath the pallid moon's ethereal smile,
Scatter'd, where every thing the sight enchanteth,
The lake and green hills like a radiant isle
Of fairly land, which matchless swiftness haunteth,
Where all is peace and love which with enjoyment panteth.'

From 'Florence,' a fragment, we select the following. It breathes a fine and generous feeling, and it is from such, that poetical thought is roused into life.

'Then, from Lung' Arno fix thy thrilling gaze—
The irradiated country seems to burn,
Where Pisa's towers are mingling with the blaze
In which day, dying doth himself inurn;
Then may you naked beauty far discern,
From the half-opening eyelids of pale eve,
Till Vesper, like a bridesmaid doth return,
With her resplendent train, who gathering weave
A coronet for night's pale forehead to receive.

'Here the oppressed in heart, the sweet in soul,
The heavenly exiles from their native land,
Feel kindly as the lighten'd moments roll,
When the sea-breeze the lovely earth has fanned,
At the soft hour, the heart would ill withstand;
When rings the vesper bell so loud and clear:—
Here avarice holds not out her wither'd hand,
Nor freezes up the heart's affection dear,
For pleasure rides the gale, and summer rules the year.

'Otway had never starved in such a clime:
The peasants would have crowned him; their quick eyes'
Intelligent purpose, mellow voices' chime
Have drunk the beaming brightness of their skies;
Thus, beauty never there neglected lies:
The swift perception of what exquisite grows,—
The variegated woof which nature dies
With myriad colours; or the thought which flows
Through the worn poet's breast, reflected in them, glows.

'No! Otway had not starved:—the neighbouring hinds
Some portion of their daily bread had brought;
And the sweet sympathy of gentle minds
Had quenched his raving thirst in time of drought;
For Belvidera many a friend had bought:
And ministering maiden's streaming eyes
Had watered his pale cheek with tears; which thwart
The selfish pang, as they unheeded rise,
Smother'd in mutual love's involuntary sighs.'—pp. 51, 52.

Let Mr. Spencer continue to cherish the deep and earnest love of truth—the high and generous feelings he appears to possess—let him be as free from literary, as he declares himself to be from personal, servility—let him learn to look upon the art he eulogises so highly, as the grandest of all human pursuits; as making men priests of the great tabernacle of nature; and he will feel as a poet ought to feel, and have put himself in a situation for gaining that steadiness and grandeur of thought, which is the very essence of poetry—which is the only true evidence that its spirit has visited the heart, either in its gladness or solitude.

We might apply to the author of 'John Huss' nearly the same

observations we have just made in reference to Mr. Spencer. He stands in a similar situation, and though he has produced a poem professing to be narrative, has need of being warned against false taste in description, and false passion in sentiment. We could point out a formidable number of errors in the construction of the verses, and in the language—we will instance only one or two. In alluding to the everlastingly mentioned Swiss ranz-des-vaches, we find a comparison made between the feeling of the mountain soldier and those of the Israelites at Babel—as great a violation of truth as poet ever committed. What meaning, again, is there in the following affectation?

'Oh, there be flowers of soil and flowers of song,
Whereon the sensitive is stampt so strong,
Their bloom will not adorn the stranger's land—
Their voice will not be heard on alien strand!
Their hues and tones—harmonious with their clime—
If once transplanted, perish in their prime!'

In the following page we are told of memory's *waking a chord* of woe in a heart, and in the next of *sounds* waking the chords of solitude. We will not proceed with this ill natured employment, as there are much better instances of taste in the poem, but we would merely leave it to the good sense of the writer, to examine whether any person, who has any sort of judgment, would not feel too offended with these absurdities, not to miss much of the pleasure he might experience in reading what is really good. The following lines are creditable to the author, and convince us that, with more practice in the mechanism of verse, and a greater command of its language, he would make himself a respectable name among the moral poets of his age.

'O thou, whose light when that of life departs,
The sparkling cynosure of drooping hearts!
Whose smile can scatter flowers on Nature's tomb,
And breathe o'er withered hopes eternal bloom—
O thou that link'st the human with divine,
That light—RELIGION! and that bloom are thine!
Sole antidote to earth's severest woes,
The sparkling fountain of the heart's repose!
Our trust on earth, our passport to the sky—
The Christian's shield, the Martyr's panoply!
That pluck from wounded heart the rankling sting,
And soothe life's winter with the voice of spring!

'Strong in thy strength, in life's most trying hour,
Confiding souls have bless'd thy sovereign power;
And, torture-proof, poured from expiring lips
The hopes that triumph over Time's eclipse!
And, like the desart-symbol raised on high,
Impart new lustre to the closing eye!

'When o'er our head life's storms are lowering dark
THOU art the helm and anchor to our bark!

Thou calm'st the tempest—smooth'st the brow of care,
Dispell'st the shade, and plantest sunshine there:—
Sure pledge of peace—when Nature's voice is dumb—
Of warfare ended and rewards to come!
Thy watchword—"Firmly present ills endure,
And in the cloudless future seek their cure!"
The clouds that hover o'er the pilgrim's way,
Are but the harbingers of brighter day—
Though round his head collecting darkness form,
He hails the cross that gleams athwart the storm!

'When sorrows lower, when health or pleasures fly,
Thou art the rainbow of our mental sky!
Our sun and solace, when the heart is wrung—
Balm to the bosom, when its peace is stung!
Our lamp in darkness, and our life in death—
A glory that survives th' arrested breath—
A living flower the lightning cannot scathe—
The richest gem upon the robe of Faith!
A crown of life, from lengthened travail won—
The guide to glory when our course is run!
A pharos, in the whelming breaker's roar,
Lighting the weary to a welcome shore!
Oh, thou art more than human thought can frame—
Than worlds can purchase—more than tongue can name!
Thou light'st thy torch at life's expiring breath,
And plum'st thy wings upon the bed of death!'—

We have had frequent occasion to commend some of the minor pieces of poetry by the Author of "Field Flowers," and the present collection does not diminish our opinion of his merits. Many of the pieces are very sweet and tender, and gives the author a title to be placed high among the writers who are not willing to make any greater efforts in their art. We give the following very pretty verses as a specimen:

'One smile from thee!—when Sorrow's clouds are lowering,
And Joy's last sun would seem for ever set,
Then most I feel how, those dark clouds o'erpowering,
Beams that fond smile, and bids me all forget;
Or if the tide of grief still onward roll,
Love's ray is there to cheer my drooping soul.

One smile from thee!—when children we were straying
'Neath the dark pines that sighed our heads above,
Then first I owned, as that sweet smile was playing
Round thy young lips, the mighty spell of love;
And tho' the sport of fate and worldly strife,
Still cheers that smile my lonely path of life.

One smile from thee!—if pride or wealth before me
Outspread whate'er man's mind may most enchain;
One smile from thee, and by-gone hours come o'er me,
And I am thine, and only thine again;

For when the tide of grief my soul oppress,
Thine was the ray that first my bosom blest.

One smile from thee!—and gaily o'er the waters
Bounds my light bark, for I have all I ask:
Beauty may woo, but Beauty's brightest daughters
Are not for me if in thy smile I bask;
For whether peace be mine or worldly strife,
Still cheers that smile my ocean bark of life.—pp. 115—117.

Were we to estimate the present condition of our poetical literature by the number of works, which are daily increasing its bulk, we should have a favorable prospect to contemplate. In every succeeding month we have to exercise our discretion in choosing from a vast pile of minor poems, which are worthy of precedence in notice, and which are worth no notice at all. But, unfortunately, it is seldom we are not disgusted with the appearance of either an intolerable vanity or a crude fancy. The works which we have taken the advantage of Mr. Southey's poem to bring before our readers, are far more worthy of attention than is often the case with the species of writing to which they belong. But though they possess a certain degree of merit, they are weak in the highest essentials of poetry—they display no imagination, as their subjects require no invention—they may be read, therefore, it is possible, and with pleasure, by those who are as contemplative and pensive as their authors, but can expect the regard of no one else.

Art. IX.—*A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada. From the MSS. of Fray Antonio Agapida.*—By Washington Irving. 2 vols. London: Murray. 1826.

"A stately and heroic drama, where the curtain rises to the inspiring sound of martial melody, and the whole stage glitters with the array of warriors and the pomp of arms." It is not often that an author furnishes a critic with the very words most proper to describe his work—but so it happens in the present case. It never does happen, however, in any case, that the critic is satisfied with a single sentence of approval or of condemnation. There are a thousand niceties to be observed in his never-to-be-too-highly-glorified art; explanations, and qualifications—ifs, buts, and fifty other puissant particles must be thrown around the original diction, like regular entrenchments before a beleaguered fort. Occasionally, the hostile array, after a few skirmishes or warlike threats, is drawn peaceably off, having served no purpose except to shew what the assailant *could* have done, had he been bloody-minded; but more frequently a rocket reaches the devoted place—when the magazine is blown up, and ends in smoke. Far be it from us to forget the rules of our venerable profession, or to abate one jot of the critic's privilege! Our purpose, however, will be answered on the present occasion without any shew of hostility whatever; we will but

grapple closely with the sense of the borrowed metaphor which forms the vanguard of this belligerent article—not to neutralize or demolish it, but to exhibit its true force, and character; yea, we will moralize on its turn, meaning, and expression, till we "pluck out the heart of its mystery."

Mr. Irving's work, then, may be likened as aforesaid to a "stately and heroic drama"—performed at Drury Lane, or Covent Garden, where the wax-lights are reflected by glass and tinsel, as well as gold and jewels, where steel swords clash as naturally as life upon tin helmets, and when the boxes are filled with ladies fair, who are in extacies at every mortal stab,—

And side-long bend their necks of snow

whether the scene is of love or murder. It is not a tale full of lofty and portentous meaning, told with all the energy of passion to one whose rigid lips, knit brows, and glaring eyes exclaim—"Had I three ears I hear thee!" and it bears just that resemblance to a history of grave and stately march and fateful import, which is exhibited in some royal tournament to the iron game of war. Mr. Irving, in fact, seems to have been afraid of his subject; he shrinks from appearing boldly and gravely in so serious a field; he shelters himself under the pasteboard shield of some fictitious historian; and like the discreet Bottom, while roaring like any nightingale, assures the ladies that he is only in jest.

We trust Mr. Irving will have good sense to take as a compliment what we really intend as one, when we say that we have rarely in the course of our reading been so much annoyed as by the pertinacious interposition of his Fray Antonio Agapida. Surely a history of such romantic and almost overpowering interest as the fall of the dominion of the Arabs in Spain, could have done very well without a stalking horse. Does he forget that the historical romances of Sir Walter Scott, from whom he seems to have borrowed only to spoil, this notable stratagem, are not histories? Without that enormity, we could even have forgiven his attempt to patch here and there the style of Froissart upon that of the nineteenth century, although this is an offence against good taste, deserving of severe reprobation.

After this exordium, the benevolent reader will be surprised when we tell him that it appears to us exceedingly probable that he will like the work all the better for the faults we have pointed out. Inspired by the example of our intelligent and talented neighbours of France, a taste of history appears to be rapidly springing up in this country; but it is still only in its infancy, and refuses the strong meats which are adapted to its riper years. The 'Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada,' therefore, is well calculated for the present period in literature, although it will never procure for its author a place among historians. It is something midway between history and romance; or rather it is a history, written in the language and manner of romance. We ought to say farther, that in its historical

facts it is as correct as a history; and that in its scenery and incidents, it is as striking and interesting as any romance we ever read.

The Chronicle commences at the period when Ferdinand and Isabella reigned over the united kingdom of Castile, Leon, and Arragon, and Muley Aben Hassan sat on the throne of Granada. Before the last-mentioned prince succeeded to the crown, the Arabs had reigned undisturbed in Granada, on condition of their delivering an annual tribute of money and Christian captives—or in default of the latter, Moorish slaves—to the sovereign of Castile and Leon; but Muley Aben Hassan, a fierce and intractable spirit, had signalized his accession by withholding this virtual acknowledgment of Christian supremacy, and had thus thrown down the gauntlet to Spain. In the year 1478, an ambassador was sent in form to the Alhambra to demand the tribute; but the answer delivered was—"tell your sovereigns that the kings of Granada who were wont to pay tribute to Spain are dead. Our mint at present coins nothing but scimetars and heads of lances!" The message was taken as it was meant; but owing to a war with Portugal and certain intestine dissensions, the Castilian sovereigns were under the necessity of smothering their ire for the space of three years.

Muley Aben Hassan was well aware that he had fired the train, and accordingly, like an experienced soldier, set himself to prepare for the shock. Instead, however, of waiting with composure to breast the full surge of the Castilian arms, he determined to break and direct its force, by himself striking the first blow, and carrying the war into the enemies' territory.

'Muley Aben Hassan cast his eyes round to select his object of attack, when information was brought him that the fortress of Zahara was but feebly garrisoned and scantily supplied, and that its alcayde was careless of his charge. This important post was on the frontier, between Ronda and Medina Sidonia, and was built on the crest of a rocky mountain, with a strong castle perched above it, upon a cliff so high that it was said to be above the flight of birds or drift of clouds. The streets, and many of the houses, were mere excavations, wrought out of the living rock. The town had but one gate, opening to the west, and defended by towers and bulwarks. The only ascent to this cragged fortress was by roads cut in the rock, and so rugged as in many places to resemble broken stairs. Such was the situation of the mountain fortress of Zahara, which seemed to set all attack at defiance, insomuch that it had become so proverbial throughout Spain, that a woman of forbidding and inaccessible virtue was called Zaharena. But the strongest fortress and sternest virtue have their weak points, and require unremitting vigilance to guard them: let warrior and dame take warning from the fate of Zahara.'—vol. i. pp. 19, 20.

Such was the point on which the bold Moor resolved first to put hostile foot in Spain; and in the year 1481, a night or two after the festival of the nativity, his famous attack on Zahara was made.

: 'The inhabitants of the place were sunk in profound sleep; the very sentinel had deserted his post, and sought shelter from a tempest, which had raged for three nights in succession; for it appeared but little probable, that an enemy would be abroad during such an uproar of the elements. But evil spirits work best during a storm, observes the worthy Antonio Agapida; and Muley Aben Hassan found such a season most suitable for his diabolical purposes. In the midst of the night, an uproar arose within the walls of Zahara, more awful than the raging of the storm. A fearful alarm cry, "The Moor! the Moor!" resounded through the streets, mingled with the clash of arms, the shriek of anguish, and the shout of victory. Muley Aben Hassan, at the head of a powerful force, had hurried from Granada, and passed unobserved through the mountains in the obscurity of the tempest. When the storm pelted the sentinel from his post, and howled round tower and battlement, the Moors had planted their scaling ladders, and mounted securely into both town and castle. The garrison was unsuspicious of danger until battle and massacre burst forth within its very walls. It seemed to the affrighted inhabitants, as if the fiends of the air had come upon the wings of the wind, and possessed themselves of tower and turret. The war cry resounded on every side, shout answering shout, above, below, on the battlements of the castle, in the streets of the town; the foe was in all parts, wrapped in obscurity, but acting in concert by the aid of preconcerted signals. Starting from sleep, the soldiers were intercepted and cut down as they rushed from their quarters, or if they escaped, they knew not where to assemble or where to strike. Wherever light appeared, the flashing cimeter was at its deadly work, and all who attempted resistance fell beneath its edge.'—vol i. pp. 21—23.

During the long period of peace which preceded this event, the peaceful virtues had had time to spring up and flourish in Granada. The martial spirit of the people, indeed, had been kept alive by the jousts and tournaments which were then the fashion of the day, and by the short forays which the truce, with a singularity characteristic of the times, permitted. As there is nothing incompatible in a generous and chivalrous warfare with even the fine sensibilities of social life: and thus, although the Moors darted like tigers upon the fortress of Zahara, yet the citizens of the capital, when they beheld the captives of their prowess—men, women, and helpless children, naked, famished, and forlorn, driven like a herd of cattle into the streets of Granada, gave way to pity and remorse. Moorish mothers melted into tears at the spectacle of Christian mothers folding their dying infants in their arms; old men who had already experienced the horrors of war, turned an eye of sullen alarm towards the future; and all classes cursed, from the bottom of their hearts, the ferocious Muley Aben Hassan.

At this period of public excitation, when discontent buzzed in the streets, while courtly flattery crouched in the palace, and her silver tones made music in the monarch's ear, a voice was heard, deep, solemn, yet distinct, which found an echo in every breast. "Wo! wo! wo! to Granada!" were the words of its unearthly

cry. "Her fall is at hand! Desolation shall dwell in her palaces; her strong men shall fall beneath the sword; her children and maidens shall be led into captivity! Zahara is but a type of Granada!" The prophet of evil was a dervise—old, withered, and ghastly—whose spirit, before parting from its mortal abode, stood gleaming for a season, with portentous lustre in his hollow eye. The people quailed beneath the direful glance, terror seized on every heart, disaffection hissed its ruinous whispers around, while Muley Aben Hassan stood erect, curling his lip with pride and scorn, and bidding defiance, at once, to destiny and Spain.

Acute were the feelings of the haughty nobles of Castile, on the occasion of this injury and dishonour; but there was one among them, who was no less bold and prompt in action, than sensitive in feeling. This was the celebrated Marquis of Cadiz, one of the most accomplished leaders, and bravest soldiers, of his time. He was, as Mr. Irving says, the "mirror of chivalry;" but as this title of romance is given by our author, without distinction, to all the great personages of his chronicle, we must remind the reader, that it implies a character made up of all the virtues of the man, the Christian, and the soldier—piety, valour, temperance, chastity, generosity; and that he who would worthily wear it, must be, in soul and in deed, a knight "*sans peur et sans reproche.*"

Looking round for some spot which might afford a worthy field for reprisal, the eagle eye of the Marquis fell upon the town of Alhama, a wealthy and popular place, within a few leagues of the city of Granada; the very heart of the Moorish power. Secure in their proximity to the capital, the citizens never dreamed of a visit from the distant enemy; they were, therefore, careless of those means of defence by which the border towns were hedged round from attack. The march, however, through a hostile territory, where every inhabitant was a soldier and a foe, was dangerous in the extreme; the Moors were on their guard, for the war had already commenced; the spot was distant, the citizens numerous, and the fortress by which the town was defended, almost inaccessible. Taking every thing into consideration, therefore, this appears to have been one of the most daring enterprizes that was ever planned. With three thousand light cavalry, and four thousand infantry, the marquis set out for Alhama by a little frequented route, marching during the night, and remaining quiet during the day. Their path lay through the rugged defiles of the Alzerifa chain of mountains, from whence they at length stooped upon their object of attack, like an eagle upon his prey.

'They arrived close to Alhama about two hours before daybreak. Here the army remained in ambush, while three hundred men were despatched to scale the walls and take possession of the castle. They were picked men, many of them alcaydes and officers, men who preferred death to dishonour. This gallant band was guided by the escalador, Ortega de Prado, at the head of thirty men with scaling ladders. They clambered

the ascent to the castle in silence, and arived under the dark shadow of its towers without being discovered. Not a light was to be seen, not a sound to be heard; the whole place was wrapped in profound repose.

'Fixing their ladders, they ascended cautiously and with noiseless steps. Ortega was the first that mounted upon the battlements, followed by one Martin Galindo, a youthful squire, full of spirit and eager for distinction. Moving stealthily along the parapet to the portal of the citadel, they came upon the sentinel by surprise. Ortega seized him by the throat, brandished a dagger before his eyes, and ordered him to point the way to the guard-room. The infidel obeyed, and was instantly dispatched, to prevent his giving any alarm. The guard-room was a scene rather of massacre than combat. Some of the soldiery were killed while sleeping, others were cut down almost without resistance, bewildered by so unexpected an assault: all were despatched, for the scaling party was too small to make prisoners or to spare. The alarm spread throughout the castle; but by this time the three hundred picked men had mounted the battlements. The garrison, startled from sleep, found the enemy already masters of the towers. Some of the Moors were cut down at once, others fought desperately from room to room, and the whole castle resounded with the clash of arms, the cries of the combatants, and the groans of the wounded. The army in ambush, finding by the uproar that the castle was surprised, now rushed from their concealment, and approached the walls with loud shouts and sound of kettledrums and trumpets, to increase the confusion and dismay of the garrison. A violent conflict took place in the court of the castle, where several of the scaling party sought to throw open the gates to admit their countrymen. Here fell two valiant alcaydes, Nicholas de Rojo and Sancho de Avila, but they fell honorably, upon a heap of slain. At length, Ortega de Prado succeeded in throwing open a postern, through which the Marquis of Cadiz, the adelantado of Andalusia, and Don Diego de Merla entered with a host of followers, and the citadel remained in full possession of the Christians.

'As the Spanish cavaliers were ranging from room to room, the Marquis of Cadiz, entering an apartment of superior richness to the rest, beheld, by the light of a silver lamp, a beautiful Moorish female, the wife of the alcayde of the castle, whose husband was absent, attending a wedding feast at Velez Malaga. She would have fled at the sight of a Christian warrior in her apartment, but, entangled in the covering of the bed, she fell at the feet of the Marquis, imploring mercy. The Christian cavalier, who had a soul of honour and courtesy towards the sex, raised her from the earth, and endeavoured to allay her fears; but they were increased at the sight of her female attendants, pursued into the room by the Spanish soldiery. The Marquis reproached his soldiers with their unmanly conduct, and reminded them, that they made war upon men, not on defenceless women. Having soothed the terrors of the females by the promise of honourable protection, he appointed a trusty guard to watch over the security of their apartment.' —vol. i. pp. 33—36.

Although masters of the fort, the town was yet to conquer. The brave and warlike inhabitants swarmed like bees upon their walls, from whence stones and arrows descended in clouds upon the besiegers. They barricadoed the entrances of their streets, and kept up a constant fire with the cross-bows and arquebuses, upon the

gate of the castle, so that no one could sally forth without instant death. Under these circumstances, and with the certainty of immediate succour to the town, from Granada, it was the opinion of many that the fort should be set on fire and abandoned; but the Christian leader cheered his men to another brave effort, and the attempts upon the town were continued.

'In the mean time, the Marquis of Cadiz, seeing that the gate of the castle which opened toward the city was completely commanded by the artillery of the enemy, ordered a large breach to be made in the wall, through which he might lead his troops to the attack; animating them in this perilous moment by assuring them, that the place should be given up to plunder, and its inhabitants made captives.

'The breach being made, the marquis put himself at the head of his troops, and entered, sword in hand. A simultaneous attack was made by the Christians in every part, by the ramparts, by the gate, by the roofs and walls which connected the castle with the town. The Moors fought valiantly in their streets, from their windows, and from the tops of their houses; they were not equal to the Christians in bodily strength, for they were for the most part peaceful men, of industrious callings, and enervated by the frequent use of the warm bath; but they were superior in number, and unconquerable in spirit; old and young, strong and weak, fought with the same desperation. The Moors fought for property, for liberty, for life. They fought at their thresholds and their hearths, with the shrieks of their wives and children ringing in their ears, and they fought in the hope, that each moment would bring aid from Granada. They regarded neither their own wounds nor the deaths of their companions, but continued fighting until they fell; and seemed as if, when they could no longer contend, they would block up the thresholds of their beloved homes with their mangled bodies. The Christians fought for glory, for revenge, for the holy faith, and for the spoil of these wealthy infidels. Success would place a rich town at their mercy, failure would deliver them into the hands of the tyrant of Granada.

The contest raged from morning until night, when the Moors began to yield. Retreating to a large mosque near the walls, they kept up so galling a fire from it with lances, cross-bows, and arquebuses, that for some time the Christians dare not approach. Covering themselves, at length, with bucklers, and mantelets, to protect them from the deadly shower, they made their way to the mosque, and set fire to the doors. When the smoke and flames rolled in upon them, the Moors gave all up as lost. Many rushed forth desperately upon the enemy, but were immediately slain; the rest surrendered.

'The struggle was now at an end; the town remained at the mercy of the Christians; and the inhabitants, both male and female, became slaves of those who made them prisoners. Some few escaped by a mine, or subterranean way, which led to the river, and concealed themselves, their wives and children, in caves and secret places; but in three or four days were compelled to surrender themselves through hunger.'—vol. i. pp. 39—41.

When the news of this remarkable victory reached Granada, the words of the dervise came back like the echo of thunder upon the minds of the people; the men shook their heads and knit their

brows, and the women, as they looked with a mother's anguish upon their children, tore their hair, and sent forth shrieks of terror and distress. Some of them rushed through the Courts of the Alhambra into the presence of the King, and cursed him to his face. "Wo is me, Alhama!" was the cry throughout the city; and to this day the sound is echoed in the popular songs of the country; although the Spanish girl, when singing to her guitar the mournful romance of *Ay de mi Alhama!* is, perhaps, unconscious that she laments the woes of an infidel and accursed race.

The Marquis of Cadiz, in the meantime, as possessor of the town of Alhama, was in a situation of the utmost danger. The stern king of the Moors, unmoved by the complaints of his subjects, hurried with a powerful army to the spot, to wipe out his disgrace by sweeping its authors from the face of the earth; and these, without munitions of war, or even an ordinary supply of food, could only indulge in vague hopes that succour would appear from some quarter. And it did come at last—but far too feeble in force to contend with the Moorish army, or even to reach the town. The siege, therefore, was begun without interruption; and the Christians prepared to die sword in hand. The feelings of the Marchioness of Cadiz may be imagined, when the news reached her of her husband's being thus shut up in the slaughter-house of Alhama; but she did not sit down, in the fashion of her sex, to weep and wail and rend the tresses of her dark hair. She looked round for some one capable of rousing the country from the stupefaction in which it seemed to be plunged, and who, instead of waiting in awe-struck stillness the result, would mount horse and buckle on armour, and lead the chivalry of Andalusia to the rescue of her lord. The Duke of Medina Sidonia, a chief distinguished for wealth, influence, and courage, was the very man for such a purpose—but he, unfortunately, was the bitter and hereditary foe of her husband. What of this? As a knight, he surely would not turn a deaf ear to the supplications of a lady, nor as a soldier would he stand tranquilly by while a handful of brave men were crushed by numbers. The Marchioness accordingly, with that reliance on the Duke's generosity which bespoke a noble soul in herself, conjured him to fly and save the life of his enemy; and the Duke, receiving the prayer as an honour and a command, with prompt resolution assembled a splendid army, comprising the very flower of Spanish chivalry, and swept forth with it to the rescue from the mustering place, the renowned city of Seville. Muley Aben Hassan, foiled on one side by the obstinate valour of the besieged, and threatened with destruction on the other by the immense array of war, which his scouts had discovered winding along the hill, threw up the siege in despair and retired to Granada; while the Marquis of Cadiz, melting into tears when he saw to whom he owed his delivery, clasped his late enemy in his arms, and became from that moment his devoted friend.

When Muley Aben Hassan returned to Granada, he found that in his absence the people had been amusing themselves, after the Arab fashion, by electing a new king; so he turned his steed from the gate, and returned to the loyal city of Baza. The new king was his son, Bobadil Chico, whom Muley, on some former occasion had sought to murder. It is related of this prince, that at his birth, when the astrologers cast his horoscope, they started back in alarm. "He shall sit," said they, "on the throne of Granada, but the downfall of the kingdom shall be accomplished during his reign." From that moment he was looked upon with a mixture of dislike and curiosity; and he received by common consent the title of "El Zogoybi," or "the unlucky." "Allah Achbar! God is great!" cried old Muley Aben Hassan, when he heard on whom the people's choice had fallen—"there is no contending with destiny!" Nevertheless, he scaled the walls of the Alhambra one night, with five hundred men, and endeavoured to persuade his rebellious subjects to return to their duty, by slaughtering them as they started out of bed to inquire what was the matter. All would not do, however, and he retired to the city of Malaga to establish a separate throne.

The next incidents in the war was the siege of Loxa by the Christians, from which they were driven with loss and shame, and an incursion of Muley Aben Hassan into the territory of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, from which he returned with a great prize of cattle. When passing opposite to Gibraltar, on his road homeward, the Moor was well nigh arrested by the brave alcayde of that fortress; whose numbers, however, were too small to stop the progress of an army, although his spirit would not allow it to pass without some fighting.

'With all his fierceness, old Muley Aben Hassan had a gleam of warlike courtesy, and admired the hardy and soldierlike character of Pedro de Vargas. He summoned two Christian captives, and demanded, what were the revenues of the alcayde of Gibraltar. They told him, that among other things, he was entitled to one out of every drove of cattle that passed his boundaries. "Alla forbid!" cried the old monarch, "that so brave a cavalier should be defrauded of his right. He immediately chose twelve of the finest cattle from the twelve droves which formed the cavalgada. These he gave in charge to an alfaqui, to deliver them to Pedro de Vargas. "Tell him," said he, "that I crave his pardon for not having sent these cattle sooner; but I have this moment learned the nature of his rights, and I hasten to satisfy them with the punctuality due to so worthy a cavalier. Tell him at the same time, that I had no idea that the alcayde of Gibraltar was so active and vigilant in collecting his tolls."

'The brave alcayde relished the stern soldierlike pleasantry of the old Moorish monarch, and replied in the same tone. "Tell his majesty," said he, "that I kiss his hands for the honour he has done me, and regret that my scanty force has not permitted me to give him a more signal reception on his coming into these parts. Had three hundred horsemen, whom I have been promised from Xeres, arrived in time, I might have served up an entertainment more befitting such a monarch. I trust, however, they will

arrive in the course of the night, in which case his majesty may be sure of a royal regale at the dawning."

'He then ordered, that a rich silken vest and scarlet mantle should be given to the alfaqui, and dismissed him with great courtesy.'—vol. i. pp. 103, 104.

This exploit of the Moorish king, excited the emulation of the Spanish cavaliers; and an expedition was planned, the object of which was to scour the mountains and valleys of Axarquia, when a rich spoil of cattle was expected, and then to penetrate to the gates of the city of Malaga itself, the capital of the district, which might be carried by assault. Some of the ablest leaders of Spain were engaged in this adventure, and the command was distributed in the most advantageous manner. The commander of Malaga, at this time, was a brother of the old king, who was commonly called El Zagal, or "the valiant;" and this chief, as vigilant as brave, was not long ignorant of the designs of the Christians. He determined to throw himself, at the head of a small force, into the mountains, when by rousing the peasantry, and guarding the passes, he might be enabled to offer sufficient entertainment to the strangers, to render it unnecessary for them to proceed to Malaga. A change of plan, however, only produced a change of misfortunes.

'The adalides or guides were ordered to lead the way out of this place of carnage. These, thinking to conduct them by the most secure route, led them by a steep and rocky pass, difficult to the foot soldiers, but almost impracticable to the cavalry. It was overhung with precipices, whence showers of stones and arrows were poured upon them, accompanied by savage yells, which appalled the stoutest heart. In some places they could pass but one at a time, and were often transpierced, horse and rider, by the Moorish darts; the progress of their comrades impeded by their dying struggles. The surrounding precipices were lit up by a thousand alarm fires, and every crag and cliff had its flames, by the light of which they beheld their foes bounding from rock to rock, and looking more like fiends than mortal men. Either through terror and confusion, or through real ignorance of the country, their guides, instead of conducting them out of the mountains, led them deeper into their fatal recesses. The morning dawned upon them in a narrow rambla, its bottom filled with broken rocks, where once had raved along the mountain torrent, while above them beetled huge arid cliffs, over the brows of which they beheld the turbaned heads of their fierce and exulting foes. What a different appearance did the unfortunate cavaliers present, from the gallant band that marched so vauntingly out of Antequera! Covered with dust and blood and wounds, and haggard with fatigue and horror, they looked like victims rather than warriors. Many of their banners were lost, and not a trumpet was heard, to rally their sinking spirits. The men turned with imploring eyes to their commanders, while the hearts of the cavaliers were ready to burst with rage and grief, at the merciless havoc made among their faithful followers.

'All day they made ineffectual attempts to extricate themselves from

the mountains. Columns of smoke rose from the heights where in the preceding night had blazed the alarm fire. The mountaineers assembled from every direction; they swarmed at every pass, getting in the advance of the Christians, and garrisoning the cliffs like so many towers and battlements.

'Night closed again upon the Christians, when they were shut up in a narrow valley, traversed by a deep stream, and surrounded by precipices that seemed to reach the skies, and on which the alarm fires blazed and flared. Suddenly a new cry was heard resounding along the valley. "El Zagal! El Zagal!" echoed from cliff to cliff. "What cry is that?" said the master of Santiago. "It is the war cry of El Zagal, the Moorish general," said an old Castilian soldier: "he must be coming in person with the troops of Malaga."

'The worthy master turned to his knights: "Let us die," said he, "making a road with our hearts, since we cannot with our swords. Let us scale the mountain, and sell our lives dearly, instead of staying here to be tamely butchered."

'So saying, he turned his steed against the mountain, and spurred him up its flinty side. Horse and foot followed his example; eager, if they could not escape, to have at least a dying blow at the enemy. As they struggled up the height, a tremendous storm of darts and stones was showered upon them by the Moors. Sometimes a fragment of rock came bounding and thundering down, ploughing its way through the centre of their host. The foot soldiers, faint with weariness and hunger, or crippled by wounds, held by the tails and manes of the horses, to aid them in their ascent, while the horses, losing their footing among the loose stones, or receiving some sudden wound, tumbled down the deep declivity, steed, rider, and soldier rolling from crag to crag, until they were dashed to pieces in the valley. In this desperate struggle, the alferez, or standard-bearer of the master, with his standard, was lost, as were many of his relations and his dearest friends. At length he succeeded in attaining the crest of the mountain, but it was only to be plunged in new difficulties. A wilderness of rocks and rugged dells lay before him, beset by cruel foes. Having neither banner nor trumpet, by which to rally his troops, they wandered apart, each intent upon saving himself from the precipices of the mountains and the darts of the enemy.'—pp. 317—320.

The Marquis of Cadiz, and some of the other leaders, escaped alive from this disastrous conflict, but the greater part of those who had escaped the sword, wandered for many days among the mountains, living on roots and herbs.

'So enfeebled and disheartened were they, that they offered no resistance if attacked. Three or four soldiers would surrender to a Moorish peasant, and even the women of Malaga sallied forth and made prisoners. Some were thrown into the dungeons of frontier towns; others led captive to Granada; but by far the greater number were conducted to Malaga, the city they had threatened to attack. Two hundred and fifty principal cavaliers, alcaydes, commanders, and hidalgos of generous blood, were confined in the alcazaba or citadel of Malaga, to await their ransom; and five hundred and seventy of the common soldiery were crowded in an enclosure or court-yard of the alcazaba, to be sold as slaves.

'Great spoils were collected, of splendid armour and weapons taken from the slain, or thrown away by the cavaliers in their flight; and many horses, magnificently caparisoned, together with numerous standards; all which were paraded in triumph into the Moorish towns.'—pp. 126, 127.

The battle of Lucerna was the next affair of importance; and here the tide of fortune befriended the Spanish arms, for El Zogoybi, or the Unlucky, the king (number 2) of the Moors, was taken prisoner by the Count of Cabin, surnamed the king-catcher. Soon after, however, the citizens of Granada having good reason to be dissatisfied with both their kings—with Muley Aben Hassan, because he was by this time become too old, and with Boabdil, because he was El Zogoybi, or the Unlucky—created a new king (number 3) and therefore could be little at a loss. The new king was El Zagal, or the Valiant, old Muley's brother, so that the crown could never be said to have gone out of the family; and even when Muley Aben Hassan died (either of grief or poison) El Zogoybi came forth from the Christian captivity, to fight alternately against his uncle and the Spaniards, and to preserve the plural number on the throne of Granada. From this time forward, although a thousand vicissitudes of fortune occurred, yet the main stream ran hard against the Moors. Town after town, fortress after fortress, surrendered to the Spanish arms; the saying of King Ferdinand, that he would pick out, one by one, the seeds of the pomegranate, (Granada being the Spanish name for that fruit), was fully verified; Loxa, Illora, Morlin, Malaga, Baza, all fell successively, although each struggled with convulsive energy against the decrees of fate.

Granada, the metropolitan city, the heart of the kingdom, was at length shorn of those splendid dependancies which had stood before her like the trees of a majestic avenue, to guard and ornament the approach. In this last strong-hold, however, of the Arab power, the couchant lion of the desert soil awaited his spoiler or his prey; and with a caution becoming his character, and proportioned to the peril of the occasion, King Ferdinand of Spain advanced to the encounter. On his consent Isabella, as was her custom when the siege promised to be of long duration, established her court in the camp; and thus a fine and chivalrous air was diffused over the rude scenes of war—when lovers fought under the eyes of their mistresses, and the young, the noble, and the brave, received a double impulse from the smiles of a lady and a queen. We can afford but one specimen of the individual exploits performed at this memorable and magnificent siege; but that one, unless our memory deceives us, is without any parallel in the whole range of history.

'Among the Moorish cavaliers was one named Tarfe, renowned for his great strength and daring spirit; but whose courage partook of fierce audacity rather than chivalric heroism. In one of these sallies, when they were

skirting the Christian camp, this arrogant Moor outstripped his companions, overleaped the barriers, and, galloping close to the royal quarters, lanched his lance so far within, that it remained quivering in the earth, close by the pavilions of the sovereigns. The royal guards rushed forth in pursuit; but the Moorish horsemen were already beyond the camp, and scouring in a cloud of dust for the city. Upon wresting the lance from the earth, a label was found upon it, importing that it was intended for the queen.

'Nothing could equal the indignation of the Christian warriors at the insolence of the bravado, when they heard to whom the discourteous insult was offered. Fernando Perez del Pulgar, surnamed "he of the exploits," was present, and resolved not to be outbraved by this daring infidel. "Who will stand by me," said he, "in an enterprise of desperate peril?" The Christian cavaliers well knew the hair brained valour of del Pulgar; yet no one hesitated to step forward. He chose fifteen companions, all men of powerful arm and dauntless heart. In the dead of the night he led them forth from the camp, and approached the city cautiously, until he arrived at a postern gate, which opened upon the Darro, and was guarded by foot soldiers. The guards, little thinking of such an unwonted and partial attack, were for the most part asleep. The gate was forced, and a confusion and chance-medley skirmish ensued. Fernando del Purga stopped not to take part in the affray. Putting spurs to his horse, he galloped furiously through the streets, striking fire out of the stones at every bound. Arrived at the principal mosque, he sprang from his horse, and kneeling at the portal, took possession of the edifice as a Christian chapel, dedicating it to the blessed Virgin. In testimony of the ceremony, he took a tablet, which he had brought with him, on which was inscribed in large letters, "Ave Maria," and nailed it to the door of the mosque with his dagger. This done, he remounted his steed, and galloped back to the gate. The alarm had been given; the city was in an uproar; soldiers were gathering from every direction. They were astonished at seeing a Christian warrior speeding from the interior of the city. Fernando del Pulgar, overturning some, and cutting down others, rejoined his companions, who still maintained possession of the gate, by dint of hard fighting, and they all made good their retreat to the camp. The Moors were at a loss to conjecture the meaning of this wild and apparently fruitless assault; but great was their exasperation, when, on the following day, they discovered the trophy of hardihood and prowess, the Ave Maria, thus elevated in the very centre of their city. The mosque, thus boldly sanctified by Fernando del Pulgar, was eventually, after the capture of Granada, converted into a cathedral.'—vol. ii. pp. 327—330.

A fierce but chivalrous fight was brought on the next day by the curiosity of the queen, to see at a nearer view the celebrated tower of the Alhambra. The flower of the courtly camp wheeled out in magnificent procession, and proceeded towards the mountains on the left of the city. The flashing of polished armour, and the waving of banners, plumes, and silken scarfs, with the thunders of martial music, to which the glorious pageant moved, gave a splendour and animation to the spectacle, which impressed the Moors with a mingled feeling of terror and admiration. They could not conceive,

however, that such an array was intended for the gratification of a woman's whim; they believed that the Christians had come out to provoke them to battle, and never slow at answering such a challenge, they sallied from their gates, and a combat ensued which was well worth the view of the ladies of the court.

The next incident was the burning of the Christian camp, which was utterly destroyed, owing to the accidental carelessness of one of the ladies' maids; but the gleam of hope with which this occurrence lighted up the swarthy faces of the Moors, was speedily overcast by the shadow of stone walls rising in the place of the smoking canvass; and with despair and dismay they beheld the city of Santa Fé rising up, as if by magic, among the ruins. A capitulation was now determined on, and was signed on the 24th of November, 1481.

'The unfortunate Bobadil was doomed to meet with trouble to the end of his career. The very next day, the santon, or dervise, Hamet Aben Zarah, the same who had uttered prophecies and excited commotions on former occasions, suddenly made his appearance. Whence he came, no one knew: it was rumoured, that he had been in the mountains of the Alpuxarras, and on the coast of Barbary, endeavouring to rouse the Moslems to the relief of Granada. He was reduced to a skeleton. His eyes glowed in their sockets like coals, and his speech was little better than frantic raving. He harangued the populace in the streets and squares; inveighed against the capitulation; denounced the king and nobles as Moslems only in name; and called upon the people to sally forth against the unbelievers, for that Allah had decreed them a signal victory.

'Upwards of twenty thousand of the populace seized their arms, and paraded the streets with shouts and outcries. The shops and houses were shut up; the king himself did not dare to venture forth, but remained a kind of prisoner in the Alhambra.

'The turbulent multitude continued running and shouting, and howling about the city, during the day and a part of the night. Hunger and a wintry tempest tamed their frenzy; and, when morning came, the enthusiast who had led them on had disappeared. Whether he had been disposed of by the emissaries of the king, or by the leading men of the city, is not known; his disappearance remaining a mystery.'—pp. 369—371.

The Spanish took possession of the city on the following day.

'The sun had scarcely begun to shed his beams upon the summits of the snowy mountains, which rise above Granada, when the Christian camp was in motion. A detachment of horse and foot, led by distinguished cavaliers, and accompanied by Hernado de Talavera, bishop of Avila, proceeded to take possession of the Alhambra and the towers. It had been stipulated in the capitulation, that the detachment sent for this purpose should not enter by the streets of the city. A road had, therefore, been opened outside of the walls, leading by the Puetra de los Molinos (or the Gate of the Mills) to the summit of the Hill of Martyrs, and across the hill to a postern gate of the Alhambra.

'When the detachment arrived at the summit of the hill, the Moorish king came forth from the gate, attended by a handful of cavaliers, leaving

his vizier, Jusef Aben Comixa, to deliver up the palace. "Go, senior," said he, to the commander of the detachment; "go, and take possession of those fortresses, which Allah has bestowed upon your powerful lord, in punishment of the sins of the Moors!" He said no more, but passed mournfully on, along the same road by which the Spanish cavaliers had come; descending to the vega, to meet the Catholic sovereigns. The troops entered the Alhambra, the gates of which were wide open, and all its splendid courts and halls silent and deserted. In the mean time, the Christian court and army poured out of the city of Santa Fé, and advanced across the vega. The king and queen, with the prince and princess, and the dignitaries and ladies of the court, took the lead; accompanied by the different orders of monks and friars, and surrounded by the royal guards, splendidly arrayed. The procession moved slowly forward, and paused at the village of Armilla, at the distance of half a league from the city.

'The sovereigns waited here with impatience, their eyes fixed on the lofty tower of the Alhambra, watching for the appointed signal of possession. The time that had elapsed since the departure of the detachment, seemed to them more than necessary for the purpose; and the anxious mind of Ferdinand began to entertain doubts of some commotion in the city. At length they saw the silver cross, the great standard of this crusade, elevated on the Torre de la Vela, or great watch tower, and sparkling in the sunbeams. This was done by Hermando de Talavera, bishop of Avila. Beside it was planted the pennon of the glorious apostle St James; and a great shout of "Santiago! Santiago!" rose throughout the army. Lastly was reared the royal standard, by the king of arms; with the shout of "Castile! Castile! For King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella! The words were echoed by the whole army, with acclamations that resounded across the vega. At sight of these signals of possession, the sovereigns fell upon their knees, giving thanks to God for his great triumph. The whole assembled host followed their example; and the choristers of the royal chapel broke forth into the solemn anthem of *Te Deum laudamus!*'—pp. 375—377.

As our readers may be interested in the fate of El Zagal, or the valiant, we copy the sequel of his fortunes.

'And here let us cast our eye beyond the present period of our chronicle, and trace the remaining career of El Zagal. His short and turbulent reign, and disastrous end, would afford a wholesome lesson to unprincipled ambition, were not all ambition of the kind fated to be blind to precept and example. When he arrived in Africa, instead of meeting with kindness and sympathy, he was seized and thrown into prison by the king of Fez, as though he had been his vassal. He was accused of being the cause of the dissensions and downfal of the kingdom of Granada, and the accusation being proved to the satisfaction of the king of Fez, he condemned the unhappy El Zagal to perpetual darkness. A basin of glowing copper was passed before his eyes, which effectually destroyed his sight. His wealth, which had probably been the secret cause of these cruel measures, was confiscated and seized upon by his oppressor, and El Zagal was thrust forth, blind, helpless, and destitute, upon the world. In this wretched condition, the late Moorish Monarch groped his way through the regions of Tingitania, until he reached the city of Velez de Gomera. The king of

Velez had formerly been his ally, and felt some movement of compassion at his present altered and abject state. He gave him food and raiment, and suffered him to remain unmolested in his dominions. Death, which so often hurries off the prosperous and happy from the midst of untasted pleasures, spares, on the other hand, the miserable, to drain the last drop of his cup of bitterness. El Zagal dragged out a wretched existence of many years, in the city of Velez. He wandered about, blind and disconsolate, an object of mingled scorn and pity, and bearing above his raiment a parchment, on which was written in Arabic, "This is the unfortunate king of Andalusia." '—vol. ii. 313—314.

Boabdil, also, after lingering for some time among the ruins of his former greatness, entered Africa: and with the account of his fate, we conclude our notice of these interesting volumes.

'A crowd of his former subjects witnessed his embarkation. As the sails were unfurled, and swelled to the breeze, and the vessel parted from the land, the spectators would fain have given him a parting cheering; but the humbled state of their once proud sovereign forced itself upon their minds, and the ominous surname of his youth rose involuntarily to their tongues." "Farewell, Boabdil! Allah preserve thee, El Zogoybi!" burst spontaneously from their lips. The unlucky appellation sank into the heart of the expatriated monarch; and tears dimmed his eyes, as the snowy summits of the mountains of Granada gradually faded from his view.

'He was received with welcome at the court of his relation, Muley Ahmed, king of Fez; and resided for many years in his territories. How he passed his life, whether repining or resigned, history does not mention.

'The last we find recorded of him is in the year 1536, thirty-four years after the surrender of Granada; when he followed the king of Fez to the field, to quell the rebellion of two brothers, named Xerifes. The armies came in sight of each other on the banks of the Guadiswed, at the ford of Bacuba. The river was deep; the banks were high and broken. For three days the armies remained firing at each other across the stream, neither party venturing to attempt the dangerous ford.

'At length the king of Fez divided his army into three battalions; the first led on by his son and Boabdil el Chico. They boldly dashed across the ford, scrambled up the opposite bank, and attempted to keep the enemy employed, until the other battalions should have time to cross. The rebel army, however, attacked them with such fury, that the son of the king of Fez and several of the bravest alcaydes were slain upon the spot, and multitudes driven back into the river, which was already crowded with passing troops. A dreadful confusion took place; the horse trampled upon the foot; the enemy pressed on them with fearful slaughter; those who escaped the sword perished by the stream. The river was choked by the dead bodies of men and horses, and by the scattering baggage of the army. In this scene of horrible carnage fell Boabdil, truly called El Zogoybi, or the unlucky: "an instance," says the ancient chronicler, "of the scornful caprice of fortune; dying in defence of the kingdom of another, after wanting spirit to die in defence of his own." '—pp. 396—398.

ART. X.—*Three Years in Canada: an Account of the Actual State of the Country in* 1826-7-8, *comprehending its Resources, Productions, Improvements, and Capabilities, and including Sketches of the State of Society, Advice to Emigrants, &c.* By John Mactaggart, Civil Engineer in the Service of the British Government. 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1829.

WE do not know when it has been our chance to meet with a work so full of information, and yet so naïve as the present. Mr. Mactaggart is neither a man of letters, nor a traveller by profession, but he is a most ready observer of every object which meets his eye, and is endowed with the valuable quality of sterling good sense. To make him an amusing as well as sensible writer, he retains much of the genuine simplicity of natural feeling, and tells us of what pleased his eye with as much care as he details the progress of his professional efforts.

A more valuable benefit can hardly be conferred upon society, than by providing it with information relative to a country like Canada. Its present condition and future prospects, furnish an excellent illustration of the theory of colonization, and under present circumstances, and with so many fashionable opinions on the subject before us, it becomes in a measure, a duty to consider it under every point of view. That this is more especially the case in regard to the large number of persons who are at all likely to emigrate, is not necessary to show, but evident as it is, we fear fatal mistakes are every year committed, which a little information would have prevented, with all their distressing circumstances. The object of our author in traversing the woods and savannahs of Canada, was not to collect information of this express kind, but his work, even in this respect is not the less valuable. He has drawn a picture of the country he visited, as it presented itself naturally to him, and the reader may judge from the representation, without fear of being deluded by a theorist, whether he could find a home, such as he wishes, in the country described.

Mr. Mactaggart owes his visit to America to the judicious choice of Mr. Rennie, the skilful engineer. In the early part of the year 1826, that gentleman was commissioned by government to find a person to superintend one of the most important undertakings in the Colony. This was the formation of the Rideau Canal, which it was intended to cut through an expanse of country, extending a hundred and sixty miles, and presenting obstacles of a most formidable nature. By the completion of this useful project, a union would be effected between the Ottawa river and Lake Ontario, an object replete with good of the most important kind. Our author having accepted the appointment of clerk of the works, entered upon his duties with a zeal which did honour to the energy and honesty of his character, but his astonishing exertions, con-

nected with the pestilential nature of the air to which he continually exposed himself, brought on an illness which threatened a fatal termination, and he was obliged to return to England to regain his strength by a short interval of rest. During his residence here, he has put in order the materials he collected in his journey, and the publication before us is the result.

We have already mentioned the object of Mr. Mactaggart's visit to America, and as it was one of great interest and importance, we shall endeavour to give our readers some idea of the nature of the design. The two immense rivers, the St. Lawrence, and the Ottawa, which form a junction at Montreal, are intercepted in their progress by several dangerous ridges of rocks, over which they fall in prodigious strength. It having been found during the late war, that it was next to impossible to navigate the St. Lawrence with the stores for our troops, several methods were proposed after the peace, for remedying the evil. It was at length determined to connect Lake Ontario and the Ottawa river, by forming a navigable course of the small rivers and lakes, which lie between them. The Rideau canal was thus determined upon, and our author made, in the autumn of 1826, a survey of the country through which it was to pass. An interesting account is given of the result of his observations, but it is too long to quote. The estimate of the cost of cutting the canal was made at 398,560*l.*, which, with a former sum employed, made the expenses altogether 486,060*l.* The plan which Mr. Mactaggart drew out for conducting the works was admirably adapted to facilitate their progress; among other important heads we find it determined, that 'no contractor shall be allowed to contract for any work out of his line and profession;' that 'to a mason shall not be given a job of excavation, any more than to an excavator a piece of building, or mason work;' careful regulations were also made to preserve the health of the people engaged; buildings were ordered to be erected near the scene of labour; a subaltern's command of sixty soldiers was placed there; surgeons were also engaged, and abundance of comforts as well as necessaries, prepared in case of illness. The following concluding observations of the author, will enable the reader to understand the nature of the Rideau canal:

'The Rideau Canal, when constructed, will be perfectly different from any other in the known world, since it is not ditched or cut out by the hand of man. Natural rivers and lakes are made use of for this canal, and all that science or art has to do in the matter, is in the lockage of the rapids, or waterfalls, which exist either between extensive sheets of still river water, or expansive lakes. To surmount this difficulty, dams are proposed, and in many instances, already raised, at the bottom of the rapids, or sometimes at their head, or even, as the case may be, in their middle, by which means the rapids and waterfalls are converted into still-water. These dams are of various heights, according to the lift of the rapid they have to overcome; they cross the rivers where the banks are found to be

most retentive and the space narrow; and immediately behind them, or in some instances, as the nature of the country requires, at one end, the locks are excavated out and built. The locks vary in lift, according to the lift of rapid; where the rapid is sixty feet, the locks are proposed to be six in number; if eighty feet, eight, and so forth: ten feet being always considered a proper lift for a lock. The extensive utility of these dams must be obvious to any person who considers the business in an engineering point of view; they do away with lines of extended excavations through a thick-wooded wilderness. In several instances, a dam not more than twenty-four feet high, and 180 feet wide, will throw the rapids and rivers into a still sheet above it for a distance of more than twenty miles. The dams also back the waters up creeks, ravines, and valleys; and, instead of making one canal, they form numerous canals of various ramifications, which will all tend greatly to the improvement of a very fertile country. As they convert the rivers into extensive reservoirs, they may be filled and emptied as often as possible, without creating either the slightest disturbance in the movements of the waters of the lakes, or sensible diminution of their contents. But, when a canal is ditched through a country, if the locks have occasion to be often opened and shut, a current is raised in the canal, and the waters are not unfrequently drained out of it, or, at least, are reduced beneath the proper navigable depth. Does it not, then, appear in the clearest manner possible, that the Rideau Canal can never be in want of water, unless a convulsion take place amongst the elements of nature? And as for evaporation, the dams will lessen more than increase it, as they deepen the rivers over beds of warm limestone-rock, and thus destroy the present influence of the hot summer sun of Canada; exhalations are trivial from the surface of lakes, compared with those from shallow rivers.

'Thus is this canal formed by dam and lock, and not by locks and cuts, as in England. The land drowned by the rising of the dams is not worth mentioning, consisting chiefly of swampy wastes, the haunts of otters and beavers.

'Were Canada a country where floods and freshets are obnoxious to works placed in the beds of rivers, it would then be proper to shun the rivers with the works; but this is not the case. Floods there certainly are, but as these come periodically, they can be calculated upon with the greatest certainty; guard-gates and sluices can be fixed for their reception. Dams even destroy the effect of floods, for, as they form extensive lakes, the floods in getting through them expend their fury. Thus the Great Rideau Lake, the summit reservoir, which averages twenty-four miles long and six broad, only rises, with the greatest floods, three feet; while, in narrow places in the River Rideau, the rise is from ten to fourteen feet: were, therefore, all the dams and lakes raised, the floods would never be deeper over the waste-weirs than two feet.

'It has been stated that the Rideau Canal has been estimated to cost 169,000*l.*: this is perfectly true, and, if the works were executed in a weak and unsatisfactory manner, might, probably, be found sufficient; but if British substantiality is required—and required it always is—three times the above sum will perhaps not be found to be too much. How can it be otherwise? If any practical engineer is applied to, he will at once state, that to build a substantial, good lock, of cut stone, similar to those

of the Lachine Canal, and those proposed first for the Rideau Canal, will cost, excavation of lock included) something near the sum of 6000*l.* Now, as the rise from the Ottawa River to the grand summit-level of the Rideau Lake is 283 feet, and the descent from thence into Lake Ontario 154 feet making a total lift, as it were, for lockage of 437 feet, and consequently requiring about 47 locks of 9-feet lift each, requiring the above sum of 6,000*l.* each, the chief part of the true estimate is shown at once; and if the price of the dams, excavation, land required, mill damages, &c., be added, the full estimate will be readily obtained, and will appear to be nearly the sum already represented. And is this sum too much? Was there ever an inland navigation about 160 miles long, having 47 locks, constructed for the sum? Never.'—vol. i. pp. 162—166.

Mr. Mactaggart's descriptions of natural objects are not imitations, and they give us a much better notion of the scenes he visited, than most others which we have read. In the account of his excursion to the Falls of Niagara, this is particularly felt, and he has made some curious observations, well worth noticing. He estimates the fall at 149 feet, and walked, he says, full fifty yards beneath it between the waters and the rocks over which they are precipitated. The noise which they make, is, according to his account, neither stunning nor disagreeable, having neither the effect of a stormy sea nor of thunder, but of the rolling of a large quantity of immense stones from a lofty precipice, into waters of profound depth. The noise which they make is, however, very considerably modified by the state of the weather. After a long frost, and at the first commencement of a thaw, it is heard the farthest, and is said to have reached to a distance of fifty miles. Another remarkable circumstance mentioned, is, that when the noise is loudest, it is best heard at the distance of twelve or fifteen miles, and that in soft showery weather it is scarcely heard, even on the adjoining bank. Mr. Mactaggart rejects the notion of the immense power of suction, which the torrent is said to possess, and which has been supposed so great, that birds in flying over would be dragged into the waters. Our author, on the contrary heard of an old Indian who passed over the falls alive, and he attributes more danger to the chance which there is of being smothered in the froth and foam than to the mere strength and precipitousness of the Fall.

There are few objects more curious, or worthier of observation, than the singular appearances which occur in the forests of America. Hundreds of acres of woods are sometimes seen, says our author, withering away, but growing at the same time three or four feet in water. The neighbouring woods will be unaffected by the cause of the destruction, and appear in full vigour, while the others gradually wither away, and at last fall, as if cut or eaten through. This effect is generally produced, it seems, by millers and others flooding the swamps, the consequence of which is said to be so great, that the making of a dam of only a hundred feet long and

twenty feet high, will destroy, in eight years, the whole timber of fifty thousand acres of land. It is observed by our author, what important uses may be made of the knowledge of this fact, in clearing the country. By the ordinary methods, each acre costs four pounds, whereas by the one now mentioned a large extent of land may be prepared for almost nothing.

'I would earnestly recommend to the Canada Company the use of dams. Let a great part of the Huron wild tract be flooded, which may easily be accomplished; or, as an experiment, try it on the swamp of twelve miles square, which is in the middle of the property: let the outlets of all the streams from this swamp be choked up, so that the swamp may be covered with three feet of water. There is no doubt of its answering an excellent purpose, for it will then be converted into a great beaver-meadow. And what are such meadows? Have *they* not been made by dams? Most certainly. And are they not clear of trees? may they not also be turned into deep arable land, fit for growing the best and heaviest kinds of wheat? and do these not furnish large quantities of hay! From what I have seen with the drowned woods and beaver-meadows, there can be no doubt of the dams being able to extirpate the forest; and as they cannot be used with such effect in townships partly settled and cleared, as they can in those where settlements have not taken place, of course, in such places as the great swamp in the Huron tract, they would be found most beneficial. But I would also earnestly recommend their application to the swamps and low marshes of the settled districts of Canada: they may be flooded by low dams, without injuring the clearances already made with the hatchet; and when they have shaven down the forest, which they do effectually, it will be found on their removal, that they have reclaimed many excellent farms. Then, as the whole vegetable matter of the woods is thus decomposed by irrigation on the soil, the same must be left in a richer state by the water, than if the trees had been cut down in the usual way, and consumed with fire. For fences, fire-wood, &c., enough may be left growing on the hills and elevated places.

'It may be argued, that dams would be but tedious engines with which to clear low lands and swamps; but when we consider that such lands are always the last of any that the Settlers attempt to clear, as they betake themselves generally to lands higher situated, the dams might be working away the woods quietly, while they with their hatchets were clearing and fencing the more elevated portions of their farms; and having thus expended ten or twelve years at this work, (and commonly they expend a much longer time,) the dams would be found, during that period, to have cleared a much more extensive and valuable surface. In the warm regions, rice may be grown in the greatest abundance, and it is even found wild in enormous quantities. The swamps, then, may well engage the attention of the Canadian agriculturist.'—vol. ii. pp. 14, 15.

We could select a great variety of pleasant passages from these very amusing volumes, and many of them which would prove interesting to the naturalist. But we turn to the more practical part of the work, which contains some important advice for emigrants to Upper Canada. The best season is said to be the

spring, when a passage to the St. Lawrence may be taken at the lowest price. A steerage passage to Quebec is estimated at from three to four pounds; from Quebec, to Montreal, the charge on board a steam-boat is from about four and sixpence to seven shillings; and from the latter place to York, in Upper Canada, emigrants are conveyed for little more than a pound sterling. The whole expense, therefore, from England to the seat of government in Upper Canada is reckoned, with provisions, at about ten pounds for grown persons, and six for children. It is strongly recommended that no heavy baggage be taken, the freight of which costs more than the purchase of things in Canada. The baggage of the emigrant should consist of nothing more than clothing and the few necessaries wanted on shipboard. The voyage from New York to Lake Ontario, is mentioned as less fatiguing, and shorter, than that from Montreal; but the passage from England to the former place is more expensive than to Quebec, and an obstacle is put to the landing of emigrants at New York, which some might not be able to overcome. Security is demanded for a certain time against their becoming chargeable to public charity. The route, therefore, to the St. Lawrence, is recommended as the more eligible on the score of economy and facility.

An excellent account is given by Mr. Mactaggart, of the Canada Company. This association, it appears, is likely to be of great benefit to the country, and offers to persons about to settle in it many useful aids, which they could not otherwise obtain. It was commenced in the year 1825, when the love of speculation was at the height, and obtained the sanction of Parliament in 1826, at which time the Company contracted for the purchase of lands in Upper Canada, and began its operations. Mr. Galt, the novelist, has taken a very active part in all the concerns of the association, and there is an extract in the work, from a letter of his to our author, which very amusingly describes the founding of the town of Guelph, the capital of the Company's territory.

'The founding of Guelph, with Dr. Dunlop, was one of the richest scenes imaginable. In the first place, we went by our ourselves on foot, leaving the surveyor, &c. to take their own course; and the Doctor lost his way, having forgotten to take his compass. After wandering about, like two pretty babes, without even the compliment of a blackberry, we came to the house of a Dutch squatter, who could speak no English. At last he broached a certain French, and we took him with us for a guide. All this time it rained as if the powers of the air had lost the spigots of their bladders; so that, by the time we had reached a shanty, which had been prepared for us by the axe-men, we were both drenched to the skin. The Doctor unclothed, and making to himself a kilt of one blanket, and a toga of another, we proceeded to fell a central tree: at the prostration of which, the Doctor, acting the Red Genius of the place, pulled a bottle of whisky from his bosom, and sans glasses, christened the town with a benediction in presence of the assembled multitude, consisting of four other

persons. I wished him to give some becoming account of the spectacle, but he has permitted others to do it for him, as we see by the newspapers; so a good joke, when properly told, has been metamorphosed by Yankey exaggeration.'—vol. ii. pp. 272, 273.

Guelph is situated on the principal river of Lake Erie. Building materials of the best quality are found in the neighbourhood, and the Company has begun to erect edifices for a school and the reception of settlers. Sites for places of religious worship are given, gratis, to the several denominations of Christians who may emigrate thither, and the price for town land was fixed as low as twenty dollars the lot; that is, a quarter of an acre, with an additional privilege of taking farms in the neighbourhood, at one and a half dollar per acre. The prices, however, have since been somewhat raised, but are still kept at a rate which may encourage settlers to make Guelph their residence. The town has proceeded in a very flourishing manner; seventy-six houses were built; a saw-mill and brick-kiln were in active operation; a grist-mill was in progress; a market house, two taverns, and a great many stores were also opened previous to October, by which time 16,000 acres of land in the vicinity, and 200 town lots had been engaged. We may add to this, that the tradesmen established there met with considerable encouragement, and that a printing-office was in preparation. This certainly looks well, and if the prosperity of the Company's settlements continues to proceed with equal steadiness, it must be looked upon as having a right to all praise and gratitude.

'Mr. Galt, says Mr. Mactaggart, deserves great credit for the invention and management of the Company. In this he has shewn a genius that is rarely excelled. He organized the whole management of business, and displayed all that tact and diplomacy which his superior talents qualify him for in such an eminent degree. He appointed surveyors and other people to look after the Crown Reserves in the various Townships, that they might be disposed of to the Company's advantage. But these Reserves were not found to be of great utility, as nothing like a system of settlement could be employed in relation to them, lying, as they do, scattered up and down the Township. However, their sale will be much in favour of Canada, and tend much toward its improvement; for as they lay like uncleared specks amid a clearer country, they injured the progress of the settlements. On many of these Reserves *squatters* had taken up their abode, a class of poor people who, having wandered from home without the means of becoming regular landholders, are glad to find patches any where in the woods whereon they may subsist. To these unfortunate human beings, and in truth to all, he showed much tenderness, which has assisted to raise that just popularity he at present enjoys. He did not drive the squatters off the Company's lands, as many would instantly have done; but sold them to the advantage both of the Company and the squatters, considering the little *clearings* they had made, as *uncleared* forest. By doing this he has established a class of people in the Townships devoted to the interest of the Company, who will neither despoil, nor

allow to be despoiled, those valuable woods which may yet come to good account on the Reserves. Nevertheless, there were some in Upper Canada who continued to view the exertions of the Company with very jealous eyes. These were they who found themselves unable to *pluck* the poor settlers before they got upon their lands, in the shape of *fees*, or what not. They found the Company established the settler in a twinkling, without putting him to the galling trouble and expense of hanging about office doors, receiving rebuffs from conceited clerks, and getting their purses lightened into the bargain. Were it for nothing else but this circumstance alone, the Canada Company will be respected: when we find the distress of mankind alleviated in any degree, petty tyranny and pride laid prostrate before justice and humanity, it is enough for our affections to become attached; we want no more. Think of a distressed family leaving the *Old Country*, as home is called, and after much travel and trouble by water and land, at last reaching Canada; think of a mother, perhaps, having to consign to the growling waves of the Atlantic a lovely child, that had perished aboard a crowded and uncomfortable ship: think of a husband who has lost his wife in a similar manner: only think of such things as these, and then see them in Canada, toiling day after day to obtain a piece of wilderness that they may cultivate and live upon! Have they not undergone vexations enough without adding more to the catalogue? The Canada Company, much to their credit be it ever spoken, has smoothed the way of the weary pilgrims.'—vol. ii. pp. 92—95.

The Company, however, it is to be understood, does not contribute to the expenses which the emigrant may have to incur, in proceeding to the settlement, but only offers its aid in giving such information as may assist him in making the most of his little wealth. For this purpose agents are settled at several sea ports, who are directed to answer whatever inquiries may be made respecting either the voyage or the settlement in Canada. Means have also been taken, which enables the Company to lessen the expenses of the passage and the journey up the country, of which emigrants are allowed to avail themselves, and are furnished with tickets for the purpose. But to turn from this grave part of the work to one of a lighter kind, we find the following information respecting the state of language in America:

'The fancy, pickpocket, and vulgar slang of Great Britain continues to increase in America and New Holland, and it may ultimately sap the foundations of our noble classical language. Prize-fighters, sharpers, and other vagabonds, transported to the former, as they are now to the latter country, for various violations of the law, generally arrive, if they live long enough, at stations of considerable eminence in the colonies. They no longer retain (as it would not be for their interest) the manners and propensities which caused them, whether they would or no, to quit their native shores; but one thing they retain, and extend, namely, their vile language. This, forsooth, is a legacy given to their families; it becomes the popular language, because it emanates from the most numerous and respectable class.

'At home, this abomination has no effect on the genuine language of the realm; books, literature, &c., and a learned community, far outnum-

bering the ignorant and vicious, keep it under in its proper place! while in those receptacles for convicts alluded to, it becomes decidedly the court language. Nor is this all: when our thieves and swindlers find that their mystic words are better under understood by the multitude than they could wish, they readily invent and propagate other phrases, so that their meanings may not be understood, except by those of their own fraternity: hence this continual *invention* of language. The famous *slums of Holborn* teem with such *inventors*; so that it is nothing erroneous to say, that there are daily upwards of two thousand persons in London deeply cogitating how they shall best obscure the English tongue.

'The great Dr. Johnson, when he was arranging his noble national Dictionary, did not seem to be aware that he had so many mortal enemies at his door. Not only do they invent many new words daily, but, even by *bats* and otherwise, contrive to make something out of the old. They are diligent lexicographers; examine into words and terms of doubtful import, and construe them according to their wishes. We are even told they have slang vocabularies printed, to *aid* them in their *honest intentions* in turning their villanies to the best account. Every ship, then, that sails with convicts to New Holland, carries a certain quantum of these linguists: hence the many terms for the same things that we discover emanating from these people. Mixtures, revolutions, additions, and changes, are ever taking place. At one time, when it is meant we hould "take money out of our pockets," we are told to "down with the dust;" again, that we "fork out the blunt," or "table the needful," or "launch out the rhino," or "thimble the brinnels." What perplexity is here! Now, supposing this system to continue for many years, and many it has continued with the United States of America, what must be the result? Why, we shall hardly understand the meaning of one-tenth part of what is told us: and, indeed, if we could not *guess*, we should find it many times very difficult to "get along:" here then is the *ruination* of our classic English language already begun. It is nonsense to imagine that our authors will there live immortal in their native strains.'—vol. ii. pp. 324—236.

We must conclude with this our notice of Mr. Mactaggart's amusing work. The information he has collected is, of a very useful character, and his volumes cannot fail of being read with considerable profit by any person, who is either proceeding to America, or who is desirous of becoming acquainted with the present condition of our colonies there. We trust, for the benefit of the country, and the speedy progress of the important works over which Mr. Mactaggart was appointed to preside, that his health will enable him to return, and pursue his further operations with that talent and vigour of which he is naturally possessed.

ART. XI.—*Fridolin, translated from Schiller's Ballad of Fridolin into English verse.* By J. W. Lake, with eight Illustrations from Retzsch. London: Ackerman and C. Tilt. 1829.

THE story which now engages our attention in a new shape, is, in the original, one of the most popular minor pieces of its celebrated

author. His countrymen, however, are probably indebted to him only for the form which he gave to it *.

We have, on a previous occasion, hinted at the models which Schiller judiciously and successfully emulated, (Vide *Monthly Review* for May, p. 32). His imitations were not of a literal and servile, but of an inventive character. He used Germanic and other traditions, which deserved the perpetuity his genius has conferred on them. The mere tale may have pre-existed, the incidents may not have originated in his own fertile imagination, but the delineation of particular scenes, and the descriptions of the feelings accompanying them, could have emanated only from a poet of a high order. Thus in Der Taucher (The Diver,) in which an anecdote in the Life of Robert, King of Sicily, is versified, there are passages worthy of any writer.

The raging of Charybdis, into which the bold swimmer plunges in search of the golden beaker the sovereign has thrown in, gives occasion to these picturesque and animated lines:—

'Charybdis gave back bellowing
The waters she had been swallowing;
As with the noise of distant thunder
Her foaming womb was rent asunder.
It billows, it hisses, it seethe, and it roars,
As when water on burning forests showers;
To heaven the recking surges spray;
Wave pushes wave in endless fray,
Exhaustless, teeming, full and free,
As would the sea bring forth a sea.
At length the wild force dies away,
And black amid the foaming spray,
And bottomless, as were it the path to hell,
A growing chasm absorbs the swell;
And down the murky tuneless yaun,
Eddying the rushing waves are drawn.'

We copy here of three versions that have appeared in our periodicals, the one—which we decidedly prefer to its present competitors †.

The praise of originality might be further justified, by quotations from the description which Schiller makes the youth give of the inhabitants of 'the hellish lakes,' that he had so bravely descended to:—

'In swarthy mixture here they throng,
Or glide in grisly groups along:

* Bottiger informs us, that it is an Alsatian story, which Schiller learnt when at Manheim.

† We refrain from mentioning immediately the source of the citation, shrewdly suspecting that the whole will, ere long, be avowed and printed in an appropriate form, by a well-known and most able translator from the German language.

> The sword-fish, the keen crocodile,
> And the sea-serpent's sinuous file,
> And grinning with their triple teeth at me,
> Wide-throated sharks—hyænas of the sea.'

Highly as we, in common with the rest of the civilized world, think of the genius of Retzsch, we confess that we have our doubts as to his power of giving an adequate graphic representation of the scenes which these verses (and more besides in the original ballad) depict in words.

The 'Song of the Bell,' we are led to suppose, is one of the pieces that Retzsch will include among the promised 'Outlines to all the Narrative Poems.'

This most ingenious and beautiful poem is entirely of Schiller's invention. Workmen who are casting a bell describe all the events which are solemnized by its voice; the morning of birth, the wedding-day, fires and funerals; the hour of vespers, when it is the signal of repose and domestic quiet; times of danger and alarm, wars and seditions. The whole is finished with consummate care, and its measure, varying with the sentiment, is always harmonious and expressive.

It is known in England, through a paraphrastic version by Lord Gower, from another and closer one by Mr. Sotheby,* and now by a third and fourth, which have recently appeared at Manchester† and at Bath—of these last we may perhaps give a separate notice.

Mr. Thomas Carlyle, in his very admirable 'Life of Schiller,' justly says, that his 'Retter Toggenburg,' his 'Cranes of Ibycas,' his 'Hero and Leander,' are among the most poetical and moving ballads to be found in any language.

They all await the hand of an English translator. We think it useful to mention this deficiency; and hoping that we may be read by some of our countrymen who have a thorough knowledge of the German language, as well as a command of our own, and who might undertake the task of transfusing these metrical Tales, we can mention an additional motive, which may not be stated in what we have previously written, though certainly implied. The chance of obtaining attention here, is doubled; many would read a version of any work which Retzsch has illustrated, or is to illustrate at some future time.

The desire of understanding the Sketches of the great artist, will induce those who are unable to construe the German explanations attached to the 'Outlines,' to welcome vernacular versions of the poems themselves.

The 'Fight with the Dragon,' is, to the best of our knowledge,

* In the collection of poems edited by Joanna Baillie.

† In 'Specimens of the German Lyric Poets,' published by Messrs. Longman and Co., and R. Robinson, Manchester.

the only one of Schiller's smaller poems, besides Fridolin, that has yet obtained the advantage of being illustrated by the masterly designs of Retzsch; both have been skilfully copied by Mr. Henry Moses; and were accompanied by translations from the hand of Mr. J. P. Collier, which are faithful, and free from affectation. The appearance of a new version of Fridolin, after a lapse of three years, with miniature copies of the original engravings, small in bulk and in price, bearing moreover the names of two most respectable London booksellers, will probably extend its circulation; and as it will thus come in the way of all Englishmen who have any taste for the fine arts, to read the couplets for the sake of understanding the drift of the plates to which they are annexed we are warranted in entering into a comparison of the two versions with each other, and especially with the original; which the earlier translator has very properly printed opposite to his own rendering of its respective portions. The story is told in a few words :—

Fridolin, a page at the court of Count Savern, is a graceful, good, and reverentially attached servant of the Countess, his master's lady. Robert, the huntsman, maliciously and falsely insinuates to his rash and credulous master, that the page has culpable aspirations. The Count rides to the iron foundry, near his palace, and orders the warders to throw instantly into their hottest furnace, the first person whom he shall send, enquiring, "if they have executed their master's orders." The Count having returned, next commands the page to go to the iron foundry with these words. Fridolin, however, before he proceeds, waits on his mistress, who requests him to attend church, hear the holy mass, and offer up prayers for her and her son (who was in bad health) as well as for himself. Fridolin not only obeys this order, but acts as sacristan to the priest, and he remains consequently till after the whole of the service is ended. The impatient Count (who thought that the destined doom of the page was ere now completed) to make assurance doubly sure, sends Robert, the huntsman, to the forge to enquire whether the master's orders are obeyed. Whereupon he is seized and mercilessly thrown into the furnace. Fridolin, soon after arriving, is told that the Count's orders are performed. He returns to the palace, and quite unconscious of its import, repeats the answer of the Warders. The Count is surprised at seeing the page; he asks anxiously for Robert, but Fridolin declares that he has not met him either on the plain or in the wood. Savern, thunderstruck, exclaims that heaven has judged the matter; he leads Fridolin to the Countess, and commends him to her especial favour, seeing that he is guiltless, and shielded by heaven from harm.

Not long subsequent to the first publication of Fridolin, it became so great a favourite throughout Germany, that it was converted into a five-act play by Holbein, the director of the theatre at Prague; and during the fifteen years that followed, it was

represented on most of the continental stages with great success. It was also set to music by C. F. Weber, master of the chapel at Berlin, and in this shape it was extremely popular. Perhaps some of our English playwrights will ultimately (if the present dearth of native dramas continue) avail themselves of these already-existing plays, prepare appropriate scenery, and delight London audiences by the representation of characters and incidents that are both new and interesting.

Our immediate business is with Mr. Lake's "translation" of the ballad, which we might seem to have forgotten: in apparent anticipation of critical censure from his glorious unfaithfulness to his original, this gentlemen inserts in his preface these apologetic lines. "The translator is aware that his version of Schiller's beautiful ballad is totally inadequate to the original; at the same time *he has no hesitation in asserting, that it is easier to render an epic poem from one language into another, and with more accuracy, justice, and spirit, than to give a good and correct idea of a simple native ballad in a foreign tongue.*" If this be true, the merit of those who have rendered with fidelity Spanish, German, and other ballads into English, is greatly enhanced! What must be said of Herder, who has vernacularized nearly all the good ballad literature of Europe! This was doubtless a very great, and very laudable achievement, but not, we think, so wonderful as the rendering all the good epics from Homer to Milton would have been. Mr. Lake continues his defence in the shape of an interrogation. "Would it be possible in a stranger dialect to do any thing like justice to our own inimitable ballads of "Chevy Chace," "the Children in the Wood," &c. The answer is obvious, and the reason also. Besides, as this work "*is more particularly devoted to the arts,* the reader perhaps will be more lenient in regard to *its literary disqualifications,* which, *like the dialogue and rhymes of* many modern operas, may be graciously deemed of minor importance."

This last may be a reason with journals occupied mainly with the fine arts, for abstaining from animadversion upon the 'rhimes' of Mr. J. W. Lake, but as *our* work '*is more particularly devoted to literature,*' as it is our duty to hinder the spread of any unworthy notions of any great writer, we shall proceed to expose the sophistry and irrelevance of the defence just quoted. We do not complain so much of the *inadequacy,* as of the utter infidelity of his version, his capacious omissions, and his unpardonable additions to the poem; and we are indignant at the degradation which Schiller incurs, when false, feeble, and partial copies of his works are made for the purpose of explaining *pretty* miniature copies of the truly great performance of the German artist.

We begin with the first verse of this professed translation:

'In beauty's train was never met
A boy of more engaging mien,

Or more endowed all hearts to win,
Than the fair page young Fridolin.'

Of all this not one word, except the name of Fridolin, exists in the original, and the characterising lines which do exist there are altogether omitted.

Schiller makes us understand that the diligence of the page was the result of his religious veneration for his duties, and this harmonizes particularly with the sequel to the story. His anxiety to perform every appropriate service, made him a great favourite with the Countess. The 3rd stanza, has been rendered by Mr. Collier with some attention to the German original.

'Therefore above the household all*
Him did his lady raise,
And from her lovely lips would fall
His unexhausted praise.
As her own child, and not as page,
Did he his lady's heart engage;
While her bright eyes with purest pleasure
Upon his features dwelt at leisure.'

This is sufficiently close to satisfy the most rigid critic, and the English verse is respectable. We now turn to the corresponding part in Mr. J. W. Lake.

'Above the empty pride of birth
The Countess saw and prized his worth,
She thought not of his low degree
But of his mind's nobility.
From *fairy* lips his praises fell,
The sweet rewards of doing well.'—p. 10.

In one word, the advantage is with the latest translator, he truly renders *Grafinn* by *Countess* (which Mr. Collyer makes HIS LADY;) this is positively the only word tolerably done in the verses!

When Schiller describes the insidious surmises of Robert the Huntsman, he uses a good figurative expression. He scattered the seeds of suspicion upon his master's heart.

It has not seemed fit to Mr. Lake, to adopt any part of this phraseology.

'And one day in his master's ear.
Thus poured the *subtle poison* there.'—p. 11.

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* Drum vor den ganzen Dienextross
Die Grafinn ihn erhob;
Aus ihrem schönen Munder floss.
Sein unerschöpftes Lob.
Sie hielt ihn nicht als ihren knecht
Es gab sein Herz ihm Kindesrecht—
Ihr klares Auge mit Vergnügen
Hing an den wohlgestalten Zügen.

One of the best parts of the ballad, is the account of the Iron-Foundry to which the Lord of Savern rides down. With the quotation of this portion in each translation, we must conclude our examination of the more recent one.

'With bursting heart and boiling blood,
The Count plunged in the neighbouring wood,
To where his iron-forgers bent
That metal from earth's caverns rent,
In flames, whose red terific light
Perpetual glared thro' day and night;
Where fire, water, and man's skill
Subdued the stubborn steel at will.
The Count now beckoned to draw nigh
Two Cyclops, that had caught his eye.'

Mr. Collier has in this case, as well as in the above quoted stanzas, succeeded much better than his competitor, possibly because he knows the language he undertakes to translate from. There may be some French Version of Fridolin in which Mr. Lake has placed undue confidence, and thereby lowered his own literary character; he can do better than he has done in this instance—a translation of a translation, however elegant, is but the shadow of a shade, the reflection of moonlight,—an echo of the mock-bird's song:—

The Count's ride to the Forest where his foundry was situated, is thus versified by Mr. Collier.

'Savern into the forest rode,
His fury look'd no more.
There in a lofty furnace glow'd
The molten iron ore.
The vassals, with a busy hand,
To feed the fire around it stand;
Huge bellows blowing, sparks outflying,
As they the rocks were vitrifying.

'The fire's rage, the water's force,
Were here united found:
The river, in its rushing course
The wheels whirled round and round,
The engines rattled day and night;
The hammers beat with measured might;
The stunning strokes repeated often
Compell'd the iron itself to soften.'

The English reader may form some idea of the *deficiencies* (we here mean omissions) of the first quoted description of the Iron-Works, by making a comparison of it with that by which it is followed. Nothing will be found of the comparison of the labours of the Warders to those of the Vitrifiers of Rocks; the river which turns round the wheels of the rattling engines, or the monstrous

bellows and the huge hammers; but Mr. Lake has added the exquisite line in which 'Two Cyclops' are introduced.

On looking again to the third and sixth of the Outlines, we find that Retzsch has put two eyes into the heads of each of the attendants at the iron works; he, poor man, had no notion of representing creatures with one eye, and that in the middle of the forehead! How unworthy to illustrate a poet who has such an inventive translator! Moreover, in the very copies of the engraving of the German artist, to which his version is attached, we can see two organs of vision and a nasal prominence intervening—but inconsistency is the privilege and characteristic of genius, Mr. Lake must, therefore, avail himself of a defence, grounded on this principle.

ART. XII.—*Essays on the Pursuit of Truth, on the Progress of Knowledge, and on the Fundamental Principle of all Evidence and Expectation.* By the Author of Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions. London: R. Hunter. 1829.

THE reason why the science of metaphysics is at present little cultivated in this country, is not easy to be assigned. Perhaps an unfounded prejudice against it, as if it were some way or another connected with unsound and dangerous opinions, may have some share in producing the singular neglect into which it has fallen; but it is probable that it ought to be traced rather to that indolent and luxurious habit of mind which now prevails, and seems to be the result of over-exertion, as rest and indulgence naturally succeed to labour. But this science is in its nature repulsive and forbidding to the generality. They cast a glance upon it, and it appears "a dim, disastrous champaign," with fears, doubts, and terrors of strange shape, stalking over it, and discouraging their approach. It is, in fact, a magic circle, in which none but great men can walk with safety and advantage.

The author of the present Essays, who, at least, does not want the courage to attempt an incursion into these dim regions, appears to have studied in a right spirit, and to have discovered for himself several important truths. We say discovered *for himself*, because, as far as we can perceive, he has advanced nothing absolutely new. Though we may possibly incur, by this remark, the risk of being included among those "dreaming critics," who look for that kind of originality which he supposes to be unattainable; but which we have sometimes believed ourselves to have found in certain of those old writers, who, according to this author, amuse second-rate minds. Setting aside, with justice, our author's claims to be considered an original writer, we are yet disposed to allow him the merit of having explained, in a clear and agreeable way, several useful truths. As it is possible that every person may not be convinced that the dissemination of every kind of truth is

advantageous, or even that the discovery itself is beneficial to mankind; it is useful to demonstrate that truth can never be dangerous, that no truth is forbidden, and that it is the duty of all men, but especially of those who pretend to teach others, to endeavour to discover truth. This is done in the first Essay, in a plain, modest, and perspicuous manner.

Like many other writers engaged in the same pursuits, this author seems to apprehend more hostility on the part of mankind, than he is likely to meet with. This, however, is rather the suggestion of vanity than of any thing else. The world has too long been used to have its feelings shocked, and its opinions and prejudices called in question, to be alarmed at common indications of heterodoxy, on philosophical subjects; and there is now much more danger of neglect, than of odium or persecution. Sir William Drummond, when he published his Academical Questions, expressed the same fear, but experienced no molestation; and his work has at present scarcely an enemy, except the worms. The passage, in which the benefits conferred upon mankind, by the dissemination of truth are enumerated, and the imaginary dangers to the promulgator insinuated, is worth copying.

'To discover truth, is in fact to do good on a grand scale. The detection of an error, the establishment of a fact, the determination of a doubtful principle, may spread its benefits over large portions of the human race, and be the means of lessening the misery or increasing the happiness of myriads of unborn generations. The great interests of mankind then demand, that the way of discovery should be open, that there should be no obstructions to inquiry, that every facility and encouragement should be given to efforts which are directed to the detection of their errors; and yet one of the greatest discouragements which at present exists, is the state of their own moral sentiments. Although he who has achieved the discovery of truth in a matter of importance has the satisfaction of reflecting that he has conferred a benefit on his fellow men, to which time itself can prescribe no limits, the probability is, that instead of attracting sympathy and gratitude, he will meet with a considerable share of odium and persecution as the consequence of the perspicacity.'—pp. 9—10.

The condition of mind in which we ought to conduct our search after truth is well described, as are also those lets and hindrances to which we are all liable.

'In entering on any inquiry, we may have desires and affections connected with the subject, or with the issue of the examination, and preconceived opinions, which will have a material influence on the result. We may feel, for instance, a lively affection for a doctrine, an irresistible desire to find it confirmed by investigation, and a conviction of its truth not the less strong for having no dependance on any process of reasoning; or, on the other hand, we may feel an entire indifference, and have no opinion at all on the subject.'—p. 14.

There is good sense and novelty of illustration in the following brief passages:

'One of the most striking of these is the sentiment of awe. If a man is habitually labouring under this feeling in regard to the general subject, or to the issue of the investigation, it is astonishing how limited will be the range of his thoughts, how few and how monstrous the conceptions to which the subject will give rise.

'Men are alarmed when, in departments of knowledge over which the solemnity of fear has diffused itself, they alight on any new ground, or in other words, on any doctrines at variance with received principles; and their wishes are usually pointed to a corroboration of the views with which they are already familiar, and which neither startle their timidity nor task their understandings.'—pp. 18, 19.

No person, who has ever reflected upon questions of vital importance to mankind, can have failed to observe that doubt and uncertainty produce an unpleasant state of mind. This unpleasantness may, however, be designed by Providence to promote the cause of truth: for, as we naturally desire to escape from every thing which is disagreeable, we inquire that we may be relieved from doubt, and thus, perhaps, arrive at truth. Should we, after all, be left in uncertainty, we shall, at least, possess the consolation of having used every means within our power to arrive at truth, and this, in fact, is the only consolation of which so unhappy a condition is susceptible. On this question our author appears to think somewhat differently. He does not feel the misery of doubting, and seems incapable of conceiving it; as, in fact, all thorough dogmatists are.

The second essay, on the Progress of Knowledge, is in the form of dialogue, and every way inferior to the preceding. In the first place, the author seems to be incompetent to maintain an argument in this form. One of his personages appears from the commencement to be a mere parasite to the other; and when a third person is introduced, the matter is not mended. From several considerations he determined not to bring real persons upon the scene, as speakers, but to put the momentous questions under consideration, into the mouths of A and N, with whom B, an equally important member of the alphabet, is afterwards associated. But A is a silly, humble companion, and N a conceited coxcomb, to whom all former great minds (for this arrogant letter is evidently something great in its own conceit,) appear to have been mere dwarfs and pigmies.

In this whole composition the author appears to be a mere third-rate sophist, who, in imitation of Hobbes, affects a kind of disdain for the ordinary aids to intellectual superiority, and advances the absurd fancy that the human race, as it advances on the great high road of civilization, will become weary of its old masters, and drop them, one by one, upon the way. He seems to imagine, in short, that owing to the vast multiplication of books, there will come a time when such authors as Aristotle, Plato, Bacon, and Locke, will be forgotten; and that even now they are more talked of than read. They have always been more talked of than read; because, notwith-

standing the march of intellect, there are yet but few persons who are capable of appreciating them. But he may rely upon this, that while he, and such authors as he, are condemned, though useful in their day, to stick to the little creeks and bays of time, as it were, in the vicinity of their own age, the great writers above mentioned, and their like, are Leviathans, endowed with power to swim for ever in the great ocean of eternity. These remarks are not made wantonly, and for the mere purpose of putting a man of ordinary dimensions in juxta-position with a race of giants, to show him to disadvantage; they are naturally suggested by such arrogant absurdity as the following:—

'The works of Bacon and Locke are already becoming instances in point. They are more talked of than read; and if you will pardon a homely expression, oftener dipped into than waded through.

'A. We have works, nevertheless, and those not works of art, but what in contra-distinction may be called works of knowledge, which will not be readily superseded.

'N. It would be difficult to name them. I will not deny, however the possibility of a doctrine being so concisely and clearly established, that the demonstration may never be displaced by a better. Even in such cases, the doctrine in process of time appears so intuitive as not to require proof.

'A. It seems to be an unavoidable inference from your remarks, that the study of old authors is a waste of labour.

'N. Much of it is an exhaustion of the strength to no purpose. This obsolete learning is well enough for minds of a secondary cast, but it only serves to hamper the man of original genius. It is unwise in such a one to enter very minutely into the history of the science to which he devotes himself,—more especially at the outset. Let him perfectly master the present state of the science, and he will be prepared to push it farther while the vigour of his intellect remains unbroken; but if he previously attempt to embrace all that has been written on the subject, to make himself acquainted with all its exploded theories and obsolete doctrines, his mind will probably be too much entangled in their intricacies to make any original efforts; too wearied with tracing past achievements to carry the science to a farther degree of excellence. When a man has to take a leap he is materially assisted by stepping backward a few paces, and giving his body an impulse by a short run to the starting place; but if his precursory range is too extensive, he exhausts his forces before he comes to the principal effort.'—pp. 135—137.

This is modified in some measure by what follows and precedes; but it discovers the conceited and arrogant turn of the author's mind. Farther on, speaking still of the progress of knowledge, his ideas take another hue, and he begins to feel a little despondent respecting our own chances of immortality.

'A. It is often said that we are presumptuous in thinking ourselves more knowing than our ancestors, but we forget the presumption of arrogating a superiority over our successors.

'N. It is curious to speculate on the consequences of this inevitable pro-

gression. The multiplication of books, for instance, will give rise to some singular phenomena. What a vast accumulation of literature, should the world continue a thousand or twenty thousand years longer without a geological submersion! What a weight of materials every year is adding to the stock of the historian! In process of time it will require the whole life of a man to become acquainted with the transactions of former ages, and the longest life will be insufficient to master the literature of a single country.

'A. It will be the reign of Retrospective Reviews. A thousand years hence the literature of our own age may possibly furnish half a dozen nibbles to these fishers in the waters of oblivion. The splendour of intellect which envelopes us will have dwindled into a mere luminous point, scarcely making his way athwart the intervening space,—a star faintly visible in the night of ages. How mortifying to the personal vanity which makes itself the very sun of a system! But if we indulge in speculations of this nature we shall inevitably draw on ourselves the imputation of being visionary advocates of the perfectibility of man.'—pp. 146, 147.

This appears to be attributing somewhat too much power to a thousand years. Let us look back through twice that space. Do we find that the age, for example, of Pericles, has dwindled to a 'luminous point,' to 'a star faintly visible in the night of ages?' We are pretty nearly as well acquainted with the ideas, feelings, hopes, fears of the authors of that and the succeeding age, as we are with those of our contemporaries, and "the splendour of intellect" which surrounded them has not yet grown dim. On the contrary, the circle of their fame, which in their own day embraced at most the small extent of Greece and her colonies, now knows no limits but those of the world: their names are familiarly pronounced on the banks of the Ganges, in the infant empires of Australia, and in the broad swamps and interminable forests of America. The copies of their works have been multiplied beyond calculation, and they now speak to millions of men at once. May not our own great authors hope for a fate equally glorious? Shall not Bacon, and Locke, and Newton, and Shakspeare, and Milton, go down side by side with Plato and Aristotle, and Homer, and Demosthenes, and other great names of antiquity, to the farthest times? Nature will always produce great men, but there appears to be no likelihood that they will ever be sufficiently numerous to render it prudent to forget a single example. They are the senate of human nature, and the memory will always be large enough to house them.

We have been carried by this portion of the work somewhat further than we intended. It remains to remark, that the third essay is written in the style of the first,—with modesty, clearness, and ability; as if the author, having vented his spleen and ill-nature in the second piece, had become sober again. The doctrine of philosophical necessity is ably and properly explained, and other abstruse subjects are treated in a calm and philosophical manner.

NOTICES.

ART. XIII.—*Biographical Sketches and Authentic Anecdotes of Dogs, exhibiting instances of their instinct, &c. with Portraits of Remarkable Dogs, and an Introduction.* By Captain T. Brown. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1829.

THIS is as pleasant a volume of anecdotes as we remember to have seen, and though its contents are confined to the illustration of canine nature, they are very seldom trifling, and, in some instances, are even affecting. We should pity the man who could not succeed in making a faithful and trusty dog strongly attached to him, and not a man, perhaps, in the world could be found, who has felt himself long guarded and attended by such a companion, and could think lightly of his fidelity. We imagine we have observed that men of great and noble nature always love dogs; if we had not done so before, the present volume would convince us that it is the case. We have many instances of the kind in our own time.—Witness, Lord Byron.—Witness, Sir Walter Scott, who talks about dogs with real delight, and the Ettric Shepherd who has a hundred anecdotes at hand, about his dog Sirrah or Hector, whenever he speaks of his lonely mountain wanderings, or his late return from market. The stories which Captain Brown has received from this gentleman and from Sir Walter Scott, are delightful passages in his work, which is enriched with a great number of anecdotes thus authenticated by respectable names. We have seen an excellent little volume, published some years ago, by Mr. Joseph Taylor, which, like the one before us, was intended as a panegyric on this noble animal, but it is, we suppose, by this time forgotten by the public, and we are glad to find another and larger volume published to supply its place. A great part of Captain Brown's book is devoted to the natural history of the Dog, and contains some curious and useful pieces of intelligence on its different species and characteristics. From the anecdotal portion we select the following story, which is thus related in Sir Walter Scott's own words.

"'The wisest dog I ever had was what is called the Bull-dog Terrier. I taught him to understand a great many words, insomuch that I am positive that the communication betwixt the canine species and ourselves might be greatly enlarged. Camp once bit the baker, who was bringing bread to the family. I beat him, and explained the enormity of his offence; after which, to the last moment of his life, he never heard the least allusion to the story, in whatever voice or tone it was mentioned, without getting up and retiring into the darkest corner of the room, under an appearance of great distress. Then if you said, "The baker was well paid," or "the baker was not hurt after all," Camp came forth from his hiding-place, capered, and barked, and rejoiced. When he was unable, towards the end of his life, to attend me when on horseback, he used to watch for my return, and the servant used to tell him "his master was coming down the hill, or through the moor," and although he did not use any gesture to explain his meaning, Camp was never known to mistake, but either went out at the front to go

up the hill, or at the back to get down to the moor-side. He certainly had a singular knowledge of spoken language.'—p. 408.

The following is also an admirable description of a Shepherd's dog.

'My dog Sirrah,' says Mr. Hogg, 'was, beyond all comparison, the best dog I ever saw: he was of a surly and unsocial temper,—disdaining all flattery, he refused to be caressed; but his attention to my commands and interests will never again, perhaps, be equalled by any of the canine race. When I first saw him, a drover was leading him in a rope; he was both lean and hungry, and far from being a beautiful animal, for he was almost all black, and had a grim face, striped with dark-brown. The man had bought him of a boy, somewhere on the Border, for three shillings, and had fed him very ill on his journey. I thought I discovered a sort of sullen intelligence in his countenance, notwithstanding his dejected and forlorn appearance; I gave the drover a guinea for him, and I believe there never was a guinea so well laid out, at least I am satisfied I never laid one out to so good a purpose. He was scarcely a year old, and knew so little of herding, that he had never turned a sheep in his life; but as soon as he discovered that it was his duty to do so, and that it obliged me, I can never forget with what anxiety and eagerness he learned his different evolutions. He would try every way deliberately till he found out what I wanted him to do, and, when I once made him understand a direction, he never forgot or mistook it again. Well as I knew him, he often astonished me; for, when hard pressed in accomplishing the task that he was put to, he had expedients of the moment that bespoke a great share of the reasoning faculty.'—pp. 145, 146.

ART. XIV.—*The Christian Souvenir, or the Beauties of Blair and Jortin;* consisting of Extracts from the Sermons of those eminent Divines. London: 1829.

WE are unable to find a reason how the editor of this little work should have fallen into the ridiculous error of giving it such a title. We have surely enough of Keepsakes and Souvenirs, in their proper form and at the proper time of year, without having every drab-covered book which may be given to the young, called by their names, or similar ones. If the compiler, also, had been inclined to publish a work like the present, likely to be really useful, he might have chosen from the mass of English divines two infinitely better adapted than Blair and Jortin for his purpose. He is the first person, we are inclined to think, who ever called Blair a great divine. His sermons are well written, and it is all; but Blair's theological erudition, so much of it as the world ever saw, never entitled him to rank among our celebrated divines. Jortin, again, was a much better writer and polemic than a practical expounder of religion. We should, therefore, have been better pleased with the editor of the 'Christian Souvenir' had he made a selection from the works of writers of a different class; and he had before him for that purpose, a greater quantity of rich materials than the theological literature of any other country in the world could afford. A page of Barrow, Taylor, or Hall is worth, at any time, fifty of Blair or Jortin.

ART. XV.—*Stories of Popular Voyages and Travels, with Illustrations, containing abridged Narratives of recent Travels of some of the most popular Writers of South America; with a preliminary Sketch of the Geography of that country.* London: Wilson. 1829.

A BETTER plan for the instruction of young persons could not have been hit upon than the one employed by the compiler of this little volume. Geography is, according to the tact of the teacher, either a very pleasant or a very dry and disagreeable study. As it is ordinarily pursued, we have no opinion of either its utility or fitness for children. The name of a country, even when presented with exact information as to its latitude and longitude, conveys no idea to the mind, and the descriptions contained in the grammars and manuals employed in schools, are necessarily too slight to improve the matter. The only method, it appears, by which geography can be taught, is to afford the pupil tolerably full descriptions of the countries, the situations, and boundaries of which it is necessary to fix on his memory. The exercise of the faculty will then be fraught with profit, whereas in the former instance, it was utterly barren. Very young students should never have to enquire, either of themselves or others, what is the use of remembering? let them have histories and descriptions before them, and this will not be the case. The publication on our table, if followed up, will be a useful and convenient aid to the intelligent teacher. The present volume contains an abstract of the most interesting parts of four very important works, and the narratives into which they are thrown, is pleasingly written. Some good lithographic engravings accompany the text, and the volume would be a very complete little publication, if a small map were appended to the geographical sketch which is given of the country.

ART. XVI.—*A Glance at some of the Beauties and Sublimities of Switzerland, with excursive Remarks on the various Objects of Interest presented during a Tour through its Picturesque Scenery.* By John Murray. London: Longman. 1829.

IT is quite as reasonable that a book should be spoiled by a bad preface, as a man's fortune by a bad address. If this at all holds good, the author of the work before us has nothing to thank himself for in the composition of his introductory remarks. A more simple preface was never written by a tourist to any part of the globe, and had we not had more charity than is usual on such occasions, we should have decided at once that his book was a very ridiculous one. Mr. Murray gives us as detailed an account of his views, and opinions, as if the 'Glance at Switzerland' contained the most important truths; indeed, such as would so deeply interest the public, that every one must wish to know what Mr. Murray thinks on all possible subjects of religion and politics. With very bad impressions, as to Mr. Murray's ability to make a readable book of the size of even his small volume, we turned to his description of the places through which he passed on his tour, and had the satisfaction to find we were mistaken in our conjectures, and that he can really write in a very neat and traveller-like style. There is a great number of dif-

ferent pieces of intelligence, which we do not remember to have met with before, and certainly not in so small a compass. 'A Glance at Switzerland' is, therefore, really deserving the notice of a traveller in that country; and we have no doubt Mr. Murray has the power of making a very fashionable guide book through the intricacies of Swiss valleys, and the impositions of Swiss innkeepers. In speaking of the Canton of Vaud, he gives a lively catalogue of the living natural objects, which are found there. We are tempted to take this as a specimen of his style :—

'The lynx sometimes appears among the Alpine regions of the Canton de Vaud, and makes considerable havoc among the flocks. In the higher Alps, the alpine or white hare is hunted, and the white mole is found among the vineyards and the fields of Lausanne. The beaver is now unknown, though a pair were killed about twenty years ago, at the lower end of the valley of Etivaz, near the sources of the river, which meanders through it. The marmot, living in societies, is found in the green patches at the foot of the Glaciers of Diablerets. The wild boar ranges in the forests at the foot of Jura, and the Chamois antelope is found in the lofty ranges around Vevey. The bouquetin *(Capra ibex)* is now extinct, and the lämmergyer is extremely rare. The golden eagle hovers over the mountains of the Jura; a *white* variety of the cuckoo *(Cuculus canorus)* has been seen near Morges, and the eider duck has been killed not far from Vevey. Near to Montreux the green lizard is seen to attain the length of one foot, and in the forest of Chilon the common snake has been found ten feet long. At Baume, where immense numbers of vipers are found, there is a *vipèrerie* for the accumulation of them, destined for *medical service*, and also as a restorative for the invalid. The *Mantis religiosa*, or as the French call it *Le Prie-Dieu*, occasionally presents itself in the attitude of supplication. In the Canton de Vaud the white mulberry has been planted for rearing silk worms, but no attempt of the kind has been supported with any spirit, save only that at Cassonay by an individual of the name of Gaulis. The success, however, which has for many years crowned his exertions, is a practical evidence that such would certainly succeed in other hands under proper management.

'At Montreux the rosemary fringes the edge of the torrent, and such is the range of the herbarium of this Canton, that a few hours' walk transports you from the vine, the peach tree, and the almond, to the *Salix herbacea*, that miniature of trees, and the *Gentiana nivalis:* such are the wonderful extremes in Alpine countries. The roots of Gentian being submitted to distillation, are much used in medicine, and immense quantities are sent into Germany and other parts, from the Canton de Vaud. Here the fig-tree often sheds her figs twice a-year, and the peach and almond mingle in the vineyards with the vines. Sugar is manufactured from the maple in the valley of Etivaz, with profitable returns. Potatoes, hemp, flax, &c. are a good deal cultivated.'—pp. 71—73.

This does great credit to Mr. Murray, and there are many other passages of the same kind in his book, which render it a very agreeable little volume, and we can recommend it to our readers, as containing a great deal of information and pleasant description, in a much smaller compass than a traveller's album usually occupies.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Transactions of Literary and Scientific Societies.

Royal Society, May 14th.—A paper was read, entitled "On the Brain, as an Aggregation of Parts." By G. Spurzheim, M.D.; communicated by R. Chenevix, Esq. F. R. S.

May 28.—The President in the chair.—A paper was read, "On the Nerves of the Face;" by Charles Bell, Esq. E. F. Maitland, Esq., M. P. was elected. Amongst the presents were Professor Bessel's important inquiries into the Length of the simple Seconds' Pendulum; Mons. Poisson's Memoir on the Equilibrium of Fluids; the Eighth Volume of the Memoirs of the Royal Academy at Paris, &c. &c.

June 4th.—The President in the chair. A paper was read, entitled, "on the geometrical representation of the powers of quantities which involve the square roots of negative quantities;" by the Rev. John Warren. Another paper was also read, descriptive of a case of a tumour removed from the head by Sir Everard Home. The Hon. J. Stewart Wortley and the Rev. Joseph Bosworth were elected Fellows; and John Shaw and S. D. Broughton, Esqrs., were proposed. The presents consisted chiefly of the Memoirs of De Witt Clinton, the American statesman, by Dr. Hosack of New York; Dr. Clark's work on the Influence of Climate in Chronic Diseases; and Professor Rigaud's MS. Observations made at the Radcliffe Observatory, Oxford; several interesting foreign donations were also received through M. Moreau, from Messrs. Jomard and Serullas, and the Academies of Dijon and Bordeaux.

Linnæan Society.—The anniversary meeting of this Society took place on the 25th of May, at the Society's house, in Sobo-square; A. B. Lambert, Esq. vice-president, in the chair; Lord Stanley, the president, not being able to attend, in consequence of family affliction. The Secretary detailed the proceedings of the Society since its last yearly meeting; from which it appeared, that thirty-nine Fellows, five Foreign Members, and six Associates, had been elected into the Society; while, during the same period, it had lost by death nine Fellows, amongst whom were the Duke de St. Carlos at Paris, and Archdeacon Cox, and Dr. Thomas Young: of the Foreign Members two had died, viz. Professor Thunberg, the pupil and successor of Linnæus at Upsal, and Monsieur Bosc, professor of agriculture at the Jardin du Roi. The receipts for the year, including the subscription for the Linnæan Library and Collection, late the property of Sir James Edward Smith, amounted to 3619*l.* 1*s.* 2*d.*; of this sum, 2200*l.* had been paid as part of the price of the Linnæan Herbarium, &c. purchased by the Society, and now arranged, for the use of the Fellows, &c., by Mr. Don, the librarian of the Institution: a variety of valuable donations had also been added to the library and museum since the last anniversary.

Tuesday, June 16.—The last meeting of the above Society for the season, took place this evening; Robert Brown, Esquire, V.P. in the chair. A paper was read on "the anatomical construction of the organs of voice in

birds," by Mr. William Yanell, F.L.S. George Ord, Esquire, the distinguished naturalist of Philadelphia, was introduced, and took his seat, for the first time, as a Fellow. Several excellent works were on the table: amongst them Dr. Richardson's Fauna Boreali-Americana; and Baron De Ferussac's Histoire des Mollusques, with the Zoological Atlas to Rüppell's Travels in Northern Africa, presented by these eminent writers.

Miscellaneous Intelligence.

Baron Ferussac, the spirited founder of that extraordinary periodical, the Bulletin Universel, is now in England, for the purpose of ensuring the co-operation of the scientific men of this country with those of France, in the great work of the diffusion of knowledge through the medium of the Bulletin. The reception he has met with, both from individuals and scientific bodies in London, holds out a promise of success, especially as Mr. Brougham seems to have taken up the matter, and called upon the Committee of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, to devise the best means for bringing about so noble an object, as the union of the men of science of the two nations for one great purpose.

French Coast.—The second part of "The French Pilot," a work proceeding under the direction of the Minister of Marine, has been completed. It comprehends the western coast of France, from the Point of Penmarck to the Isle of Yen.

A new (the sixth) edition of the Little Villager's Verse-Book, by Mr. Bowles, is announced.

On Friday, May 8th, Professor Beck celebrated his jubilee, and received from his Sovereign and friends those marks of respect to which he was entitled, for his persevering attention to the cause of literature. He is principally known in this country by his Repertorium.

Sir Jonah Barrington has nearly ready a third volume of his amusing work.

In the Sitting of the Academy of St. Petersburg on the 17th February, it appeared, from an account of Mr. Frähn, that the Asiatic Museum of that capital contained, among other works—851 Arabic, Persian, and Turkish MSS.; 281 Chinese and Man Chu printed Books and MSS.; 28 Japanese ditto.; 180 of Tiberian, Mongol, and Kalmuck ditto.

Chinese Manuscripts.—The Archimandrite Hyacinth, who has resided for fourteen years at Pekin, and who has successfully applied himself to the study of the Chinese language, has collected several Chinese manuscripts, highly important to the history of China. The following list of them cannot fail to be interesting to the lovers of Asiatic literature: 1. Tsii-Teun-Tsian-Gang-Mou; Annals of the Chinese Empire, in 8 volumes, already known by the translations of the Jesuits. 2. History of the dynasty Ming; 1 volume, known, but very interesting. 3. Geography of the Chinese Empire; 2 volumes, with a large map: this important manuscript is in the Russian language. 4. History of the first four Khans of family Tchingis; 1 volume. 5. Sii-Schou, or the Four Books, with long explanations; 2 volumes. 6. Description of Thibet in its present state; 1 volume. 7. History of Thibet and Tangout; 1 volume. 8. Description of the Mongolian people two centuries before the birth of Christ. 9.

Description of Sungary and little Boukhary, a hundred and fifty years before Christ; 1 volume. 10. Description of the same countries in their present state; 1 volume. 11. Description of Pekin, and a plan of the city. 12. Description of the Mongolian people until the birth of Christ. 13. Treatise on inoculation for the small-pox. 14. The legal medicine of the Chinese; 1 volume. 15. System of the universe; 1 volume. 16. On the fortifications of the river Jaune; 1 volume. 17. Mongolian Code; 1 volume. And, 18. Chinese Dictionary, translated into Russian; 6 vols.

Dr. F. Parrot, of the university of Dorpal, who had projected a scientific journey to Ararat, has received the special permission of the Emperor of Russia, who has appointed an officer to attend them, and presented the expedition with two pocket chronometers from the Imperial Institute, in St. Petersburgh.

Dr. Burrowes, Dean of Cork, announces a volume of Sermons on the First Lessons of the Morning Service, for the Sundays from Septuagesima to Trinity Sunday.

French Literary Appointments.—M. Auber has been elected a member of the Institute, in the room of M. Gossec, deceased; and M. Boissonade, member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, is appointed Greek professor at the college of France, in the room of the late M. Gall.

Memoirs, by a Lady of Quality, is the present literary work *à la mode.* This style of authorship has a peculiar attraction for the multitude; so delightful is it to learn our neighbours' fallible points, and to be initiated into courtly gossip!—*Paris Letter.*

M. Cuvier has presented to the French Academy of Sciences, in his own name, and that of M. Latreille, the second edition of his work called *Le Règne Animal.* He has also presented to the Academy two new volumes of his large work on Fishes; a work which he is publishing in conjunction with M. Valencienne.

A work, entitled Compendious and Impartial Events in the History of Great Britain and Ireland, in relation to the Roman Catholic Question, is announced.

A New Monthly Periodical is to be published in September next, to be entitled "The Edinburgh Journal of Natural and Geographical Sciences." To be conducted by an association of naturalists.

The Life of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M., late fellow of Lincoln college, Oxford, is announced. Third edition: with additional matter. By the Rev. Henry Moore, sole surviving trustee of Mr. Wesley's papers.

Mr. E. H. Barker, of Thetford, Editor of the English edition of Professor Antoin's improved Lempriere, intends to reprint, with all possible expedition, in parts at stated periods, Dr. Webster's valuable American Dictionary of the English Language, in 2 vols. 4to.

Preparing for publication, under the superintendance of Mr. George Don, A. L. S. a new edition of Millens' Gardeners' and Botanists' Dictionary. The work, illustrated with Plates and Figures of Plants, will be published in parts, and completed in Four 4to. volumes.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Stephens's Nomenclature of British Insects, 12mo. 2 vols. 4*s.* 6*d.*
Richardson's Zoology of Northern British America, 4to. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.
Castle's Botany, 12mo. coloured.

BIOGRAPHY.

Josephine's Memoirs (French) vol. 3, 8vo. 8*s.* bds.
Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, 8vo. 14*s.* bds.
Lord King's Life of Locke, 2*l.* 4*s.* bds.

HISTORY.

Briggs' Mahomedan Power of India, 4 vols. 8vo. 4*l.* 4*s.* bds.
Bloomfield's Thucydides, 3 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 5*s.* bds.
Coxe's Pelham, 2 vols. Imp. 4to. 10*l.* 10*s.* bds.

LAW.

Petersdorff's Law Reports, vol. 10, royal 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.
Medical Witness, fcp. 8vo. 5*s.* bds.

MEDICINE.

Stafford on Ulcers, 8vo. 5*s.* bds.
Medical Transactions, vol. 15, Part I. 8vo. 10*s.*6*d.* bds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Spinetto's Lectures on Hieroglyphics, 8vo. 16*s.* bds.
Kennedy's Æschili Agamemnon, royal 8vo. 12*s.* bds.
Carlisle's Account of the Privy Chamber, 8vo. bds. 1*l.*
Parry's Anthology, fcp. 8vo. 5*s.* bds.
Brockett's Glossary of North Country Words, cr. 8vo. 12*s.* bds.
Hunter's Hallamshire Glossary, cr. 8vo. 8*s.* bds.
Alfred's Boetius, by Cardale, 8vo. 1*l.* 5*s.* bds.
A Few Comfortable Meditations, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.
Hurwitz's Hebrew Elements, 8vo. 5*s.* 6d. bds.
Harleian Diary—Husbandry, 8vo. 1*l.* 13*s.* bds.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

Tales of the Wars of our Times, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.
Private Life of the Author of Geraldine, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.*
Brown's Italian Tales, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Rybrent de Cruce, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.
The Chelsea Pensioners, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.*
Adventures of a King's Page, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.
Dagley's Village Nightingale, 12mo. 6*s.* bds.
Five Nights at St. Alban's, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.
The Indian Chief, 3 vols. 12mo. 16*s.* bds.

POETRY.

Shepherd's Poems, fcp. 8vo. 6s. bds.
A Day in Switzerland, 8vo. 2s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

A Present to Young Christians, 18mo. 2s. bds.
Knight on the Parables, 8vo. 12s. bds.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Hoole's Mission to India, plates, 8vo. 1l. 7s. bds.
Maddin's Travels in Turkey, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s. bds.
Everet's Journey through Norway, 8vo. 14s. bds.
Mawe's Journey from the Pacific to the Atlantic, 8vo. 12s. bds.
Head's North America, post 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.

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THE

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THE time is yet to come when the philosophy of history shall have comprised in its view the proper boundaries of the science. Hitherto its most successful cultivators have contented themselves with the discovery of practical and less general truths. Able calculations have been made on the probable advancement of civilization, and on the circumstances upon which it has been already established. By a further step, some tolerably correct notions have been formed respecting the best sources of social happiness, the means by which communities are most likely to arrive at a state of comparative security, and convert their adventitious advantages into a permanent good. But the philosophy of history, properly regarded, embraces something more. Valuable as are the truths above alluded to, there is a species still more valuable, and of a higher order. Political science may be carried to great perfection, without advancing our knowledge of the principles by which mankind, in the aggregate, are to be rendered enlightened, or their moral situation improved. We must, therefore, examine the annals of the world, under another point of view, before the real philosophy of history can be fully understood. The objects which attract the attention in the records of particular states, are to obtain only a relative consideration, and instead of confining our interest to the fortunes of a people, we must extend it to the past and present condition of the world at large, as prefiguring the final destinies of our race.

Following the track of history under the guidance of these wider

views, it will be found not only that narratives hitherto solely valued for their political importance, have another application, but that many events, and many passages in history, considered as of less general interest, have an important reference to the course of human affairs. Men, whom politicians have been accustomed to despise as enthusiasts, or to weigh in the balance of practical wisdom, and find nothing in their lives and character worthy of marvel, will then appear in a new light. The rise and destruction of factions, will be traced to causes more deeply founded in the heart of the human universe; and religions, both false and true, will be regarded as embracing in their establishment the most powerful of the circumstances which first convulse, and afterwards fix, as in an iron mould, the character of our race.

Mahometanism, and its founder, well deserve to be considered under the strongest light of historical philosophy. The progress of the one defies the methods of ordinary calculation; the character of the other, where it is not mysterious itself, throws a greater mystery into the establishment of the religion. In proportion as we regard Mahomet simply as a man, Mahometanism is more wonderful in its rise and continuance; and contrarywise, as the faith which he preached is considered only as a system of weak deceptions, the character of the man who could affect so much by such means, becomes more wonderful. But historians are usually too accustomed to confine their inquiries to the particulars immediately before them, to examine such subjects, as the establishment and spread of Mahometanism, in the manner they deserve: generally speaking, the writers who treat on religion are too confined in their views, to be philosophical as well as pious; and those who treat on politics, neglect whatever is not of present value. Hence it has happened that Mahomet, as well as his followers, has, on the one side, been regarded simply as an idolater; and on the other, merely as an extraordinary captain, supported in his conquests by enthusiastic followers; both parties losing sight of what is most deserving of consideration—the mysterious disposition of things by which Mahometanism must have been established, and the equally mysterious connection which it has since had with the progress of human affairs towards their consummation.

But avoiding the opposite errors of the unreasoning pietist, and still blinder utilitarian, we shall find in the history of Mahometanism, an ample scope for the exercise of reflection, and that of a nature hitherto novel to the subject. If there was ever any thing in the circumstances of the world, which could not be accounted for by ordinary causes, it is the rise of Islamism. To reduce its history to the level of other annals, is to do violence to right reason, which is as much offended by applying the common rules of judging to uncommon cases, as it is by a direct contradiction of its principles. It is but fair to conclude, that when many attempts are made by different agents to secure an object, and only one

succeeds, that one had either greater advantages in himself, was more assisted by the circumstances in which he lived; or, if not so, was aided by a power which it was the will of a superior being should be exercised to that end. Looking at Mahometanism, as has generally been the case, only as an idolatrous religion, and without relation to the history of the world at large, it has been thought necessary to strengthen the argument in favour of Christianity, by attributing its rise entirely to the talents or fortunate circumstances of its founder. And there are many things, both in the nature of Mahometanism, and in the character of Mahomet, which go far to justify the reasoning which has been thus employed; but a closer examination of the subject gives infidels a vantage ground from which it is not always easy to drive them, and their opponents have been reduced to the dilemma, of either rejecting one of their favourite arguments, or of allowing its application on the side of Mahometanism. By taking, however, that view of the subject which it is the object of Mr. Forster to support, and which, though less common, is far more rational than any other, there is no longer any necessity to lessen the wonder with which we contemplate the establishment of this religion. The fear that if the spread of Ismalism should appear miraculous, that of Christianity would be less a miracle, or that if the former could be accounted for by natural circumstances, the latter could also, is reduced to nothing, when it is admitted that both are attributable to the same class of mysterious causes. To suppose that, of two extraordinary but very similar events, one is produced by a natural, and the other by a miraculous operation, approaches an absurdity. It is almost uniformly one of the characteristics of infidelity to be unfair in argumentation, and by a little forcing of the parallel, it has easily established one between the rise of the two religions. The supposition, consequently, that Christianity is true, because it spread in a short time through the best part of the civilized world, has been rebutted by an appeal to the case of Mahometanism. In doing this, however, right reason has been made blind by prejudice, and it is easy to discover that only the most virulent opposition to truth, could make the opponents of our faith regard Christ and Mahomet as united in imposture, or as succeeding by means no more miraculous in the one instance than in the other. We still, therefore, leave the argument entire, which proves the former to have been the Son of God, because he diffused his doctrines without human means; and the other a false prophet, because his were established by the most powerful of earthly instruments. But we take up the system of reasoning employed by our author, as of the greatest value and importance, because, though there was a mighty difference between the original establishment of the two religions, though that of the one *could* be accounted for by natural causes, and that of the other *could not*, yet it is most accordant with the nature of the circumstances, and with the whole history of Mahometanism,

to believe that it exists not altogether without a miracle, and that therefore in a certain degree it merits being considered in connection with the great providential dispensations that determine the course of human affairs. It is very possible to silence the cavils of infidelity, by challenging its advocates to show out of what armoury Christ and his followers took their weapons—from what treasury they drew the tribute-money which was to bribe thousands to their side, but it is not necessary. We ask them not to go so far with us in credulity, as to believe that a change was produced in the faith and opinions of the world without human means, but we deny that the human means which they consider sufficient for the establishment of Christianity, were even sufficient for that of Mahometanism. We refuse to believe that imposture, even robed with gold and purple, with a key to all the treasures of the earth in one hand and a charmed sword in the other, is sufficient to make men either Christians, Pagans, or Mahometans; that no petty sect was ever formed by such means, and that no great and durable religion or heresy could arise without the operation of causes, which in all cases must be moral, and in many are miraculous.

Mahometanism is a splendid plagiarism—a shadowy outline of the great temple of truth, painted with many colors, and hung over with costly and glittering jewels by human hands. Through every part of the system we discover that it is an imitation of some extraordinary original. That it owes its sublimity and imposing grandeur to a greater master than its author—its moral mysteries and emblems to a more ancient source—its capability of securing attention, to an admixture of what is divine with the gross matter of its composition. There is that in it which is well adapted to the most licentious nature; but a pure and thoughtful mind, in the absence of a light truly divine, may be easily led to conceive that it has found in the system all that is best adapted to its wants. The sensual delights which are offered to the imagination might have disgusted it, if only offered to excite desire, but they are promised as rewards of self-denying virtues—of obedience and devoted courage. Mahomet, as a conqueror only, might have been regarded with more honour than veneration, but whenever he fought as a king, he preached as a prophet—to whomever he subjected to his sway, he offered the means of entering his paradise. The glaring absurdities of the Koran could not have failed to excite contempt, but they are so buoyed up with what is venerable in the eyes of men, that it is easier for a believer in the system to view the whole with awe, than disturb his faith by the rejection of a part.

There are few situations in which it is more interesting to contemplate a human being, than that of a serious and thoughtful Mahometan. The learning of his country is sufficient to carry the mind far forward into the regions of speculation; and the prejudices of his education and his home are fitted, almost more than any other, to confine his affections and belief to his paternal creed.

He is too reflective by nature to embrace or rest in infidelity, and he is hindered by the circumstances of his birth, from discovering the worth and divinity of the Giaour's religion. In the creed of his countrymen he finds the immortality of the soul, of which his inward feelings had convinced him, recognized as a certain article of faith. In the volume which contains this assurance of a future state, he discovers many of the most sublime and valuable truths of remote antiquity, either presented in their naked beauty, or under shadows and emblems, which seem to enhance their value. The history of his nation tells him of the prodigious power with which the author of this book brought myriads of people under his sway, and wherever he turns his eyes, almost in every sound which he hears, he is made to believe, that the mighty spirit of the prophet is still bowing the hearts of men to his power. But while Mahometanism is thus fully sufficient to engage the veneration of even superior minds, subjected to its entire influence, it is insufficient to satisfy them. Truth itself is less venerable when dressed up as an idol, and whenever she is so presented to the mind, disposes it to that dreaming state of thought in which it reflects without reasoning, and is tranquil without resting. The Mussulman character, that especially of the most learned of the professors of Mahometanism, is, we believe, remarkably distinguished by their disposition to gravity and reverie, and the true origin of this striking feature of their minds seems to us to be laid in the nature of their religion. They find they are still surrounded by objects of sense, when they suppose themselves arrived at their most perfect state of being. The value, consequently, of mere mental, or spiritual creations—of the perfect moral beauty and delight, after which the mind naturally pants, becomes diminished or rendered doubtful. The felicity which it is to find in perfection and immortality, is supposed less independent of sense than that which it receives on earth. To conceive of the enjoyment of paradise, it is necessary for the Mahometan sage to pursue a course directly the reverse of other philosophers and religionists. The latter have to war with their sensual affections, and only conceive their work ended when they are subdued, before they can form an idea of their future happiness. The Mahometan, on the contrary, must put aside his reasonings and spiritual reveries, and reawaken the fires of youth, and learn to luxuriate on the sensual fancies of an almost vulgar imagination, before eternal life can seem worthy his attainment, or himself capable of finding pleasure in its enjoyments. The nature, however, of the human mind, and the laws by which it operates, are everywhere the same, and he who has been wise by reflection, and been taught to find pleasure in the tranquillity of his soul, can never look forward without uncertainty and doubt to a futurity, of which the highest felicity is not placed in similar enjoyments. But this subject deserves a longer consideration than we can here give it, and we must leave it

for that which more properly concerns the volumes before us—the first establishment and present existence of Mahometanism itself.

We have already observed that there are circumstances attending the spread of this powerful and imposing system of false belief, which justifies the opinion that it is not entirely attributable to human causes. Were history more generally read with an eye to the great moral mysteries attending the progress of society, this would be a less novel and startling supposition than it may now appear. It would be seen that there are certain causes continually operating on the great division of mankind, which cannot be rationally resolved into the common agencies of social life; that events take place which are in reality less miraculous when attributed to a supernatural cause, than when explained as of earthly and natural occurrence; and that in the contemplation of the inhabited world, as the abode of a race of beings like man, we shall often find exceptions to the rules of politicians and the opinions of political historians, that, to judge rightly, it will be necessary to form a philosophy of history for ourselves—a philosophy which is more contented to be founded on truth, than on the particularities of reason.

We would refer them, with our author, not to the diffusion and permanent establishment of Mahometanism, neither to the ingenuity of its founder, the situation of his country, nor the nature of his doctrines; but to the operation of a will which comprehends in itself the great sequence of primary causes from which all important changes, both political and moral, take their rise. The more the subject of this religion is examined, the more especially, in its particular case, will a providential interference appear evident; and this being made apparent, we are immediately led to the solution of the questions to which it gives birth, by adopting the theory of Mr. Forster.

Convinced of the failure which other authors have made in their attempts to elucidate the subject, that gentleman has boldly avowed his intention of attempting it upon principles, which it is certainly somewhat surprising have not been hitherto employed in its elucidation.

'The success of Mahometanism has been fairly stated, as the only event in the history of the human species, which admits of comparison with the propagation of Christianity. This consideration is sufficient to account for the interest with which the religion of Mahomet has been surveyed, and continues to be surveyed, by men of reading and reflection: especially when the fact of its exclusiveness is taken in connection with the intrinsic force of the comparison between the two creeds. Beginning alike in silence and obscurity, they have advanced to a dominion equally unknown in any other age or institution: while the general features of their history present resemblances and agreements abundantly in character with this fundumental coincidence, to fix universal attention on the parallel. The importance of the subject may be fairly measured, by the degree in which it has exercised the conflicting zeal of the enemies and friends of our holy faith. In the estimation of the unbeliever, this parallel

is still seen to furnish his most specious ground of attack; in that of the Christian advocate, it opens an arduous and anxious field for the defence of Revelation; while, by competent minds, neither deficient in sound learning and philosophy, nor wanting in genuine attachment to the great truths of Christianity, the question is, to this day, regarded as unsettled, and the causes which induced the success of Mahometanism, pronounced an unsolved problem.

'Where the subject involves the best interests of mankind, this is obviously a state of the question in which the human mind will hardly consent to rest. Inquiry must, and eventually will, proceed. But the success of inquiry will inevitably depend on its being instituted on a sound principle, and on its taking, from the outset, a right direction. The investigation of Mahometanism upon such a basis is plainly much to be desired; and where there is any reasonable hope that such a basis may be found, the research after it becomes an object, not merely of laudable pursuit, but (the great interests at stake duly considered) of positive and paramount obligation.

'It is designed, in the following pages, to attempt an inquiry into the character of Mahometanism, and the causes of its success, upon new and untried ground: an undertaking which, if without better apology, is at least justified by the confessed failure or imperfection of the various solutions heretofore advanced. Whatever may be the fate of this inquiry, the writer will have at least the satisfaction to reflect, that it had its rise in an earnest solicitude for the honour of Christianity, and has been undertaken under a conscientious sense of the attending responsibilities.

'The pretensions of the arch-heresy which is to form the subject of the present work, will be best understood from a short and impartial review of the leading phenomena of its history. The world is already familiar, indeed, with statements of these phenomena: but such statements have too generally been made under the influence of a preconceived system. On the part both of infidel and of Christain writers, prejudice has been suffered to usurp the place of sound judgment; and indisputable facts have been made to bend, or accommodate themselves, to crude and undigested theories. It is, therefore, matter of serious moment, in the outset of an inquiry like that now proposed, that an impartial and dispassionate survey should be made afresh of the general features of Mahometanism; which survey may stand as the groundwork of our subsequent reasoning.'—pp. 1—4.

Mr. Forster next proceeds to mention the difficulties which stood in the way of Mahometanism at its first establishment. These were the obscure situation of the founder, whose connections with some of the great men of his country was originally of little avail to him, as they rejected his pretensions, and strenuously opposed his designs: the condition of Arabia when he commenced his undertaking, the country being torn by internal dissensions, and offering none of those advantages which peace and luxurious manners afford imposture. To which may be added, the sudden and unprepared manner in which it was presented to those whom it was destined to convert. Yet notwithstanding these and all the other disadvantages with which it had to contend, it spread like a deluge, but remained settled like an ocean. Rome, it is observed, had to con-

tend for seven hundred years before it attained its height of glory, and those who succeeded her generals and consuls, in their pursuit of empire, were as many ages more before their courage and ambition produced any fruit. But extraordinary as was the rapid spread of Mahometanism, its permanency, Mr. Forster justly observes, is still more extraordinary, and deserves an attentive consideration.

'Reasonable explanations have been offered of its other chief phenomena. An intelligible cause has been assigned for the first establishment of a religion which is alleged to have founded itself in an artful accommodation to existing systems of belief, and to have addressed itself to the prejudices and passions of mankind: satisfactory grounds have been advanced for the successful progress of a faith, which silenced opposition by force, and seconded its pretensions with the sword: but no sufficient account has yet been given or attempted of that character of permanence, which the lapse of twelve centuries has impressed upon Mahometanism. If its duration were commensurate merely with that of the empire to which it gave birth; if its spiritual sway could be measured, in after ages, by the rise and fall of its temporal power; much of the difficulty would be removed. The case, however, admits of no such relief. The whole facts of it, on the contrary, go to demonstrate that the creed of Mahomet possesses an inherent spiritual influence, wholly distinct and separable from its secular domination; and that it is not more remarkable for its despotism over the fortunes, than for its absolute dominion in the minds, of men.

'The completeness of its mental domination is one of the most noted and best ascertained facts in the early history of Mahometanism. It is legible in the high enthusiasm which characterised the first Moslems, from the near friends of the Prophet, to his meanest followers; from the leaders of the Saracen armies, to the servile refuse of the camp. But the point which now claims attention, is the durability of that first impression, the permanence of this mental subjection. To determine this point in the affirmative, it will not be enough to consider the effects of Mahometanism upon the mind, in countries where it is dominant as connected with the state; for here it may be contended, that the fanatical spirit of the religion is fostered from motives of policy, and factitiously sustained by its alliance with the temporal power. Its genuine and undoubted influence can be seen only in a state of society, where its votaries are unshackled by the restraints imposed by a Mahometan government; and where, consequently, neither policy nor personal interest can be supposed to operate. Such a state of society happens to obtain in a quarter of the world, where Mahometanism has existed in an unestablished and insulated form, since the times of the first Saracen conquests. In their progress westward, through the deserts of Africa, the primitive Moslems left behind them the seeds of colonies, which continue to the present day thinly sprinkled over that vast wilderness; the Bedoween being naturally attracted and detained by the suitableness of the region to his desultory and predatory habits, and by the similarity of the soil and climate to those from which he had recently emerged. These roving tribes have preserved the purity of their race, with hereditary jealousy, from admixture with the native Africans; and holding little or no intercourse with foreigners, beyond the bare interchange of a few necessary commodities with the Moorish states, they present at this day the most genuine portrait extant of the character of their fore-

fathers, the first Moslems. In the great desert of Africa, accordingly, there is a singular opportunity afforded of estimating the influence of Mahometanism, apart from its original and ordinary alliance with political domination. The result establishes, in the fullest extent, the fact of its permanent dominion over the human mind. The Arabs of the western desert graphically exemplify in the nineteenth century, the recorded spirit of the Saracen conquerors in the seventh. The same high enthusiasm and anti-social zeal are strikingly visible, both in their intercourse among themselves, and in their carriage towards strangers. The perpetual maintenance of their independence is still their glory and boast; and they guard with a zealous and unceasing vigilance the traditions and the faith of their Arabian ancestors. Copies of the Koran, written on skins, are carefully preserved, and constantly studied, in each family; and the calamities of shipwreck have recently afforded an opportunity of ascertaining the fanatical avidity with which its lessons are imbibed; and the opinions entertained by these sons of Ishmael respecting the character and situation of Christians. "The heads of their discourse concerning us," says a shipwrecked mariner, who learned the conversation of this savage people through the medium of a negro interpreter, "was, that we were a poor, miserable, degraded race of mortals, doomed to the everlasting punishment of hell-fire after death, and, in this life, fit only for the company of dogs." If he forgets only the intervals of time and place, this language at once transports the readers among "the companions" of the false prophet: its genuine fanaticism might have fallen from the lips of the fiery Kaled, or the ferocious Derar.'—pp. 12—17.

The next remarkable feature considered in Mahometanism, is the power which it had to change the religions of the nations to which it was offered. This, however, had it not been attended with the other circumstances which marked the progress of the conquering faith, would be less worthy of regard than any other—Mahomet was possessed of a powerful army when he began to subdue nations, and there is no sufficient evidence to prove that the Pagan hordes which he overcame, would adhere with more tenacity to their religion than their liberty; and when this is not the case, any soldier may become a prophet. The marvel consisted at first, not in the change of their faith, but in the power which had been acquired to subdue them. It afterwards consisted, not in their continued subjection, but in their continued faith. The last particular mentioned by Mr. Forster under this head, is the simplicity of the worship prescribed by the Prophet, which contains so little to affect the imagination. The same, also, is observed respecting some of the fundamental doctrines of the faith, which are not such, he contends, as are likely to obtain the attention of the people in any nation. But we must observe, that it is allowing too much to the spiritual nature of Mahometanism, to suppose that it did really in this plain and simple form, make itself master of the minds and hearts of the myriads who received it. The truth is, it is in no instance the case that the pomps and shows of a religion possess a tenth part of the influence over men's minds, even the most uncultivated, which is gained by

its doctrines when at all adapted to their comprehension. They may amuse and attract attention, but they will neither affect, nor influence, and he who would either deceive or instruct is infinitely nearer gaining his end when the heart or imagination is simply appealed to, than when the eye is pampered by the most expensive exhibitions. Mahomet, therefore, lost nothing by his rejection of a splendid ritual, and he pursued his object in a manner more fitted to secure him that entire possession of men's minds, without which, he never could have effected his marvellous undertaking. Instead of amusing his converts with glittering spectacles; or obtaining their transitory attention by repeated appeals to their senses, he awakened the most powerful passions of their nature—added to what was moral and spiritual in his creed, food for the imagination, which it was his object to keep constantly in operation—and instead of putting all upon the fearful hazard of retaining, for many ages, the interest of his followers by a showy mode of worship, he took the safer course of opening to them a splendid prospect, which could never lose its attractions so long as their fancy retained any of its activity. For the sage, this system may not be all sufficient, but with the multitude its operation is complete and certain. It does away with the necessity of studying their fancy for luxurious shows—gives a sole and independent authority to the religion itself, and what in such cases is of infinite importance, preserves men as firmly attached to its doctrines, and as capable of observing its rites in the loneliest desert, as in the most sumptuous edifice prepared for their worship. We are not inclined, therefore, to regard the simplicity of Mahometan ritual as adding to the wonder of his success. Had it not been so simple, it is very possible that the whole system would have failed of that compactness and universal influence which have been its distinguishing features. Our author concludes the survey through which we have been following him, with these remarks.

'The foregoing short survey of its general features, supplies a sufficient index to the parallel which undeniably exists between the religion of Mahomet and Christianity. The obscurity of its origin, the nature and amount of the early obstacles which it overcame, the abruptness of its rise, the rapidity and extent of its propagation, its permanency, and inherent dominion over the human mind, its power, as conquering, to change the creeds and characters of the subject nations, and, as conquered, to absorb the conquerors and their religions in submission to its law, the severe simplicity, lastly, of its rites, and the abstract and impalpable character of its doctrines,—these characteristic phenomena in the history of Mahometanism, when taken in connection with the great fundamental fact, that the religion of Mahomet, like that of Christ, was founded upon a supernatural or prophetic character assumed by its author, altogether suggest a parallel with the history and general features of the Gospel Revelation, which, partial and imperfect as undoubtedly it is, could not yet fail to awaken inquiry and command attention.

'General attention, accordingly, has long been excited by this corres-

pondence: and the spirit of inquiry is still anxiously directed towards it. Nor is the anxiety without foundation. For a successful counterfeit will necessarily be regarded, both by its enemies and by its friends, as the most available ground of objection to revealed religion. In this light, the success of Mahometanism is viewed and treated by the opposite parties. Infidel writers artfully press the parallel: the advocates of Christianity studiously expose the contrast. But, as the former have certainly pushed their argument beyond all reason and reality, so the latter, in return, have been disposed, perhaps, to concede less than truth and fairness would seem to demand. On one side of the question, that of the Christian advocates, the course adopted has been a mistaken one; since a good cause can never fare the worse for a candid examination. The best cause, indeed, may be disserved and dishonored by an advocate whose sole aim is victory: but we have yet to learn, that a good one has ever suffered by being brought to the test of its own merits, without prejudice indulged, or injustice practised, against any other, with which it may stand in contrast. On this principle it is designed to proceed in the present work; however he may fail in doing justice to it in the execution, the author feels hopeful that his motives will be fairly judged of, and that the principle itself will be respected.

'The disciples of Mahomet appeal confidently to the success of his religion, as the grand test and argument of its truth. The enemies of Christianity have taken advantage of this appeal, to disparage and cast a doubt upon the argument arising from the success of the Gospel. With this view, no pains have been spared by modern infidels and sceptics, to render the analogy between Christianity and Mahometanism complete, by a laboured comparison of the rival creeds, in all the available points of their origin and promulgation. Their obscure rise, their irresistible progress, and their rapid and wide diffusion, have been successively adduced and dwelt upon, in order to level to one and the same standard, the claims of the Gospel, and the pretensions of the Koran. The task was not an easy one. A religion of peace, and a religion of the sword, a faith preached by the disciples of a meek and lowly Master, and a faith propagated by force of arms, under the banner of a warlike enthusiast or impostor, were too utterly at variance to stand credibly, or even plausibly, upon the same footing, with respect to the *causes* of their successful propagation. The intrinsic weakness of the comparison in these points was soon felt, and the ground silently abandoned, by later and more skilful practitioners in the school of infidelity. These advocates of scepticism wisely transferred their efforts, from the very imperfect analogy of the two religions in their rise and progress, to seize upon the parallel in its strong hold. "It is not," observes an eloquent and insidious writer, treating of the success of Mahomet, "the propagation, but the permanency of his religion that deserves our wonder: the same pure and perfect impression which he engraved at Mecca and Medina, is preserved, after the revolutions of twelve centuries, by the Indian, the African, and the Turkish proselytes of the Koran." The argument here insinuated from the permanency of Mahometanism, obviously aims to affect the parallel argument derivable from the permanency of the Gospel dispensation. And while the correspondence of the rival systems is thus shown to be complete in so capital a feature of the evidences, the inviolable purity of the sublime doctrine and simple ritual of the law of Mahomet is further brought into artful contrast, on the one

hand, with the idolatrous deflections of Israel from the faith and worship of Jehovah, and on the other, with the gross corruptions which so early crept in to disfigure the purity of Christianity. The object of the sceptical historian is plain: for once, however, it is easier to perceive the disingenuousness of his purpose, than to deny the validity of his reasoning. In every prior stage of this controversy, the fallacies of scepticism have been sufficiently confuted and exposed: but the validity of the argument arising from the permanency of Mahometanism, and the preservation of its doctrines and rites in their original severe simplicity, may seem established by the silence of the ablest champions of Revelation. The admission implied by this silence is the more remarkable, as it leaves unexplained those characters of Mahometanism, which most impress the mind as mysterious and inexplicable.'—pp. 22—27.

Mr. Forster proceeds to compare the counter modes of reasoning which have been pursued by Christian and Infidel writers in treating the subject of Mahometanism, and the result of this comparison is a proof, we consider, that it has been hitherto involved in the greatest obscurity; the fear of invalidating any of the evidences of Christianity, producing on one side almost the same effect as prejudice on the other. The great object of the present work, as will be seen in the following extract, is to throw a new light on the difficulties which have been accompanied by so many errors, and to resolve the question into one of scriptural, as well as historical inquiry.

'The acknowledged difficulties which thus cling to this important question, and which have raised in some minds a painful feeling of doubt and dissatisfaction, produced in the mind of the present writer a very different effect. The case of Mahometanism had long presented itself to him as a subject of the highest interest; and with the conviction that the question of its success was still unsettled, the persuasion gradually arose, that it ought not to be suffered to remain so. From the resistance of the phenomena to any theory which would reject the notion of a special providence, his conclusion was, that a special providence had interposed, and might possibly be discoverable, in their production. The train of thought to which this conclusion gave birth, naturally led him into the field of Scripture history, the most ancient and authoritative source of historical information. The country of Mahomet forcibly recalled the Abrahamic origin of the Arabians. And from the recollection of their origin, the transition was direct to the existence of a promise from God to Abraham, concerning his son Ishmael, and of a prophecy respecting the future fortunes of *his* descendants, singularly parallel with the great prophetic promise concerning "his only son Isaac." On comparing the fortunes of both sons, in the history of their descendants, the Jews and the Arabians, and in the positive and relative influence of these kindred nations upon the general history of mankind, with the terms of the original twofold promise concerning them, there arises a beautiful and surprising proof of a designed connection, in their respective fulfilments, between the parts of that promise, from the exact and appropriate parallel which obtains between the historical events and circumstances. From Abraham, by his sons Isaac and Ishmael, went forth a twofold progeny, and a twofold promise. In each progeny the promise of Jehovah has, in point of fact, had a double

accomplishment, a temporal and a spiritual. Isaac, the legitimate heir, through Judaism and Christianity, has given laws and religion to a great portion of the inhabited world. Ishmael, the illegitimate seed, through the primitive Arabians, and the variously incorporated Moslems, has given laws and religion to a still larger portion of mankind. Isaac new-modelled the faith and morals of men: first, through his literal descendants, the Jews; and, secondly, through his spiritual descendants, the Christians. Ishmael effected a corresponding revolution in the world: first, through his literal descendants, the Arabs; and, secondly, through his spiritual descendants, the Turks and Tartars. In the case of Isaac, the change was wrought by the advent of Jesus Christ; a person uniting in himself, by divine appointment, the offices of prophet and apostle, of priest, lawgiver, and king; and whose character and claims are equally unprecedented. In that of Ishmael, the change was effected by the appearance of Mahomet; a person professing to unite in himself the same offices, as by the divine appointment; and presenting, in this union, the only known parallel to Jesus Christ and his typical forerunners, in the annals of the world.

'Throughout the two cases, the force of the parallel is heightened by the appropriateness of the contrast. The blessing promised by God to Abraham in behalf of his sons, was necessarily a divided portion, since "the son of the bondwoman could not be heir with the son of the freewoman." The division, it is observable, is apportioned with strict regard to this grand distinction, both in the wording of the two promises, and in the matter-of-fact accomplishments. The promise to Isaac is eminently a promise of a spiritual blessing: and it issues, accordingly, in the establishment upon earth, through his offspring, of a purely spiritual kingdom. The promise to Ishmael is predominantly a promise of a temporal blessing: and it, accordingly, appears to issue in the establishment upon earth, through his offspring, of a temporal as well as spiritual dominion. The birth of Isaac was the subject of promise; and the Messiah, the heir and dispenser of his blessing, came by promise. The birth of Ishmael was *not* the subject of promise; and Mahomet, the only analogous inheritor and conveyancer of his blessing, came without promise. Isaac was the legitimate seed; and, conformably with the dignity of his birthright, became the rightful promulgator, through Christ, his descendant, of the true faith of the Gospel. Ishmael was the illegitimate seed; and, consonantly with the disadvantage of his birth, became the suitable progenitor, through Mahomet, his descendant, of the spurious faith of the Koran. In a word, the parts of this entire parallel lie over against each other, like two answering tallies: the discrepancies contributing, perhaps still more than the agreements, to the completeness of the proof, by the just distance which they preserve between the original promises, as viewed in their fulfilments.

'The objects proposed in the following work are, to trace out these promises and fulfilments in their principal parts and bearings; to examine the case of Mahometanism, as a providential arrangement growing out of the Ishmaelitish covenant; and, by these means, to throw additional light on the truth and divine authority of the Gospel. It is hoped that, in the course of this argument, the chief difficulties of Mahometanism will be solved, and its embarrassments disentangled; while that which has hitherto been regarded as a triumph by the infidel, and a stumbling-block

by many a sincere Christian, will be converted into a new argument and evidence, in behalf of our most holy faith.'– pp. 69—74.

To most of our readers, the theory then advanced will doubtless, at first, be somewhat startling, but the hesitation with which it will be received, will be considerably diminished, as the inquirer proceeds with the volumes before us. He will find himself at the beginning, in a new country, where every object strikes him with astonishment, but his surprize will be gradually changed into a feeling, that he is nearer the goal than he could have imagined, and that, though the route is uncommon, it is surer than any other. We are obliged to confine our considerations to the introductory exposition of Mr. Forster's theory, as it enables us to give a more succinct view of his opinions than we could derive from the rest of the work, but the learning and ingenuity which every part of it displays, and the eloquent manner in which it is written, recommend it to an entire and careful perusal. The manner, however, in which he elucidates the mystery which so many great minds have failed to throw any considerable light, may be understood from our observations, and the extracts we have already given. The following will still farther explain his sentiments.

'The basis of the present argument is laid in the existence of a prophetic promise to Abraham, in behalf of his sons Isaac and Ishmael. By the terms of this promise, a blessing is annexed to the posterity of each; and on Ishmael, as well as on Isaac, this blessing is pronounced, because he was Abraham's seed, and as a special mark of the divine favour. This last consideration is worth attending to; since a promise to Ishmael, thus connected by Jehovah himself with his descent from the father of the faithful, seems to lead the mind naturally beyond the idea of a mere temporal fulfilment. *Some sufficient fulfilment* we are certainly authorised and bound to expect *for each branch of the original promise.* The striking literal correspondence between the terms of its two parts appears to sanction the further expectation of an analogy equally strong between the respective fulfilments: which expectation, moreover, receives fresh warrant from the fact, that the promise in behalf of Ishmael was granted in answer to a prayer of Abraham, *in which he implored for Ishmael, the blessing reserved for Isaac.* According to the original promise concerning each, Isaac and Ishmael were severally to become the fathers of great nations; and the history of these nations was also to be signally connected with the history and fortunes of mankind. The Jews were the prophetic offspring of the blessing to the younger, the Arabians of that to the elder son. The promise to Isaac had, in point of fact, first, a temporal fulfilment in the establishment of his race in Canaan, and secondly, a spiritual fulfilment in the advent of the Messiah, Jesus Christ, and in the establishment of Christianity throughout the world. In the promise to Ishmael, from the literal correspondence of the terms, coupled with the peculiar circumstances under which it was made, there seems to be just reason to look for an analogous double fulfilment. But the history of the Arabians, from the remotest antiquity, down to the seventh century of the Christian era, affords no shadow of a parallel. At this advanced point of time, a full and exact parallel is presented, in the appearance of Mahomet; and in

the establishment, through his instrumentality, by the descendants of Ishmael, first, of a temporal, and, secondly, of a spiritual dominion over a vast portion of the world. Here, in point of fact, there obtains a parallelism of accomplishment, in perfect accordance with the verbal parallelism which subsists between the two branches of the original promise. And the matter comes shortly to this plain issue: that either the promise to Ishmael has had *no* fulfilment analogous with that made to Isaac, with which it yet so singularly corresponds; or it has found its fulfilment, as the facts of the case so strongly indicate, in the rise and success of Mahomet, and in the temporal and spiritual establishment of the Mahometan superstition.

'A most remarkable twofold prediction on the one hand, and an equally remarkable double and corresponding issue on the other, thus lie over against each other like two answering tallies. The facts of the analogy are incontrovertible; they require to be solved; and they admit of but the one satisfactory solution. We have only to receive the original promise to Abraham, according to the terms of it, as germinant and parallel in both its parts; and to recognise in Christianity and Mahometanism its twofold fulfilment; and the whole doubts and difficulties of the question disappear.

'The principle of this argument, it will be observed, is doubly sustained; first, by its perfect correspondence with the promises and prophecies of Scripture, and, secondly, by its accordance with the actual phenomena.

'But the circumstances under which the twofold promise to Abraham was made, necessarily suppose, together with a marked analogy, a wide interval in the characters of the two accomplishments. Isaac was the son of the free-woman, the legitimate seed, the true child and heir of promise: Ishmael was the son of the bond-woman, the illegitimate seed, and neither the offspring nor inheritor of any promise preceding his natural conception. The nature of the case, therefore, requires a distance to be preserved between the blessings, suitable to that which obtained between these brethren; and points out, at the same time, what, apparently, this distance ought to be. If from Isaac was to spring the true religion; from Ishmael there might be expected to arise, as the counterpart, a spurious faith. If the true Messiah, the descendant of Isaac, and who, like him, came *by* promise, was to be the founder of the one creed; a counterfeit Messiah, the descendant of Ishmael, and who, like him, should come *without* promise, could be the only appropriate founder of the other. These anticipations are obviously suggested, antecedently, by the circumstances of the case; and they are accurately met by the whole phenomena of Christianity and Mahometanism.'—pp. 87—91.

The full development of this striking and interesting theory embraces a wide field of learned investigation. The comparison of Mahometanism with Judaism, of the two great divisions of the patriarchal family with each other, and the parallel which is run between the history of the one and the other, are replete with useful observations, and deserve perusal for their intrinsic value, independent of the theory to which they are appended. The same remark holds good of the other parts of the work of which we should gladly extract the substance did our limits allow, but we must place it among the productions that, from the value of their contents, defy

our attempts to give more than the bare outline. With the following summary, therefore, which the author has given of his erudite argument, we must conclude.

'In the first section, the fundamental principle of a providential connection between the Mahometan arch-heresy, and the Jewish and Christian revelations, is supported by ample proof, drawn from scripture, of the establishment of two distinct, but parallel, covenants, on the part of God, with Abraham, in favour of his sons, Isaac and Ishmael.

'But the analogy, which has been there shown to subsist between the terms of these covenants, pre-supposes the existence of a certain relation and correspondence in their respective fulfilments; in other words, between the religious systems which eventually emanated from them.

'The presumption which thus arose, antecedently, from the scriptural evidences given in the first section, is progressively confirmed, through the twelve succeeding sections; which it is hoped, establish the following series of matter-of-fact analogies, between Judaism and Christianity, on the one hand, and Mahometanism on the other.

'1. The true revelation, and the spurious revelation, agree, in being alike subjects of prophecy, both in the Old Testament, and in the New: a distinction, be it observed, belonging to no other religious system. 2. They correspond historically, to an extraordinary extent, in resemblances between the founders, which strongly indicate their relation, as Christ and antichrist; and in resemblances between the religions themselves, in their entire rise and progress, which amply corroborate that relation. 3. In their respective moral schemes, they coincide, in a degree suited to the real pretension of Mahometanism, as the spurious counterpart of the law and gospel; its moral code being clearly plagiarized, in the lower features, from carnal Judaism, and in the higher, from the divine morality of Christianity. And the kind and degree of relationship which obtains in morals, extends itself, 4. to the doctrines of the opposed religions, and 5. to their rites. 6. They concur in the possession of written laws, preserved in books alike called sacred, and purporting to be inspired; bearing the same titles, and presenting, to a large extent, similar contents,—the Koran being, in point of fact, a spurious parody of the Bible. 7. The parallel manifested between the three creeds, under each and all of the preceding heads of comparison, is further maintained in the history of their several sects and heresies. 8. The papal and Mahometan Apostasies possess a common character, as the Eastern and Western heads of that antichrist, prophesied of in Scripture; and, while they exactly coincide in order of time, they so correspond in their general effects, as to be, in their whole antichristian properties, nothing more, nor less, than two different perversions of the one true religion. 9. The kindred quality of these apostasies, discernible in ten thousand examples, is demonstrated by one,—the common prophetic harvest of blood and desolation, sown in the corruptions of the Eastern and Western churches, and reaped, and gathered in, through twelve centuries, by the rival sacred wars of Popery and Mahometanism. 10. In the last place, under the almighty and all-merciful control of Him, who of old established his covenants with Abraham, and who keepeth covenant to the days of a thousand generations, Christianity and Mahometanism have been seen, hand joined in hand, co-operating in the general restoration and advancement of industry, commerce, and civilization, of arts, sciences, philosophy, and literature, in every quarter of the habitable globe.

But if the fundamental principle of this argument be just,—if its derivation from the lesser covenant of Ishmael furnishes the true solution of the success of Mahometanism,—it is plainly impossible, that this manifold relationship, subsisting between the true and the spurious revelation, can terminate here. In such a view of the subject, the joint agency and influences of the two great religious systems, in every prior stage, can be regarded only as intermediate; and as leading up to a final spiritual consummation.'—pp. 62—65.

From the novelty of the view which is thus given of Mahometanism, and the ability displayed by the author, we shall be greatly mistaken, if a serious discussion of the whole subject be not revived among the learned men of this country. Oriental literature is daily becoming more studied, and the means, consequently, of judging of the intimate effects of Ismalism, more numerous. Admirable as is the general vein of reasoning pursued by Mr. Forster, there are yet several minor but still important points in his system which offer room for controversy, and which we should rejoice to see fairly and judiciously discussed. For ourselves, we regard his production as highly valuable, and meriting the attention of all who are interested either in the religious or civil history of the world. We confess, there are parts of his work on which we have felt inclined to offer opposite sentiments, but they are such as do not properly come within our province to discuss at length, and we therefore rest contented with having introduced to our readers a very admirable book, excellent in its design, and acute and erudite in its contents. To the reader who shall feel less interest in the proper subject of the work, we recommend the chapters on the Crusades, and on the influence of Mahometanism on the manners and character of the people, among whom it has been established. They are excellent commentaries on history, and no one who has read Gibbon, should remain a day without perusing the author's admirable observations on the religious wars of the middle ages.

ART. II.—*Recently discovered Monuments of Nubia, on the Banks of the Nile, from the first to the second Cataracts. Drawn and measured in the year* 1819, *and published in Continuation of the great French work on Egypt.* By F. C. Gau, of Cologne. Stuggart und Tübingen. Cotta. Printed at Paris, by F. Didôt. London: Black and Young.

AMONG the most interesting and instructive means of tracing the history and culture of nations, architectural remains have always been justly considered of the highest importance. Existing monuments of the grandeur and power of former ages, they are invested with additional interest, as indicative of the creative power of the human mind, and in this respect, perhaps, architecture deserves a higher rank than any of the sister arts. These last may find in nature and reality, their prototype in forms as well as in spirit; but the former

has its origin in the development and expansion of geometrical principles, the existence of which can, indeed, in some few instances, be discerned in natural objects so manifestly, as to strike even a careless observer, but which can only be traced throughout in all their sublime and harmonizing symmetry, by minds which, extricating themselves from the degrading confusion of details, exalt themselves to general laws.

Few things are so mortifying to our pride, as to find ourselves constantly baffled in our researches, and the wealth of these remains only sets the poverty of our information in a stronger contrast. Ages, upon which the modesty of modern times, imitating the Greeks and Romans in their arrogance, has been pleased, gratuitously, to confer the appellation of barbarous, leave behind them indelible proofs of their advancement in various arts and sciences, which we contemplate in wonder and despair. The mind that directed, and the hand that executed, these mighty works, have equally disappeared, and left no clue by which we can discover to whom we might offer the incense of our praise.

Every fresh discovery furnishes new proofs of our comparative ignorance of the globe which we inhabit, and the constant, although gradual, alterations which its surface undergoes, will always afford sufficient employment for human enterprise and speculations, concealing long known regions from the view, and unveiling others that have for ages been concealed, overturning many a fine-spun theory, but presenting new and interesting facts in the history of the human race. Africa has always been a favourite field for the exploring traveller; in all probability containing the earliest specimens of human art, it has, for centuries, attracted the attention of the learned; but the work of discovery proceeded slowly, the requisites for such an undertaking demanded a union of bodily and mental powers that fall but to the lot of few, and many instead of thinking for themselves, were content to pursue the beaten track, and return to their own country, swelling the number of books of voyages and travels, but seldom adding anything to our real knowledge. In later times greater energy and skill were directed to this object. The French expedition, disastrous enough in many respects, reaped glory in this, and the researches of Clarke, Belzoni, and many other enthusiastic and enterprising travellers, continued what they had begun.

But whilst Egypt was explored in different directions, Nubia was comparatively neglected, and this circumstance induced Mr. Gau, of Cologne, a gentleman enthusiastically attached to ancient art, to devote his attention to the monuments existing in that country. He has given us the results of his labours in the splendid work before us, which eclipses everything of the kind which we have hitherto seen in the German language, and may proudly be placed beside the work of which it is given as a continuation. It is beautifully printed in royal folio, by Didôt, and the plates are exe-

cuted in a manner worthy of the magnificence with which the work is got up.

The greatest praise is due to Mr. Gau for the perseverance with which, under trying circumstances, he prosecuted his investigations; we only regret that he has not given us a more copious personal narrative of his travels. This, however, we collect from the numbers before us, he intends to do in a separate volume; and it is hardly to be expected, that in the letter press accompanying so costly a work as the present, anything would find a place but what related directly to the more immediate object of the undertaking.

Of what he has given we shall now proceed to give an account, as from the nature of the work we can hardly expect to see it translated.

After a residence of four years in Rome, and just as he was about to return home, Mr. Gau received from Niebuhr, the celebrated historian, an unexpected proposal to accompany the Baron de Sack in his travels into the East. The Baron had been ordered by his physicians to a warmer climate, and wishing that the arts might derive some benefit from his journey, had engaged Dr. Müller, a young scholar of considerable talent, to accompany him. He was, however, prevented from fulfilling his engagement, and Mr. Gau was applied to. He had but a few days to decide upon this important subject, but the opportunity thus offered of gratifying his desire of seeing the East, induced him to accept the proposal. Circumstances, however, which are only indirectly mentioned, and with which, of course, the public have nothing to do, induced the companions to separate soon after they arrived at Alexandria, and our traveller was reduced to the disagreeable necessity of returning without effecting his object, or of continuing his travels with limited means. Fortunately for his reputation he preferred the latter, and it is not the least favourable trait in his character, that he not only endured the difficulties and privations of the journey without complaining, but that he hardly ever alludes to them. If there is anything with which we should be disposed to find fault, it is the exclusive spirit which occasionally displays itself in the description of places which other travellers had previously visited, or whose accounts have been given to the public between the intervals of Mr. Gau's travels and the appearance of his volume; but to this we shall have another opportunity of alluding. The extracts which we give will enable the reader to form his own opinion of the merits and defects of the literary part of the work.

In all his remarks the lover of antiquity is predominant, and his enthusiastic devotion finds novelty in every subject connected with his favourite pursuit. Cairo, and other places equally familiar, are described with all the zest of novelty, and the opinion that the pyramids are intended for tombs, is given as oracularly as if it was now heard for the first time. We mention these, however, more as traits illustrative of the character of the traveller, than as faults pervading the work.

Mr. Gau had provided himself with letters to the Catholic cloisters of the different stations, but at Cairo, to his mortification and surprise, the Prior, with a thousand polite apologies, excused himself from receiving him, as the lodging was reserved for another foreigner. This foreigner was the Baron de Sack, his former fellow traveller, who was neither a pilgrim nor a Catholic, but was considered a rich man, and although, says Mr. Gau, 'I will not assert that it was on this account that he was preferred to the poor pilgrim, yet I met with many such instances even in the Holy Land, and I am sorry that on this point I cannot agree with the noble author of the "Itineraire de Paris à Jerusalem." In the accounts of most travellers, the inhabitants of Egypt and Nubia do not appear in a very favourable light; Mr. Gau, however, defends them, and observes, that he met with no difficulties and obstructions but such as arose from the climate and the nature of the country. He attributes this to the course he adopted, avoiding the extremes of magnificence and parsimony; and in alluding to the behaviour of other travellers, he observes, that Belzoni's manner of proceeding was not calculated to prepossess the people in his favour. If any justification of Belzoni were necessary, Mr. Gau himself has furnished one, by his indirect observations on the cupidity of the people at the ruins of Abussambul. It should be recollected that the object of that enterprising traveller was more extensive than that proposed by Mr. Gau, and brought him more into contact with the prejudices of the people. But the fairest means of trying the merits of travellers who have visited the same spot, is by the success of their efforts, and tried by this test, Belzoni is triumphantly victorious. We wish the more particularly to direct the attention of our readers to this topic, as the German traveller has omitted to mention the name of Belzoni on an occasion in which he was entitled to the most honourable notice. We allude to the investigations among the ruins of Abussambul (Yssambul).

Belzoni first attracted public attention to these extraordinary remains, and, admitting that Mr. Gau had previously discovered the temple, Belzoni could have known nothing of it. Mr. Gau found the entrance choked up with sand, and merely a little opening to creep in at. Belzoni removed the sand and rendered the temple more accessible. Had this been accomplished by the former traveller, he would not have now to lament that his studies of the most important monument of Nubia are the most incomplete. There is much in the present volume that does great credit to the German traveller, but the eulogy of a traveller whom he evidently considered his rival, or at least a just report of his discoveries, would have formed the noblest ornament to his splendid work.

At Thebes he found the French Consul-General, M. Drovetti, to whose friendship he acknowledges himself indebted for the success of all his attempts in that country. He passed some time in studying the remains of antiquity, and visiting the public and private

buildings which had been discovered since the French expedition. He then sailed up the Nile, to prosecute the chief object of his travels. A Mameluke, formerly in the French service, accompanied him as an interpreter, and an Hungarian deserter, as his servant. Thus attended, and with a crew of four men and a pilot, he arrived in ten days at the harbour of Assuan, the ancient Syene, on the confines of Egypt and Nubia. From the Turkish commander he obtained the necessary permission to pass the Cataracts, and likewise to retain his Egyptian vessel, instead of exchanging it for a Nubian, as the law requires.

Having accompanied our traveller to the sphere of his operations, we shall proceed to give an account of his discoveries. This may, however, naturally be preceded by an abridged view of his principles and opinions on the subject of Nubian remains, and which, although we do not acknowledge their validity in every respect, may be submitted to our readers for their consideration. These are contained in the three following positions.

1. The monuments of Nubia comprise the whole history of Egyptian architecture.

All Egyptian architecture has its types in the Nubian monuments, from the first attempts hewn in the rocks, to the detached buildings erected under the Ptolemies and the Romans. The history of this art embraces three periods, which can be easily distinguished from each other.

To the first, belong the monuments hewn in the mountains, and which, in the progress of art, were adorned, first, with coarse, and afterwards with less imperfect sculptures. The second period is the bloom of the art in Egypt. They no longer built temples in grottoes or beside rocks, but boldly, and detached, in plains. The third, and last period, embraces the decay of Egyptian architecture. The immense masses, with their serious character, had disappeared, and free and lighter buildings arose in their stead. To this epoch belong the monuments of Maharaga, and Gartass, in Nubia, many buildings in Egypt, and in particular the two peripteric temples on the islands, Phylæ and Elephantine.

2dly. Lower Nubia is the cradle of Egyptian Architecture. Of all the monuments, those hewn in the rocks and between the first and second Cataracts of the Nile, if we may judge from their forms, are the most antient. If we compare these productions of the infancy of the art with the monuments of Egypt, it is not only possible to discover by *infallible* (?) signs that they are of earlier date, but it is not difficult, for a practised eye, to discover in the former the marks of originality, and in the latter, the character of imitation. The Nubian monuments are therefore the models of all Egyptian architecture. To affirm that the detached buildings are of older date than those hewn in the mountains, would be to argue against the clearest proofs.

3dly. The monuments of Hindostan are of later origin than those of Nubia.

Mr. Gau appears to have adopted this opinion from the ornaments on some of the edifices, which were evidently comparatively of modern date; but nothing positive can be drawn from this circumstance. As these opinions are merely given unsupported by reasons for their adoption, we may be excused from adopting them implicitly. We have great respect for Mr. Gau's knowledge of the subject, but we do not think that he has successfully established his favourite principles. Many of the differences in style may be traced to the nature of the country, and several of the monuments of Hindostan and Egypt, are unquestionably of very high antiquity.

To these data we may offer the observations of M. Letronne, in his *Recherches pour servir à l'histoire de l'Egypte pendant la domination des Grecs et des Romains.*

'The Egyptian religion continued under the Persian, the Greek, and at least under the two first centuries of the Roman dominion, without any essential alteration.

'The Egyptians, under the protection of the Lagidæ and the Emperors, at least until the end of the second century of our reckoning, preserved their temples in a tolerably perfect state, enlarged and adorned them, nay, even built new ones, which in style and architecture were so similar to the old, that it requires considerable experience to distinguish between them.'

Mr. Gau promises at some future time to attempt to fix the period at which the Egyptians began to build in granite, and pronounces it as his opinion that they did not do so before the dominion of the Romans, and we shall therefore postpone any observations on this subject, until we see by what arguments it is supported.

'The remains of old towns in Nubia may be divided into two classes, namely, those which are built by the bank on a slight declivity, and those which are situated on higher hills, rocks, or mountains. The first usually form a square, one side of which faces the river, and is open, but the other three consist of a thick wall of unburnt bricks. The wall opposite the stream, and facing the desert, has generally no opening, but in the two adjacent sides are one or more entrances opposite each other. Such is the position of the towns or forts near Dekkeh, Girscheh and Gartass. The towns in the plain near the bank, and built in the form of a square, are without doubt of Egyptian origin; but those of the second class, which lie on the mountains, and have an irregular form, are, to all appearance, of later date, and probably Roman castles. I conclude so from the difference in form and situation, which corresponds with the peculiarities of both these nations. Thus the fort of Ibrim, which, from the resemblance of the names, has been supposed to be Primis, is a Roman, and not an old Egyptian town. In this respect it is likewise worthy of observation, that the principal building in all the forts situated on high rocks, is usually a Christian Church, which is either built in the place itself, or its vicinity, and in its arrangement exhibits the form of the Roman Basilika.'—p. 10.

It is remarkable, that with the exception of the little monument at Balanje, and that at Derri, all the Egyptian monuments lie on the west coast, covered with sand. Burckhardt was of opinion, that

the old Egyptians had, perhaps, adored their good Deities chiefly in those places where they had most to fear from the hostile Typhon, or personified desert. To this, Mr. Gau objects that the foundations of several temples on the western coast, are built on the black soil deposited by the Nile in its inundations, and that it is not to be imagined that these magnificent buildings, erected at a vast expense, in which so many priests resided, would have been erected in a desert. If, indeed, it be asserted that these are not temples, but burial places, there would be a reason for preferring such a situation. But the inscriptions on most of these monuments, prove that they were temples, and not burial places, and where there is no inscription, the similarity of arrangements justifies the conclusion, that they were erected for the same purpose. But another question as difficult, remains to be answered. Why are the Nubian monuments likewise on the west side, and why has the destruction by sand operated at a later period? This destruction is so rapid, that in a town visited by Mr. Gau, the inhabitants had been obliged to leave their habitations, which were fast disappearing from the rapid accumulation of the sand.

Our traveller is so enraptured with every thing that savours of antiquity, that he takes occasion, from the long entrances and preparations to the sanctuary and sanctity, to give the preference to the disposition of the heathen temples over our modern churches, 'which are frequently in the very street, so that we have often one foot in the threshold of the sanctuary, and the other in the street.

We confess we do not entirely agree with him. Religion should stand beside the affairs of the world; it should not require a separate object to go into the house of God; it should be near us, and invite us to enter its portals.

The inscriptions which Mr. Gau copied are as interesting to philologists, as the monuments of Nubia are important for the history of architecture. They were placed in the hands of Messrs. Niebuhr and Letronne, and these scholars have annexed their emendations and explanations. The former read a Latin treatise on the three principal explanations in the Academy of Antiquities, which is published in the first volume of their Transactions. He was assisted by Mr. David Bailie, who had travelled through Nubia, and had taken copies of several inscriptions, but Niebuhr only used those, which were likewise in Gau's Collection, in order to ascertain their correctness. Besides the inscriptions noticed in this treatise, the historian has given an explanation of many which were found at Kalapsche, Maharraga, Gartass, and other places.

At Gartass, almost all the inscriptions are προσκυνηματα, in which the worshipper generally names himself, priest of Gomos.—Gomos is no God, but is simply the Greek for freight, *i. e.* the stones of the quarry. The probable explanation is, that the meritorious work of forwarding the stones for building the temple, was encouraged and rewarded by the honour of this sacerdotal dignity.

The Nubian inscriptions are more important than the Egyptian. Some of them are of the time of the Ptolemies, most, of the Romans, principally written in Greek, and very few in the old Egyptian dialect. These inscriptions throw some light on the history of the Roman dominion in Nubia, and the worship of the Gods under the Emperors. It appears from these, that under the Romans, Greek was the prevailing language in Nubia.

Many of these inscriptions are receipts from Roman soldiers for rations, &c. Many of them προσκυνηματα, there is one of Silko, of whom history is silent, but the monument is not earlier than the time of Trajan. There is also a decree of Aurelius Besario, that all swine should be banished from the holy district; and a curious dial table, showing the length of the shadow at different periods.

We must now take our leave of this work, but we hope that Mr. Gau in his promised volumes, will enter more at large on the different subjects which, in the present volume, he was obliged to notice so briefly.

ART. III.—*The Life of John Locke, with Extracts from his Correspondence, Journals, and Common-place Books.* By Lord King. 4to. pp. 407. London: Colburn. 1829.

WHILE we cannot help looking upon the attempts of the ancient Egyptians to secure immortality, by rearing pyramids, and embalming their dead, as marked instances of what we may call physical foolery,—we think it was a singularly fine custom of the same people, as recorded by Herodotus, to appoint a competent jury of elders to sit in judgment upon the characters of persons deceased, that they might ascertain the degree of praise or censure due to their memories. Such a custom we can readily suppose was calculated to produce a happy effect on the morals of the survivant; for the prospect of posthumous celebrity would stimulate the ingenious in the career of virtue; whilst the profligate would be restrained in their evil courses, by the dread of future infamy. Every biographer should consider himself as vested with an office similar to that of the ancient Egyptian jury, and endeavour to weigh, impartially, the excellencies and defects of the subject of his narrative, and relate them in such a manner as may tend to lead his readers to emulate the former, and to avoid the latter. If we wish, indeed, to form a fair estimate of the excellencies of any individual, we should consider them not merely in themselves, but also in connection with the times that gave them birth. The man who is able to rise superior to the errors of his day, deserves a higher meed of honour than he who merely excels in those attainments which are sanctioned by the popular suffrage, and are the objects of general admiration. Bearing this in mind, we must regard Locke as a star of the first magnitude, rising in a period of mystical darkness, which had long overclouded the philosophical

hemisphere, previous to the dawn of a brighter day, whose first dim rays of light had not long begun to streak the horizon.

The most illustrious example in philosophical history, of a great genius, trained and bridled to the most strict and prosaic temperance of manner and style, has been afforded by Lord Bacon; and, if there is any thing more striking than his powerful, yet delicate grasp, of all that imagery, or language, could contribute to his purpose, it is the resolute curb maintained on his own copiousness; the wilful neglect to draw on his unexhausted stores for novel illustration, when some familiar, or already used comparison, would suffice him; the resolute self-denial, or denial, rather of license to those vagrant and seductive propensities and tricks of false eloquence, and obscure or artificial elevation, whereby that great mind would have been spoiled of its symmetry. In his own words he tells us, in his "Interpretation of Nature," that "the very styles and forms of utterance of men were so many characters of imposture, some choosing a style of pugnacity and contention, some of satire and reprehension, some of plausible and tempting similitudes and examples, some of great words and high discourse, some of short and dark sentences, some of exactness of method, all of positive affirmation—without disclosing the true motives and proofs of their opinions, or freely confessing their ignorance or doubts, except it be now and then for a grace, and in cunning to win the more credit in the rest, and not in good faith." And this censure of the various modes of language in others, involved the self-approval, however unconscious, of his own. The same sobriety of tone which has conciliated submission to the intellectual empire of Bacon, may be suspected to have been still more influential in substantiating the title to an all but equal eminence in the person of him, who pursued in the province of mind a similar enterprise to that which his great master, urged by "ill-matched ambition," left unfinished in the field of physical science. Those who do not celebrate the genius of Locke with fiercer ardour than assorts with the calm spirit they apotheosise, will confess that the great charm of his work, is the clearness of exposition with which he has given the results of a deliberate, unimpassioned survey, combined with that which is a surer indication of a truly philosophical spirit, than any outward characters of style can furnish—the determination, ever avowed and acted on, to recal investigation from abstractions to realities

This restrained sedateness of expression, however, which, in Bacon is enforced upon the vigour of an ever active mind and teeming fancy, in LOCKE appears the only medium of communication suitable to the quality and structure of his thoughts. The style of Bacon is studiously levelled and familiarised, when the abstruseness of his topics requires facilities for apprehension; the style of Locke naturally runs on a level, and is familiar, as it seldom needs to deviate from the common-place experience of

others. We consult him as an accurate observer of the ordinary phenomena of thought and speech, and as a cool and acute exposer of the ordinary fallacies which infest the daily exercise and use of both. But we rarely, if ever, find in him a clear and rapid insight into the more mysterious processes of either; still less are we constrained to feel and acknowledge that extended intellectual mastery, embracing alike the nearest and the most remote objects, which, to mental readers alone, can secure the allegiance of their followers. We admire the shrewd contemplator of the human understanding, who, having well observed the functions and operations of the moral frame in its full size and maturity, can then shew us in its infantine and nascent state, the parts which, in its future growth, are to swell with yet unawakened powers and capacities. But the question will suggest itself. Could the moral constitution, which, having first been seen in maturity, seems thus easily reduced into its primary and original elements, have been anticipated merely from such data as its earliest sensations will furnish? Is there not as it were a new element of being introduced at every succeeding epoch of physical and moral existence? Are these likely to be detected in their real strength and subtlety by any cold and formal process of analysis, or are there not mental characters, traced as it were in sympathetic ink, needing warmth as well as light to be legible. The plain and somewhat prolix monotony of Locke, may bear much of the appearance, nay, reality of sober and sincere investigation; but can never with impunity stray out of these subjects to which a dry, unwieldy style appears to many, the most appropriate. An example of this, is the comparative neglect under which the bulk of Locke's writings labour: and how fortunate soever his political treatises were in the crisis of their first appearance, it will now be confessed, that they cannot bear a moment's comparison with the similar speculations of Hooker or Bolingbroke.

His practical politics, indeed, (if we may use the expression) were still less sound than some of his theoretical views, as is proved by a well known and very remarkable fact; his popularity as a political writer caused him to be selected to draw up a form of government for the rising colony of Carolina, and, impressed with the importance of the trust, he exerted all his talents to construct a perfect model. The result, however, as it might have been readily foreseen, was, that his perfect model of colonial government, tended only to retard the growing prosperity of the colony, and to embroil the settlers with their administration. This failure was not, we may safely affirm, the least discredit to the speculative tact of Locke, as a writer; but it showed a manifest deficiency in his practical knowledge of human nature—a deficiency also exhibited by a man rather more sagacious in worldly matters than our philosopher—the celebrated William Penn was inconsiderate enough to devise, for Pennsylvania, one of those schemes of government which it is so easy to construct, but so utterly impossible to reduce to

practice; but it was wisely abandoned before its inadequacy produced such violent effects as Locke's system had done in Carolina. We cannot account for the extraordinary circumstance that Lord King has omitted this striking fact in the work before us, particularly as he seems to admire Locke's politics as highly as his philosophy. We are not among those who advocate the baneful doctrine of passive obedience—a class of persons whose "approbation or favour in the present undertaking" Lord King does not expect; but we certainly think that in writing a life of such a man as Locke, a political failure so important as the one we have just mentioned, ought to have been carefully recorded. Instead of this, we find the following remarks upon the political part of his life, with which the fact we have mentioned by no means accords, nor do we subscribe to all that is said upon the subject.

'He was engaged not only in metaphysical and logical researches, but in most of the great questions which agitated men's minds in religion and politics during the period in which he lived, and greater questions certainly never were decided than those contended for between the time of the civil wars of Charles the First, and the Revolution of 1688. Whatever may be the inaccuracies or errors in his abstract principles, and many exceptionable passages may no doubt be found in his works, yet it is allowed that, when writing on political questions, he thoroughly weighed and maturely considered the practical results, and arrived at conclusions which are always just, generous, and prudent.

'It was within the compass of his life that the great question of Toleration was first agitated, and by his exertions, in great part decided. For it must not be supposed that the Reformation conferred a general freedom of conscience or liberty of enquiry in religious concerns. No greater latitude of examination (except in that one sense as set forth by authority) was either intended or permitted after the Reformation, than had been allowed under the Roman church. One tyranny was replaced by another; and the new church was no less intolerant than its predecessor. The civil magistrate first assumed the direction of the Reformation in England, then formed a league with the church (falsely so called) and usurped that dominion over opinion and faith which the Popes had usurped before. The state church now made the same imperious demand for the prostration of the understanding, and the will of the people committed to their charge, always so much coveted by every priesthood, which has the power to enforce it. We exchanged, at the Reformation, a foreign spiritual head for an equally supreme dictatorship at home. All who presumed to differ from the established rule, were smitten by that double-edged sword which the civil power wielded against the Papists on one side, and the "fanatics on the other, *ultra citraque nefas*, it treated with equal severity those who yielded too much to authority, and those who yielded too little."

'In one respect, the Reformation conferred an unmixed benefit; it dispersed the wealth, and broke the power of the priesthood; as for toleration, or any true notion of religious liberty, or any general freedom of conscience, we owe them, not in the least degree to what is called the Church of England. On the contrary, we owe all these to the Independents, in the time of the Commonwealth, and to Locke, their most illustrious and enlightened disciple.

'If we consider the political changes which it was his fortune to witness, and the important effects produced by his opinions and his writings, in promoting the free exercise of reason, which he considered as the highest of all the high interests of mankind, and that on the security of which all others depended, we shall be of opinion that his lot was cast at the time the most fortunate for himself and for the improvement of mankind. Had he lived a century earlier, he might have been an enquirer, indeed, or a reformer, or perhaps a martyr; but the Reformation, which was brought about by passion and interest, more than by reason, was not the occasion for the exercise of his peculiar talents. Had he lived at a later period, the season and the opportunity suited to his genius might have passed by.

'It was, also, within the compass of his life, that the other great contest was decided in England; whether the rights of kings were to be paramount to all laws, to supersede all laws, and to dispense with all laws: or whether the subjects of England were to possess and enjoy their ancient undoubted rights and liberties, as claimed and asserted at the Revolution, of which Locke was the most successful advocate. His object in the treatise of civil government, was, as he says, "to establish the throne of our great restorer, our present King William; to make good his title in the consent of the people, which being the only one of all lawful governments, he has more fully and clearly than any prince in Christendom; and to justify to the world, the people of England, whose love of their just and natural rights, with the resolution to preserve them, saved the nation when it was on the very brink of slavery and ruin."

'Sir James Mackintosh, after praising the caution for which Locke's Treatise on Government is so remarkable, bearing, as he says, every where the marks of his own considerate mind, has observed that "the circumstances of his life rendered it a long warfare against the enemies of freedom in philosophizing, freedom in worship, and freedom from every political restraint which necessity did not justify. In his noble zeal for liberty of thought, he dreaded the tendency of doctrines which might gradully prepare mankind to "*swallow that for an innate principle, which may suit his purpose, who teacheth them.*" He might well be excused, if in the ardour of his generous conflict, he sometimes carried beyond the bounds of calm and neutral reason, his repugnance to doctrines, which, as they were then generally explained, he justly regarded as capable of being employed to shelter absurdity from detection, to stop the progress of free enquiry, and to subject the general reason to the authority of a few individuals.'—p. 278.

Our discovery of the singular omission of Lord King, has led us, however, from the more important portion of the volume; the design of the noble author being 'to make Mr. Locke, as far as possible, his own biographer, from the letters and memorials which still remained,' and which are in his own possession. He tells us in the Preface, that, 'after the death of Locke, his papers, correspondence, and manuscripts, came into the possession of Sir Peter King, his near relation and sole executor. They consisted of the originals of many of his printed works, and of some which were never published; of his very extensive correspondence with his friends both in England and abroad; of a journal which he kept during his travels in France and Holland; of his common-place

books; and of many miscellaneous papers; all of which have been preserved in the same scrutoir in which they had been deposited by their author, and which was probably removed to this place, Ockham, in 1710.'

With so great advantages as seldom fall to the lot of biographers, we were entitled to expect much that is interesting, and upon the whole, we have been highly gratified and rarely disappointed. Upon the authority of his celebrated friend Le Clerc, Locke is said to have regretted his education at the University of Oxford, no doubt, from the extended views which he was subsequently led to form respecting education, and in which, to the present hour, the older Universities are greatly behind the progress of society. There can be little doubt, indeed, that in the more extended sense of the word, every man must educate himself, for no teacher, however skilful, can instruct a pupil in that to which he has a decided and unconquerable repugnance; and on the contrary, when a pupil takes a liking to any particular branch of learning, he will in most cases master it without the assistance of a teacher, and even in defiance of prohibitions. The following passage from Lord King's volume, is upon these points exceedingly interesting.

'It may be said, without offence to that ancient University, that Locke, though educated within her walls, was much more indebted to himself than to his instructors, and that he was in himself an instance of that self-teaching, always the most efficient and valuable, which he afterwards so strongly recommends. In answer to a letter from the Earl of Peterborough, who had applied to him to recommend a tutor for his son, he says, "I must beg leave to own, that I differ a little from your Lordship in what you propose; your Lordship would have a thorough scholar, and I think it not much matter whether he had any great scholar or no: if he but understand Latin well, and have a general scheme of the sciences, I think that enough: but I would have him well-bred, well tempered; a man that having been conversant with the world and amongst men, would have great application in observing the humour and genius of my Lord, your son; and omit nothing that might help to form his mind, and dispose him to virtue, knowledge and industry. This I look upon as the great business of a tutor; this is putting life into his pupil, which when he has got, masters of all kinds are easily to be had: for when a young gentleman has got a relish for knowledge, the love and credit of doing well spurs him on; he will with or without teachers, make great advances in whatever he has a mind to. Mr. Newton learned his mathematics only of himself; and another friend of mine, Greek (wherein he is very well skilled) without a master; though both these studies seem more to require the help of a tutor than almost any other." In a letter to the same person on the same subject, 1697, he says: "when a man has got an entrance into any of the sciences, it will be time then to depend on himself, and rely upon his own understanding, and exercise his own faculties, which is the only way to improvement and mastery." After recommending the study of history, he farther says: "The great end of such histories as Livy, is to give an account of the actions of man as embodied in society, and so of the true foundation of politics; but the flourishings and decays of commonwealths depending not barely on the present time for what is done

within themselves, but most commonly on remote and precedent constitution and events, and a train of concurrent actions amongst their neighbours as well as themselves; the order of time is absolutely necessary to a due knowledge and improvement of history, as the order of sentences in an author, is necessary to be kept, to make any sense of what he says. With the reading of history, I think the study of morality should be joined; I mean not the ethics of the schools fitted to dispute, but such as Tully in his Offices, Puffendorf de Officio Hominis et Civis, de Jure Naturali et Gentium, and above all, what the New Testament teaches, wherein a man may learn to live, which is the business of ethics, and not how to define and dispute about names of virtues and vices. True politics I look on as a part of moral philosophy, which is nothing but the art of conducting men right in society, and supporting a community amongst its neighbours.'

There are few readers, we think, who will not agree with those profound and judicious remarks, and still fewer, who will not be pleased to see the first germ of Locke's most celebrated work, the "Essay on the Human Understanding," as thus given by Lord King.

'The original copy, in his own handwriting, dated 1671, is still preserved, and I find the first sketch of that work in his Common-place Book, beginning thus:—

"'Sic cogitavit de intellectu humano Johannes Locke, an. 1671. Intellectus Humanus cum cognitionis certitudine et assensus formitate.

"'First, I imagine, that all knowledge is founded, and ultimately derives itself from sense, or something analogous to it, and may be called sensation, which is done by our senses conversant about particular objects, which gives us the simple ideas, or images of things, and thus we come to ideas of heat and light, hard and soft, which are nothing but the reviving again in our minds these imaginations which those objects, when they affected our senses, caused in us,—whether by motion, or otherwise, it matters not here to consider,—and thus we do, when we conceive heat or light, yellow or blue, sweet or bitter, and therefore, I think that those things which we call sensible qualities, are the simplest ideas we have, and the first object of our understanding." The Essay must, therefore, have remained in the author's possession above eighteen years before he gave it to the world, and in that space of time corrections and alterations had been made. His earliest work, however, was of a political nature, and of a date much anterior, and although evidently intended for publication, was never printed.'—p. 7.

It was upon the principle of which the above extract contains the first germ, that Locke attempted to develope a new system of metaphysics, subversive of the Grecian doctrines of innate ideas;—a principle, however, as it was afterwards developed, and subsequently misrepresented and twisted from its original import,—which has been in a great measure the origin of the modern school of Materialism and Atheism. Aristotle, the greatest master of Grecian metaphysics, with all his errors and heresies, was of too comprehensive a mind, too well informed, and of too much metaphysical acumen, not to perceive that something totally distinct from the elements, and any of their properties, whether separate or combined, was necessary to account for the cause of

motion and organization. In treating of the soul, he does not appear even to have dreamed that all its phenomena might ultimately be traced to what are denominated physical causes. This idea, to its full extent, according to Cabanis and the French materialists, first occurred to Locke, who, disregarding the fanciful distinction between the moral and physical part of the nature of man, succeeded in giving an effectual impulse to a new and important revolution in philosophy, by establishing, on clear and direct proofs, that all our ideas are derived from the senses, or are the productions of our sensations.

Now, whether this statement be the effect of misguided ignorance, or of mere effrontery, we shall not inquire; we would only ask, is it true or false, that Locke ever established, or ever intended to establish, such an axiom? If we can rely on the words of Locke, and on his sincerity, we may venture to assert that the statement is false. He says, indeed, that all our ideas are derived either from sensation or *reflection;* but sensation and reflection, in his language, are two words of a different import. They denote distinct fountains of ideas. "*Our senses,*" he observes, "conversant about particular sensible objects, do *convey into the mind* several distinct *perceptions* of things, according to those various ways, wherein those objects do affect them: and thus we come by those ideas we have of *yellow, white, heat, cold, soft, hard, bitter, sweet,* and all those which we call sensible qualities; which, when I say the senses convey into the mind, mean, they from external objects convey into the mind, what produces there those *perceptions.* This great source of most of the *ideas,* we have depending wholly upon our senses, and derived by them to the understanding, I call sensation.

"The other fountain from which experience furnisheth the understanding with *ideas,* is the *perception of the operations of our own minds* within us, as it is employed about the *ideas* it has got; which operations when the soul comes to reflect on, and consider, do furnish the understanding with another set of *ideas,* which could not be had from things without: and such are *perception, thinking, doubting, believing, reasoning, knowing, willing,* and all the different actings of our own minds, which, we being conscious of, and observing in ourselves, do, from these, receive into our understandings, as distinct *ideas,* as we do from bodies affecting our senses. This source of *ideas,* every man hath wholly in himself; and though it be not sense, as having nothing to do with external objects, yet it is very like it, and might properly enough be called internal sense. But, as I call the other sensation—so I call this Reflection: the ideas it affords being such only as the mind gets by reflecting on its own operations within itself."—*Essay concerning Human Understanding,* vol. i. p. 68, *edit. Lond.* 1748. *2 vols.* 8*vo.*

In treating of the opinions of Locke, it ought to be always carefully remembered, that although he says reflection may be

called an internal sense, he by no means intends that it should be confounded with any of the five external senses. According to him, it is a sense of the mind only, not of the body; and consequently has not, like the bodily senses, any thing to do with external objects. With what confidence then are we to rely either on the accuracy or veracity of Cabanis, who thus imputes opinions to Locke, which he never held, and who, falsifying the letter of Hippocrates to Damagetus, imputes to Democritus a course of studies of which that philosopher seems never to have dreamed? Had Cabanis studied Locke, comprehended his meaning, and possessed the candour to represent him fairly and honestly, he would rather have said that Locke was the first, or among the first, who fully exposed the falsehood of that old scholastic maxim, "*Nihil est in intellectu quod non fuit prius in sensu.*" It can be no excuse to Cabanis, that he is not master of the English language, as there are more editions than one of a very excellent French translation of the fourth edition of the Essay concerning Human Understanding, by the author's particular friend, M. Coste; a translation executed under Locke's own eye, and approved by himself. Cabanis, however, apparently more anxious that his hypothesis should be believed, than that it should be true, is not content, like some of his countrymen, with ascribing this scholastic maxim to Locke, but conscious of the value of Locke's name in procuring it a reception with the ignorant and unthinking, ventures to assert that Locke was the first who established its truth by demonstrative evidence.

The publication of Locke's Essay, introduced into the science of mind, a precision of expression unknown before; and taught philosophers to distinguish a variety of powers which had formerly been very generally confounded. With these great merits, however, his work has capital defects; and, perhaps, in no part of it are these defects more important than in the leading principle itself, in the attempt which he has made to deduce the origin of our knowledge entirely from sensation and reflection. These, according to him, are the sources of all our simple ideas; and the only power that the mind possesses, is to perform certain operations of Analysis, Combination, Comparison, &c., on the materials with which it is thus supplied.

This system led Mr. Locke to some dangerous opinions concerning the nature of moral distinctions; which he seems to have considered as the offspring of education and fashion. Indeed, if the words Right and Wrong neither express simple ideas, nor relations discoverable by reason, it will not be found easy to avoid adopting this conclusion.

In order to reconcile Locke's account of the origin of our ideas, with the immutability of moral distinctions, different theories were proposed concerning the nature of virtue. According to one, for example, it was said to consist in a conduct conformable to the fitness of things; according to another, in a conduct conformable

to truth. The great object of all these theories may be considered as the same;—to remove Right and Wrong from the class of simple ideas, and to resolve moral rectitude into a conformity with some relation perceived by reason, or the understanding.

Dr. Hutcheson saw clearly the vanity of these attempts; and hence he was led, in compliance with the language of Locke's philosophy, to refer the origin of our moral ideas to a particular power of perception, to which he gave the name of the Moral Sense. "All the ideas," says he, "or the materials of our reasoning, or judging, are received by some immediate powers of perception, internal or external, which we may call senses. Reasoning, or intellect, seems to raise no new species of ideas, but to discover or discern the relations of those received.

The definition, however, of a sense, which Hutcheson has given, is by far too general, and was plainly suggested to him by Locke's account of the origin of our ideas. The words Cause and Effect, Duration, Number, Equality, Identity, and many others, express simple ideas, as well as the words Right and Wrong; and yet it would surely be absurd to ascribe each of them to a particular power of perception.

Although, however, we have been led into these remarks by the quotation from the work before us of the original commencement of the Essay on the Human Understanding, it is not so much Lord King's object to elucidate Locke's philosophical principles, as to give a portrait, or rather a sketch of the man; and this task, we think, his Lordship has performed with considerable ability and tact. He has been very sparing of his own remarks, it is true; but he has interwoven with some skill, such extracts from original manuscripts and letters as bring the man more strikingly before us than could be done by the most finished speculative estimate of character and talent.

Those who have been accustomed to associate the name of Locke with that of Sir Isaac Newton and Lord Bacon, and who know of his writings only by hearsay, will be not a little surprised to find, that so far from being a starched, stiff, hard-featured philosopher, squaring his brows and looking the very picture of mystical abstraction, he was an accomplished English gentleman, of the old school, full of pleasantry and merry humour, and capable of inditing most delightful letters, teeming with buoyant gaiety and playful sallies of wit. Yet, in all this he never for a moment loses a certain caste of dignity which enforces high respect, and altogether makes us love the distinguished philosopher as a man. There is, indeed, in his countenance, as it appears on the excellent portrait accompanying the volume, a noble expression of dignity mixed with humility—the humility of a lover of truth—the dignity of conscious genius, and both under the control of deep feelings of philanthropy. We shall exemplify some of these remarks from the Letters of Locke. Having accompanied Sir Walter Vane, the King's

Envoy to the Elector of Brandenburgh, in 1665, during the first Dutch war, our philosopher, dating from Cleve, thus writes to his friend Mr. John Strachy, Sutton Court, Bristol.

'Dear Sir,—The old opinion, that every man had his particular genius that ruled and directed his course of life, hath made me sometimes laugh to think what a pleasant thing it would be, if we could see little sprights bestride men, (as plainly as I see here women bestride horses,) ride them about, and spur them on in that way which they ignorantly think they choose themselves. And would you not smile to observe, that they make use of us, as we do of our palfreys, to trot up and down for their pleasure and not our own? To what purpose this from Cleves? I will tell you; if there be any such thing, (as I cannot vouch the contrary,) certainly mine is an academic goblin. When I left Oxford, I thought for awhile to take leave of all University affairs, and should have least expected to have found any thing of that nature here at Cleves of any part of the world. But do what I can, I am still crept in that tract. I no sooner was got here but I was welcomed with a divinity disputation, which I gave you an account of in my last; I was no sooner rid of that, but I found myself up to the ears in poetry, and overwhelmed in Helicon. I had almost, or rather have been soused in the Reyne, as frozen as it was, for it could not have been more cold and intolerable than the poetry I met with. The remembrance of it puts me in a chill sweat, and were it not that I am obliged to recount all particulars, being under the laws of an historian, I should find it very difficult to recal to mind this part of my story; but having armed myself with a good piece of bag pudding which bears a mighty antipathy to poetry, and having added thereto half a dozen glasses of daring wine, I thus proceed:—My invisible master, therefore, having mounted me, rode me out to a place, where I must needs meet a learned bard in a threadbare coat, and a hat, that though in his younger days it had been black, yet it had grown grey with the labour of its master's brains, and his hard study, or time had changed the colour of that as well as his master's hair. His breeches had the marks of antiquity upon them, were borne, I believe, in the heroic times, and retained still the gallantry of that age, and had an antipathy to base pelf. Stockings, I know not whether he had any, but I am sure his two shoes had but one heel, which made his own foot go as uneven as those of his verses. He was so poor, that he had not so much as a rich face, nor the promise of a carbuncle in it, so that I must needs say that his outside was poet enough. After a little discourse, wherein he sprinkled some bays of our British Druid Owen, out he drew from under his coat a folio of verses; and that you may be sure they were excellent, I must tell you that they were acrostics upon the name and titles of the Elector of Brandenburg. I could not escape reading of them; when I had done, I endeavoured to play the poet as little in commending them, but in that he outdid me clearly, praised faster than I could, preferred them to Lucan and Virgil, showed me where his muse flew high, squeezed out all the verjuice of all his conceits, and there was not a secret conundrum which he laid not open to me: and in that little talk I had with him afterwards he quoted his own verses a dozen times, and gloried in his works. The poem was designed as a present to the Elector, but I being Owen's countryman, had the honour to see them before the Elector, which he made me understand was a singular courtesy, though I believe one hundred others

had been equally favored. I told him the Elector must needs give him a considerable reward: he seemed angry at the mention of it, and told me he had only a design to show his affection and parts, and spoke as if he thought himself fitter to give than to receive any thing from the Elector, and that he was the greater person of the two; and indeed, what need had he of any gift, who had all Tagus and Pactolus in his possession? could make himself a Tempe when he pleased, and create as many Elysiums as he had a mind to. I applauded his generosity and great mind, thanked him for the favour he had done me, and, at last, got out of his hands. But my University goblin left me not so; for the next day, when I thought I had been rode out only to airing, I was had to a foddering of chopped hay, or logic forsooth! Poor *materia prima* was canvassed cruelly, stripped of all the gay dress of her forms, and shown naked to us, though I must confess, I had not eyes good enough to see her; however the dispute was good sport, and would have made a horse laugh, and truly I was like to have broke my bridle. The young monks (which one would not guess by their looks) are subtle people, and dispute as eagerly for *materia prima*, as if they were to make their dinner on it, and perhaps, sometimes it is all their meal, for which other's charity is more to be blamed than their stomachs. The professor of phylosophy, and moderator of the disputation was more acute at it than Father Hudibras; he was top full of distinctions, which he produced with so much gravity, and applied with so good a grace, that ignorant, I, began to admire logic again, and could not have thought that "simpliciter et secundum quid materialiter et formaliter" had been such gallant things, which, with the stroking of his whiskers, the settling of his hood, and his stately walk, made him seem to himself and me something more than Aristotle and Democritus. But he was so hotly charged by one of the seniors of the fraternity, that I was afraid sometimes what it would produce, and feared there would be no other way to decide the controversy between them than by cuffs; but a subtle distinction divided the matter between them, and so they parted good friends. The truth is, here hog-shearing is much in its glory, and our disputing in Oxford comes as far short of it as the rhetoric of Carfax does that of Billingsgate. But it behoves the monks to cherish this art of wrangling in its declining age, which they first nursed, and sent abroad into the world, to give it a troublesome, idle employment. I being a brute, that was rode there for another's pleasure, profited little by all their reasonings, and was glad when they had done, that I might get home again to my ordinary provender, and leave them their sublime speculations, which, certainly their spare diet and private cells inspire abundantly, which such gross feeders as I am are not capable of.'—p. 20.

'*Dec.* 11.—I had formerly seen the size and arms of the Duke's guards, but to-day I had a sample of their stomachs (I mean to eat, not to fight), for if they be able to do as much that way too, no question but, under their guard, the Duke is as much in safety, as I believe his victuals are in danger. But, to make you the better understand my story, and the decorum which made me take notice of it, I must first describe the place to you. The place where the Elector commonly eats is a large room, into which you enter at the lower end, by an ascent of some few steps; just without this is a lobby; as this evening I was passing through it into the court, I saw a company of soldiers very close together, and a steam rising from the midst of them. I, as strangers used to be, being a little curious,

drew near to these men of mettle, where I found three or four earthen fortifications, wherein were intrenched peas-porridge, and stewed turnips, or apples, most valiantly stormed by those men of war; they stood just opposite to the Duke's table, and within view of it; and had the Duke been there at supper, as it was very near his supper-time, I should have thought they had been set there to provoke his appetite by example, and serve as the cooks have done in some countries before battle, to fight the soldiers into courage, and certainly these soldiers might eat others into stomachs. Here you might have seen the court and camp drawn near together, there a supper preparing with great ceremony, and just by it a hearty meal made without stool, trencher, table-cloth, or napkins, and, for ought I could see, without beer, bread, or salt; but I stayed not long, for me thought 'twas a dangerous place, and so I left them in the engagement. I doubt by that time you come to the end of this course of entertainment, you will be as weary of reading, as I am of writing, and therefore I shall refer you for the rest of my adventures (wherein you are not to expect any great matter) to the next chapter of my history. The news here is, that the Dutch have taken Lochem from the Bishop of Munster, and he, in thanks, has taken and killed five or six hundred of their men. The French, they say, run away, some home, and some to the Bishop, who has disposed his men into garrisons, which has given the Dutch an opportunity to besiege another of his towns, but not very considerable; all things here seem to threaten a good deal of stir next summer, but as yet the Elector declares for neither side. I sent my uncle a letter of attorney before I left England, to authorise him to dispose of my affairs there, and order my estate there as he should think most convenient. I hope he received it. I think it best my tenants should not know that I am out of England, for perhaps that may make them more slack to pay their rents. If he tells you any thing that concerns me, pray send word to your faithful friend. 'J. L.

'Throw by this in some corner of your study till I come, and then we will laugh together, for it may serve to recall other things to my memory, for 'tis likely I may have no other journal.'—p. 25.

The correspondence of Locke, with Sir Isaac Newton, is of a very different kind. We there see the biblical scholar, the philosopher, and the finished gentleman, particularly in the instance of a misunderstanding which arose between those distinguished men. For the preservation of this correspondence, we are indebted to the ancestors of Lord King. It is written, to use the words of Dugald Stewart, "with the magnanimity of a philosopher, and with the forbearance of a man of the world; and it breathes throughout, so tender and so unaffected a veneration for the good as well as great qualities of the excellent person to whom it is addressed, as demonstrates at once the conscious integrity of the writer, and the superiority of the mind to the irritation of little passions:" Mr. Stewart adds, "I know nothing from Locke's pen, which does more honour to his temper and character."

'Sir,—Being of opinion that you endeavoured to embroil me with women, and by other means, I was so much affected with it, as that, when one told me you were sickly, and would not live, I answered 'twere

better if you were dead. I desire you to forgive me this uncharitableness; for I am now satisfied that what you have done is just, and I beg your pardon for my having hard thoughts of you for it, and for representing that you struck at the root of morality, in a principle laid down in your book of ideas, and designed to pursue in another book, and that I took you for a Hobbist. I beg your pardon also, for saying or thinking that there was a design to sell me an office, or to embroil me.

'I am your most humble and unfortunate servant,

'*At the Bull, in Shoreditch,* 'Is. Newton.'
London, Sept. 16, 1693.'

'Locke to Newton.

'Sir,—I have been ever since I first knew you, so entirely and sincerely your friend, and thought you so much mine, that I could not have believed what you have told me of yourself, had I had it from any body else; and though I cannot but be mightily troubled that you should have had so many wrong and unjust thoughts of me; yet, next to the return of good offices, such as, from a sincere good will, I have ever done you, I receive your acknowledgement of the contrary as the kindest thing you could have done me, since it gives me hopes that I have not lost a friend I so much valued. After what your letter expresses, I shall not need to say any thing to justify myself to you. I shall always think your own reflection on my carriage, both to you and all mankind, will sufficiently do that. Instead of that, give me leave to assure you, that I am more ready to forgive you, than you can be to desire it; and I do it so freely and fully, that I wish for nothing more than the opportunity to convince you, that I truly love and esteem you; and that I have still the same good will for you, as if nothing of this had happened. To confirm this to you more fully, I should be glad to meet you any where, and the rather, because the conclusion of your letter makes me apprehend it would not be wholly useless to you. But whether you think it fit or not, I leave wholly to you. I shall always be ready to serve you, to my utmost, in any way you shall like, and shall only need your commands or permission to do it.

'My book is going to the press for a second edition; and though I can answer for the design with which I writ it, yet since you have so opportunely given me notice of what you have said of it, I should take it as a favour, if you would point out to me the place that gave occasion to that censure, that by explaining myself better, I may avoid being mistaken by others, or, unawares, doing the least prejudice to truth or virtue. I am sure you are so much a friend to them both, that were you none to me, I could expect this from you. But I cannot doubt that you would do a great deal more than this for my sake, who, after all, have all the concern of a friend for you, wish you extremely well, and am without compliment.'

'The draft of the letter is indorsed, "J. L. to I. Newton."'—p. 225.

From Locke's own account book, and other documents in the possession of Lord King, it appears, that for the first edition of the "Essay on the Human Understanding," in 1689, he received 30*l.*: by an agreement made several years afterwards, the bookseller was to deliver six books well bound for every subsequent edition, and also to pay ten shillings for each additional sheet. For the "Reasonableness of Christianity," he was paid ten shillings each sheet,

and for the copy of several other books, probably the "Consideration of Raising the Value, or Lowering the Interest of Money," and the "Vindication of the Reasonableness of Christianity," he received the sum of 44*l.* 15*s.* For the "Treatise on Education," the agreement was 5*l.* for every impression, and twenty-five books bound in calf. Respecting the latter work, Mr. Clive, the celebrated surgeon, said that it had contributed more to the general health of the higher classes of society, by one rule which the author has laid down, than any other book he ever read. In 1698, he enters for his "Second Reply to the Bishop of Winchester's Second Answer," 14*l.* 10*s.*; and for the fourth edition of his "Education," 5*l.* In 1699, he enters 14*l.* for his "Third Letter to the Bishop of Worcester."

It might be expected that Lord King would, from the valuable documents in his possession, throw some new light on the expulsion of Locke from Oxford. The following is his Lordship's account of the matter:

'In 1684, Locke was by an illegal order of the King deprived of his studentship, at Christchurch. The account given in Mr. Fox's history is as follows:—

'"Among the oppressions of this period, most of which were attended with consequences so much more important to the several objects of persecution, it may seem scarcely worth while to notice the expulsion of J. Locke from Christchurch College, Oxford. But besides the interest which every incident in the life of a person so deservedly eminent naturally excites, there appears to have been something in the transaction itself characteristic of this spirit of the times, as well as of the general nature of absolute power. Mr. Locke was known to have been intimately connected with Lord Shaftesbury, and had very prudently judged it advisable for him to prolong, for some time, his residence upon the Continent, to which he had resorted originally on account of his health. A suspicion, as it has since been unfounded, that he was the author of a pamphlet which gave offence to the government, induced the King to insist upon his removal from the studentship at Christchurch. Sunderland writes by the King's command, to Dr. Fell, Bishop of Oxford, and Dean of Christchurch. The Reverend Prelate answers, that he has long had an eye upon Mr. Locke's behaviour; but though frequent attempts had been made (attempts of which the Bishop expresses no disapprobation) to draw him into imprudent conversation, by attacking in his company the reputation, and insulting the memory of his late patron and friend, and thus to make his gratitude, and all the best feelings of his heart instrumental in his ruin—these attempts all proved unsuccessful. Hence the Bishop infers not the innocence of Mr. Locke, but that he was a great master of concealment, both as to words and looks, for looks it is to be supposed, would have furnished a pretext for his expulsion, more decent than any which had yet been discovered. An expedient is then suggested to drive Mr. Locke to a dilemma, by summoning him to attend the College on the 1st of January ensuing. If he do not appear, he shall be expelled for contumacy; if he come, matter of charge may be found against him for what he shall have said at London or elsewhere, where he will have been less

upon his guard than at Oxford. Some have ascribed Fell's hesitation in executing the king's order, to his unwillingness to injure Locke, who was his friend; others, with more reason, to the doubt of legality of the order. However this may have been, neither his scruples nor his reluctance was regarded by a Court which knew its own power. A peremptory order was accordingly sent, and immediate obedience ensued. Thus while, without the shadow of a crime, Mr. Locke lost a situation attended with some emolument and great convenience, was the University deprived of, or rather thus, from the base principles of servility, did she cast away the man, the having produced whom, is now her chiefest glory; and thus, to those who are not determined to be blind, did the true nature of absolute power discover itself, against which the middling station is not more secure than the most exalted. Tyranny, when glutted with the blood of the great and the plunder of the rich, will condescend to hunt humbler game, and make the peaceable Fellow of a College the object of its persecution. In this instance one would only imagine there was some instinctive sagacity in the government of that time, which pointed out to them, even before he had made himself known to the world, the man who was destined to be the most successful adversary of superstition and tyranny?"

'On a careful examination of the case, and with the light ("*Oxford and Locke, by Lord Grenville*") since thrown upon it, it appears that Locke was not expelled by the University of Oxford; he was deprived of his studentship by the Dean and Chapter of the College to which he belonged. If, however, we acquit the University of any direct share in the transaction, we may not unfairly conclude from the spirit and temper then prevalent at Oxford, that the University was accessary to that disgraceful deed. The famous Oxford decree, it must be remembered, had passed on the very day of the execution of Lord Russell. The divine rights of kings, and the indiscriminate obedience of subjects, were the favourable tenets of the University, which, by a solemn decree, condemned as impious and heretical, the principles upon which the constitution of this, and of every free country, maintains itself. The deprivation of Locke was, strictly speaking, the act of the Dean and Chapter of Christchurch, courting, and almost anticipating the illegal mandate of the crown, and is not to be described as an actual expulsion from the University of Oxford.

'It is true Lord Sunderland, in his letter to the Bishop of Oxford and Dean of Christchurch, signifies the king's commands for the immediate expulsion of Mr. Locke, as one who had belonged to the Earl of Shaftesbury, and had behaved himself very factiously and undutifully towards the government. The Bishop, also, in his answer, uses the word expulsion, incorrectly certainly, but what better phrase could he have selected to flatter a despotic Court, which had determined to punish all whom it chose to consider as its enemies?'

We cannot spare room to insert all the documents connected with this transaction, which are given by Lord King; but we shall insert what his Lordship has said respecting the sequel.

'Of the illegality of the proceeding there can be no doubt; the visitatorial power of the crown can only be executed by the Lord Chancellor; and the king like every other visitor, is bound, before he pronounces sen-

tence against any party, to hear him, or at least to cite him, and give him an opportunity of being heard. It is but fair, however, to add, that at the time of the transaction alluded to, the rights and powers of visitors were much more loose and unsettled than at present. The leading decision on the visitatorial power (the Exeter College case) took place many years afterwards, and the necessity of a visitor's acting strictly and properly in that capacity, was not finally established before the case of the King and the Bishop of Ely.

'The persecution which had driven Locke from his country, the tyranny which had illegally deprived him of his situation at Oxford, did not cease after his retreat to Holland; the king's minister at the Hague demanded, amongst several others named in his memorial, that Locke should be delivered up, describing him as Secretary to the late Earl of Shaftesbury, a state crime worthy of such extraordinary interposition.

'He was, therefore, under the necessity of living very much concealed, and of going out only at night, in order to avoid observation. His occupations, however, were such as could not have given offence to the most jealous government; and he had actually at one time, (as says Le Clerc) removed from Amsterdam to Utrecht, to avoid the possible suspicion of being connected with Monmouth, or of abetting his expedition, having no good opinion either of the leader or of his undertaking. He certainly left Amsterdam on the 16th of April, 1685, and remained at Utrecht till the 23d of May following, which last date coincides exactly, I believe, with the Duke of Monmouth's departure from the Texel. It was during this secluded residence with M. Veen, in 1685, that his letter on Toleration was finished.'—p. 156.

The valuable original essays which Lord King has appended to the memoir, would require a separate article to do justice to their importance.

ART. IV.—*The Brunswick; a Poem. In Three Cantos.* London: W. Marsh. 1829.

WE were utterly at a loss to conceive what web could be woven out of such an indefinite title? 'The Brunswick!' We are fond of speculating on the relations, probable or possible, between the titles of books and their contents: and when our not incurious eye ran rapidly down the title of this poem, as it lay budding among other flowers of newly-born literature—(many of which were doubtless born to "blush unseen"—to wither where they sprung) we inwardly exclaimed—"The Brunswick!—oh! no doubt an effusion of the member of some Brunswick club—and then we thought of Lord Winchilsea—Protestant Ascendancy—and then went on to the character of the poem, probably vituperative—exclamatory—prophetic—"swinging slow with solemn roar!" and finally, we wound it up with the simple passage of *bien est fait!* It's too late. We turned back to prove whether we had guessed aright—and on doing so, a momentary idea possessed us that, after all, it might be nothing more than the life and adventures of some

Captain of the Brunswick Œls! and as we at length took the poem into our hand, we made certain that before we had got through the first page, we should see something ejaculatory about the *Star of Brunswick!* But no such thing! The book before us, in three rather short cantos, proved to be a rambling sort of commentary, of which the fall of the Brunswick Theatre afforded the text.

Subjects are scarce now-a-days—the remark applies to two eminent branches of the tree of knowledge—poetry and anatomy. It is not that there is a scarcity of men, skilful in both. But how can either go on successfully without subjects? Government, however, are about taking steps to supply one channel of science; but nothing short of a new creation, we are afraid, can do any good for the other. Even the great genius of Byron found the want of a good subject. Surely then inferior beings may stand excused, if in search of a subject, they stumble on what appears to be the least likely to answer their purpose.

'The Brunswick,' a poem, in three cantos, is *à la Byron*, that is, the verses are composed of eight lines each; there are two verses to a page, and like Don Juan, the style is sometimes serious and sometimes would be gay. We are of opinion, that with all its apparent ease, this style is of all others the most difficult to sustain. There must be great elegance, grace, delicacy, blended with exquisite humour; there must be touches, here and there, of electric power; an intermittent burst of inextinguishable fire; an intervalling ray of intellectual glory; flashes of in-born genius; which should say, or seem to say—"The power is ours, whene'er we have the will." Unless this power exist there will be a danger of descending into too great familiarity of composing easy lines of merely pleasant prose.

The author of the 'Brunswick,' appears not to entertain such an idea of difficulty; he commences his poem with the following not inharmonious lines:—

> 'Come thou sweet straggling desultory rhyme,
> Which Byron, great immortal of our day,
> Took for the solace of his later time,
> Wherein to weave the mournful and the gay,
> Delight, despair, pain, pleasure, good, or crime,
> Within the magic circle of his lay,
> Blest octave measure, boundless in variety,
> Full of all charms, and free from all satiety!
>
> 'Yes, I will follow where the mighty went—
> Albeit there may not glow within my page
> The passions in their fatal fury spent—
> The workings of the reckless in their rage—
> The droopings of the heart with anguish rent—
> Nor charm of love, which can all breasts engage:
> On plainer themes, and in an humbler strain,
> The octave verse may not be writ in vain.'—pp. 1, 2.

The Brunswick Theatre was allowed, we believe, on all hands to be a very elegant piece of architecture; and it was a vast pity that it should have been extinguished in so singular and unfortunate a manner. The author, in verses of considerable spirit and ease, thus characterises its appearance.

'But this was rear'd amidst a world of cares,
Where all unsightly things the ways were stopping;
It stood 'midst warehouses, and wharfs, and wares,
Midst scenes of trading, trafficking, and shopping,
Haunts which the river with the city shares.
A dingy land, half Birmingham, half Wapping,
Quite out of Pleasure's way, you would suppose,—
But she into strange holes and corners goes.

'One might have thought the God of Dissipation—
If that there be such a celestial wight
Among the Deities of any nation—
Had rais'd himself a house up for the night,
Not choosing to return on some occasion,
To his own gaudy palaces of Light,—
So much this charming edifice was seen,
Looking o'er all about it like a Queen—

'A most Aladdin-like and sweet affair;
Aladdin-like the manner of its popping
Up into sight; Aladdin-like when there;
Aladdin-like the manner of its hopping
Off,—only that Aladdin's rose in air,
While our poor Brunswick disappear'd by dropping,
And that Aladdin, being very clever,
Fetch'd back his palace,—ours is gone for ever.'—pp. 8, 9.

An author who gives up his claim to originality, more especially in the province of poetry, loses ground even in his finest efforts, by a comparison with his mighty original. The same lines, perhaps, standing apart from all imitation, would stand a much better chance of exciting admiration and of obtaining applause. Look at a beautiful building, every part of which seems perfected by the hand of taste, and after having exhausted your stock of praise, be told that it is in imitation of some famous structure; that one word has lowered your estimation of it fifty per cent., and you exclaim—"Only an imitation! How noble must have been the original!" Such is the constitution of the human mind. Few things in the world are judged by their separate merit, and very few gain by comparison. The author before us, of course, is nothing like Lord Byron—that is, he has neither the grandeur, the beauty, the grace, the melancholy, the humour, the poignancy, or the wit: but in spite of all this, he writes good—nay, excellent poetry—and but for the unfortunate comparison, we should think the following lines sufficient to convince the world of the author's claim to be considered in a higher light than that of an imitator:—

'The few, (some few there were), whose gaze by chance
Was fixed, the very moment when it fell,
Upon that building, saw the wall advance
Suddenly outward with a fearful swell,
And then stood staring in a sort of trance,
From which they were arous'd by one wild yell.
To see—no theatre, but in its place,
A heap of ruins and an empty space.

'A theatre in ruins! the mind flies
Back at the thought a thousand years and more,
To where Verona never wholly dies,
But breathing classic and theatric lore,
Reads from the dust of vanish'd centuries
Its lesson to the people of that shore;
Who gazing on it, listening to its story,
Revive and emulate their ancient glory.

'It flies to far-renowned times and lands:
To where the mighty Coliseum stood,
The work of Roman minds, and Roman hands,
Its trophies, triumphs, and its combats rude;—
To where its shell in awful glory stands,
And marks, albeit in silent solitude,
The spot where millions of that mighty name
Gaz'd, shouted, wept, and learn'd the road to fame.

'Alas! in scenes like this there is an air
Of hallowing softness breathes about the place,
For Time had laid his hand so gently there,
And the green ivy adds her mantling grace,
That those who gaze upon them, while they spare
One sigh in honour of that vanish'd race,
Yet feel withal a melancholy charm,
That ev'n in ruins can the soul disarm.

'So gradual seems decay, so softly breaks
Its thought upon the heart, that if we weep
'Tis not with pain; and young Romance, who wakes
And wanders forth to muse while others sleep,
And views it by the sweet moonlight which makes
All things seem lovelier in her radiance deep,
Finds not in all the world a fairer sight—
A feeling of more exquisite delight.'—pp. 26—28.

Fifty years ago, these verses might have given the author a fair chance for the Laureatship. But Poetry, though it cannot be said to have run an equal race with the Mechanical Arts, or to have made such rapid strides towards perfection, as the inventions of Steam and Gas, has, through the immense power of two or three master spirits, arrived to such a pitch of excellence, and its cultivation has become so general, with the addition of so many excellent

hands, that what was heretofore deemed half divine, is now merely human; and what was considered admirable, is now merely passable; and what was thought to be good and pretty, is now only to be found in a starving periodical of evanescent existence. There are poets of the present day, whose stature is little more than common, who would have strutted it, *à pas de géant*, o'er half the earth, three quarters of a century ago: and these exist in such numbers, that a portion of them might be shipped to the Swan River settlement, and never be missed. To return to our author, he affects rambling, after the manner of his great prototype, and of course his rambles take in their full share of rumination on things past, present, and to come: for example:—

'The past!—What is it on this peopled earth
That makes us dwell so fondly on the past?
Man sees the future, like a mine of worth,
Unfold its treasures beautiful and vast,
And scarce the present joy survives its birth,
Lost in the lustre which those visions cast;
But wherefore with such deep emotion pore
On men and scenes that shall return no more?

'Tis for that self-same reason that we gaze
So fondly, that they never shall return;
They had their past and future, nights and days,
Cares to feel, hopes to cherish, griefs to mourn;
They wander'd, as we wander, through the maze
Of man's existence to its final bourn;
And we, exhal'd this petty, paltry breath,
From the same life shall sink to the same death.'—pp. 29, 30.

Are not these very pretty verses? but they contain nothing novel—nothing which we have not heard often—too often before. "Life's but a walking shadow!" Shakspeare, our present author, and several others whom we could name, have held the same opinion.

We will quote another verse or two from 'The Brunswick,' which, we consider, in spite of metaphysical sameness, among the best of the Poem:—

'What was my heart *before?*—a joyous dwelling,
Whose chambers echoed to a sparkling throng,
Where infant Hope his hundred tales was telling,
While all the passions listen'd to his song;
Where music on voluptuous gale was swelling,
And life in one bright stream was borne along;
Fancy was there, and Love his garlands wreathing,
And all the flow'rs of life their sweets were breathing.

'Behold it *after*—many a dreary token
Is scatter'd o'er the halls where gladness rung,
Gay garlands wither'd, and proud arches broken,
And high-toned instruments of joy unstrung;

And many a wish that was in rapture spoken
Hath died away with thoughts no longer young;
While tort'ring memory, like a gloomy ghost,
Yet lingers there, and murmurs, "All is lost!"'—p. 39.

We believe that Lord Byron, in certain moments, repented of his Don Juan. He doubtless found, that while it injured his moral fame, it threw little additional verdure over his literary laurels. However much a man may scorn the opinions of his fellows, he is sure to feel, in proportion as he affects ribaldry and licentiousness, at times, moments of self-abasement and degradation. There is a grandeur in moral worth, which all men of mind must know and feel, and none can experience its loss without being visited by bitterness and remorse. The author of 'The Brunswick,' however, has generally confined himself to an imitation of the better parts of his original, and therefore has not such literary sins to answer for. His production, upon the whole, is very clever, very poetical, and we should think may be very successful.

ART. V.—1. *Bishop Gauden, the Author of Icón Baselike; in Answer to some Remarks of the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, upon a publication of the present Writers, addressed to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, concerning the authorship of the Icón.* By the Rev. Henry John Todd, M.A. &c. Chaplain in ordinary to his Majesty, and Rector of Hetherington, in the county of York. 8vo. pp. 72. Rivingtons: 1829.

2. *Faith and Justification: two Discourses by the most Rev. Doctor John Sharp, formerly Lord Archbishop of York; and the late Owen Manning, B.D., Prebendary of Lincoln; with a Preface, noticing Objections by the present Archdeacon of Ely to a public Declaration of these Doctrines, at the beginning of the Reformation in England; and with an Appendix from the Writings of our distinguished Divines.* By the Rev. Henry John Todd, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 94. Rivingtons: 1829.

WE have been both amused and instructed by the controversy between Doctor Wordsworth and Mr. Todd, on the authorship of Icôn. From the first of the works before us, we learn that another publication upon it is to be expected from the former; and that replies to this are resolved on. The subject will thus be brought fully before us; we shall then express, perhaps at some length, our opinion upon it. The negative arguments against the claim of the Royal Martyr, (for so both Doctor Wordsworth and Mr. Todd call Charles I.) from the silence of Lord Clarendon, Charles II. and James II., and from some expressions in Dr. Gauden's letters, are very strong: but negative arguments are never conclusive; and in general are overturned even by slight positive proofs of the contrary. We think it questionable, whether such positive proof in support of the royal claim has yet been produced. All the evidence for it is of a secondary nature, and very debateable. But it begins to be time that the controversy should close: both the divines get

angry. Doctor Wordsworth treats the gentle Todd with some loftiness; and the gentle Todd applies to the Doctor's letter, the epithets of *Verbosa et grandis*, by which Juvenal describes an epistle of a very different nature.

Mr. Todd's other publication, noticed in the title of this article, is of somewhat greater importance. It contains, in the first place, a sermon on *Saving and Justifying Faith*, by Doctor Sharpe, formerly Archbishop of York. In a preface of some length, Mr. Todd informs us that it was the Archbishop's method 'to render things plain and easy; that is, to find out phrases suited and levelled to the capacities of the vulgar, and yet not vulgar enough themselves to offend the politest taste.' In this the Archbishop was right, but he has had few imitators, and by far the greater number of the sermons of the preachers of the Established Church are little suited to the intellects of the lower orders of society, or those of the poor girls and boys by whom they are attended. One reason why the Evangelical communities gain so much on the Established Church is, that their sermons are in a more familar and intelligible style, and therefore come more home to the minds and bosoms of the generality of hearers. The subject of the Archbishop's sermon is to shew, that faith without good works gives no title to salvation. Mr. Todd observes in his preface, that this was the doctrine of Chillingworth, Jeremy Taylor, Barrow, Hammond, Patrick, and Bull; and he cites with applause the caution given by the late Bishop of Winchester to his clergy "against the dangerous mistake of those, who teach men to rest on faith alone, and deny the necessity of good works in order to salvation. For," says the learned prelate, "if a minister should tell his parishioners that they will be saved if they have faith in Jesus Christ, without explaining to them what he means by faith; or even if, with explaining to them the true sense of the word, he makes this doctrine the constant subject of his discourses, and does not frequently inculcate the personal and social duties separately, as essentially parts of the character of a true Christian, and as an indispensable proof of his possessing a lively faith, he will be very far from improving the morality of his audience." Doctor Sharpe justly says in his sermon, "Let not these two things, faith and good works, which Christ has joined together in his gospel, be ever separated."

Doctor Manning's Sermon is intended to explain the Doctrine of Justification. He takes for his text, (Rom. iii. 28), "Man is justified by faith without the deeds of the Law;" he cites many other texts of the same import: he then notices several passages in the sacred writings, in which it is declared no less positively that "faith without works profiteth nothing." He notices the attempts to reconcile this apparent contradiction. His own solution is, that there are two sorts of justification, a first, and a final:—the first, is that by which a person is admitted a member of the church; the final takes place at the last day, when those only shall be justified or

rewarded with bliss, who "shall have sought it by a patient continuance in well doing" (Rom. ii, 7.) To the first, nothing but faith is necessary; to the second, virtues must be added to faith. This appears to be sound and reasonable doctrine; but we believe the dispute is almost verbal: we trust that, at the present time, no denomination of Christians believe that a man will be saved *without* good works. Whether having both faith and good works, he is saved by both, or by the former only, must be thought to depend on the explanation given to the expression,—but all must agree that the faith, by which a man is saved, is a faith, that worketh in charity.

Here Mr. Todd, both in his preface and his notes, carries us into polemics. In a former publication, he asserted that this distinction of a first and final justification, was the doctrine of the first English reformers; and that it occurs in the *Necessary Erudition of a Christian Man*; and he attributed this work to Archbishop Cranmer. For this, Mr. Todd has been reproved by the Archdeacon of Ely, who, in a charge delivered to his clergy, in the course of last year, announced to them his discovery that the work entitled the *Erudition of a Christian Man* was written, not by Archbishop Cranmer, but by Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, so that the Archbishop's authority should not be cited for the distinction which that book exhibits, between a first and a final justification. This assertion of the Archdeacon, Mr. Todd respectfully, and we think, successfully combats.

Mr. Todd announces in the work before us, that we may soon expect to see his promised *Life of Archbishop Cranmer*. The subject is interesting; it forms one of the most interesting episodes in the history of the English Reformation; and Mr. Todd's access to the literary treasures at Lambeth, qualifies him, more than any other person, for the due execution of the subject.

ART. VI.—*Idées Nouvelles sur le Systéme Solaire.* Par M. Le Chevalier J. Chabrier, Ancien Officier Supérieur, Correspondant de la Société d' Histoire Naturelle, &c. &c. pp. 164. 4to. Belin: Paris. 1828.

THERE are two ways by which a fact may be proved to be true: the one personal, founded on our own observation, or our own reasoning; the other, independent of ourselves, and founded on the testimony of credible witnesses. Relative to this, a saying is recorded, which has been ascribed to various authors; but whoever was the first to say "that there are more false facts than false theories in philosophy," deserves credit for his shrewdness and penetration, since it is undoubtedly so; and is an evil of more magnitude than most are aware of, who eagerly believe every dogma, and every opinion which is couched under the mask of an imposing formality, and defended by all the out-works of artificial logic and metaphysical geometry. This evil predominates, perhaps more

insidiously in astronomy, than in any other department of science, in consequence both of the imposing nature of the subject, and of the pretensions and accuracy put forth by astronomers and their disciples.

We are amazed, indeed, at many of the announcements of Astronomy, and our belief is staggered by many of its computations of distance and revolution: but when we are told that by means of good telescopes, it is easy to perceive mountains in the moon; to see the polar regions of Jupiter covered with snow, which, moreover, can be perceived to melt in summer; and to ascertain that the sun is a dark body, but surrounded with an atmosphere of resplendent light,—our doubts are at once silenced, for here is ocular, or at least telescopic demonstration of the facts. When we are farther told that the distance from the earth to the moon, or to the sun, can be as accurately computed as the distance from Liverpool to London; that the weight of the moon, or of the sun, can be as exactly determined as if they had been placed in the scales of a balance; and that the time of the planetary revolutions can be as correctly noted as the seconds hand of a stop watch—how can we refuse to believe these announcements, particularly when they come from such men as Kepler, and Newton, and Herschel, whose veracity is altogether unimpeached and unimpeachable.

But all this is only the evidence of testimony, which however strong, is very seldom, if it ever is, equal to personal observation in its influence on individual belief. With respect, therefore, to the telescopic discoveries and arithmetical computations of astronomy, though these are talked of as certain and indisputable, yet it is well known, that almost no two observers, even among astronomers of the greatest eminence and accuracy, are agreed about the results. Sir Isaac Newton himself expressly says, "if the annual parallax could be obtained, we might be said to have arrived at a tolerable degree of certainty;" and our readers will scarcely suppose it possible that with regard to the distance of the sun, there is a difference of no less than sixty millions of miles in the calculations of different astronomers—some making it thirty, whilst others make it ninety millions of miles. Again, two of the best astronomers of the present age, Sir William Herschel, and Professor Schroeter, have both given calculations of the new planets, and though their methods were the same, the difference of the results is very remarkable. According to Herschel, the diameter of the planet Ceres is 160 miles; according to Schroeter, 1624 miles; according to Herschel, the diameter of the planet Pallas is 80 miles; according to Schroeter it is no less than 2099 miles. Now which, it may be asked, of those two eminent and able astronomers, are we to believe? Well might Copernicus, the author of the received system, remark, that nobody can expect any thing certain from astronomy, since it will not afford it; and he justly adds, that if we admit as truth that which is dressed up for other purposes, we shall leave astronomy in greater folly than when we engaged in it.

We have been led into this train of remark by the work of M. Chabrier, now before us, which, in its explications of astronomical phenomena, differs as widely from those given by Copernicus, Kepler, and Newton, as the computations of Schroeter differ from those of Herschel. The grand foundation of this new system consists in the notion that the universe is filled with a dense, but invisible fluid, in which all the heavenly bodies float about like corks upon a mill-pond, and have their movements directed by its circular and diverging currents. "The earth, for example, with its atmosphere, pushed along by these currents of the sidereal fluid, rolls round the circumference of its orbit, as the wheel of a carriage rolls over a highway." That we may not, however, misrepresent those very singular (we may justly add unproved and improbable) views of M. Chabrier, we shall give his own account of this invisible sidereal fluid, as nearly as we can translate his own words.

'The rapidity of the rotatory motion of the planets leads to the supposition that they are animated by very intense centrifugal force, which is capable of diminishing their temperature by permitting the dilatation of their respective atmospheres.

'It is probable, that the blue colour of the celestial vault is especially owing to the sidereal liquid, which forms the vault by turning round the atmosphere, and which, to judge of it from the colour of the waters of the sea and lakes, appears strongly susceptible of reflecting blue rays.

'Let us add, as a secondary proof, that this vault is formed by a dense, bluish, and moveable liquid; that the ancients and the moderns believe it solid and immoveable, that they made it even an article of religious faith, and that it is only in these latest times, in which to explain the motion of the planets round the sun, learned men have imagined "*the universal void*," or "*the ether*," which vacuum is nothing more than a supposition without foundation.

'A circumstance, which favours the hypothesis of a liquid and diaphanous vault, is, that when the moon appears in full day near the zenith, and is observed from the top of a high mountain beneath a pure sky, she seems certainly to be beneath the azure vault, the colour of which she does not assume, which would not fail to occur, if this colour was owing to the atmosphere only, and if the moon were beyond this atmosphere. Besides, we are almost assured from this circumstance, that pure air is invisible, that its transparency is perfect, since it allows us not only to distinguish the ashy colour of the moon, but also to see the stars: and that it is, perhaps, on account of its rarifaction, or its nature to reflect the least molicule of light, and consequently to form alone, and without the assistance of water and oxygen, the heavenly blue. As for the tint of the same colour spread over objects seen in the horizon, and at a distance, we think it is occasioned, at least partially, by the vapours existing in large quantities in the lower region of the atmosphere, the transparency of which they diminish: and, perhaps, by a kind of blue fire, or phosphorus extremely light, which is nourished by the inferior strata, denser than the oxygen fluid, and which is illuminated by the light of the sun.

'The atmosphere surrounded with the sidereal liquid, and rolling rapidly

upon its orb, experiencing by that means, especially on the side towards its poles, a lively pressure, and considerable friction, would cause a great quantity of the electric fluid, which the sidereal liquid, by the uniform pressure upon its poles, causes partially to penetrate into the atmosphere, with the aerial polar courses, which it unceasingly directs towards the equator, where the pressure is diminished by the centrifugal force with which this liquid is animated—a force which is more direct than those at the poles.

'Thus, the atmosphere would be a vast electrical machine continually in action, like the Voltaique pile. (See the recent discoveries of M. Œrsted of Copenhagen, and the experiment of M. M. Ampere and Arago, concerning the identity of magnetism and electricity.

'According to Herschel, the rapidity of certain calorific rays would be comparable to that of light; I am induced upon that, to look upon the electric fluid as caloric disengaged from bodies, whether by the simple contact of two heterogeneous substances, or by pressure, or by friction, and combined or mixed with gas, or with a substance extracted from solid bodies by friction.'—p. 56.

The rapidity of the movement of the atmospheric electricity, M. Chabrier farther imagines, as well as its direction, ought to be supposed to render this species of electricity, partly the result of the immediate and permanent pressure of the sidereal fluid upon the poles of the atmosphere—a pressure exerted more strongly there than at the equator, where it is diminished, in consequence of the centrifugal force with which the fluid is animated. With this sidereal fluid, therefore, as a medium of motion, or rather as a prime mover, (*primum mobile*) M. Chabrier finds it no difficult task to explain the planetary movements, and to describe the manner of their sailing, swimming, floating, or whatever it may be denominated, much more distinctly and graphically than a Newtonian astronomer could accomplish. He tell us that,—

'The planets roll upon the convexity of an ellipsis, which is the liquid, circular, and moveable couch, with which they are in equilibrium, by means of their atmospheres, their centre alone being uniformly moved; the motion of each in all parts of its atmospheric circumference, near the equator, is sometimes retarded and sometimes accelerated. The motion is least of all retarded on the side towards the sun, round the radius vector; the passage of the retarded motion to the accelerated motion, is always at the point of intersection of this line with the circumference of the planetary atmosphere—from which it follows that the centrifrugal power is there null, and that this point serves as a centre of motion to the opposite point of the atmospheric circumference situated on the prolongation of the radius vector, and where the accelerated motion and intensity of centrifugal force is the greatest.

'From the laws of the communication of motion, the flattening of the atmosphere, occasioned by its tendency towards the sun, by impulsion from this planet, and by its resistance to these impulsions, must take place both on the side which receives the impulsion, and on the side diametrically opposite, which diminishes the diameter corresponding to the sides; whilst the normal diameter to this which is situated also in the same place, must increase with the curvature of the atmosphere. . . . . .

'The direction of the impulsions given to the sidereal liquid by the sun being tangential to the Equatorial zone of the atmosphere of this star, this liquid propels it from describing a spiral; consequently the result of its efforts must be to reach the planets above their centre of gravity. Thus the atmosphere of the earth being forced by its posterior and superior parts in the direction of its progressive motion, must turn upon the ecliptic, and in the manner of the sun's rotation.

'It may be also demonstrated in the following manner, that the rotation of the planets in the same way as the sun turns, is the necessary effect of the circular motion, and of the spiral form of the sidereal liquid and the solar heat. The planets and their atmospheres, composing only one and the same body, which gravitates towards the sun, and the curvature of the atmosphere diminishing on the side of that planet, it results that these bodies must move more slowly than the current diverging from the sidereal liquid, as considerable bodies floating in water, move with less speed than that which forces them along: and it is because planets move with less celerity than this diverging current, that they are enabled to turn upon themselves. In fact a part of this current being obstructed in its course by the atmosphere of a planet, increases behind, where its efforts augment in proportion to the resistance, whilst they diminish before. The liquid, whether by the action by which it is impelled—whether by its tendency to equilibrium, escapes on the side when the resistance is least, in order to be carried upon the atmosphere and to continue its forward motion. It will not be below this atmosphere, or on the side towards the sun, that it will escape, provided that on that side it be less free than on the opposite side; for on our part, being nearer the centre of the system it is more dilated; on the other hand, finding itself charged with the weight of the star, and more distant from the limits of that same system, it is proportionally more compressed; all which are causes that would impede its rapidity. Besides, on the side towards the sun, the rolling of the atmosphere only produces a very slight centrifugal force; but this liquid will pass higher than the atmosphere, where it can enjoy more liberty, being less compressed in proportion to its distance from the sun, and because it is at the superior extremity of the atmosphere, that the centrifugal force has the greatest intensity; consequently this atmosphere being forced by its posterior and superior part, will roll upon the ecliptic, as upon an inclined plane, and will turn thus in the manner of the sun's rotation.

'To these causes may be added the following. The terrestrial hemisphere which lies towards the sun is warmed and dilated; the opposite hemisphere plunged in obscurity, is, on the contrary, cold, condensed, and humid—the quarter of the earth, too, and of its atmosphere which is on the point of issuing from the shadows of darkness, being the part of the globe, and of its atmosphere, which is the most condensed and humid, is heavier than the opposite quarter which has just been warmed, dried up and dilated by the heat of the sun at full noon: consequently, this difference of weight and volume in two opposite parts, will establish one of them in their tendency towards the sun; and the surface of the dilated hemisphere having received by that means an increase, the number of points which this repulsive force can affect, will be increased. This alone suffices, in my opinion, to destroy the equilibrium, and to make the earth turn, however tardily.'—p. 46.

The notion of a boundless sea of gas, which we presume is of the nature of M. Chabrier's "*liquide sideral*," with suns, stars, and planets floating about in it, seems to be more akin to poetry than to philosophy—and more romantic and imposing than true." Nay, we cannot undertake to aver that our author has not been indebted for the germ of his system to an English poet, who besides talking of playing at bowls with the sun and moon,* wrote the following lines:

"'Tis midnight!—On the mountain's brown,
The cold wan moon shone brightly down:
Blue rolled the waters—blue *the sky*,
Seem'd like an ocean hung on high
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright—
Who ever look'd upon them shining,
And turn'd to earth without repining,
Nor wished for wings to flee away
And mix with their eternal ray."

Though the moon is greatly nearer to us than any of the planets, astronomers confess that, with her irregular and intricate motions, she gives them more trouble than all the heavenly bodies besides. Into the consideration of these irregularities we cannot at present enter, as we shall have enough to do to discuss the telescopic visions of her seas, her valleys, her mountains, and her volcanoes. Even to the naked eye the surface of the moon does not appear uniform; some parts being dark, others light. The telescope makes these distinctions still more obvious; and as they must indicate something, astronomers have as usual indulged their fancies most liberally in conjecture. One party supposes the dark parts of the moon to be seas, and the light portions, continents and islands; because water absorbs, and land reflects the light. So far has this been carried, that names have even been given to those supposed lunar continents and seas, and maps of them laid down with all the circumstantiality of genuine knowledge. Another party, however, contend that the dark parts are extensive caverns or deep valleys, and the bright parts high mountainous tracts, whose shadows darken the plains to a great extent. Others, again, have thought that the bright parts of the moon are rocks of diamond and similar precious stones.

All these are mere fancies, which nobody can prove, and nobody pretends to prove; but after a great man starts a fancy, it becomes a kind of reproach to the next observer not to coincide with it, and he looks at the moon with a notion of land, and water, and mountains in his head, and of course fails not to see all these in the moon, in the same way as every passenger takes the form of the person we may be anxiously expecting;—and thus it is that philosophers cheat one another into a tolerable argument for the support of a favourite theory. The theorists also imagine that they can

* See Lord Byron's Letter to the Rev. Mr. W. L. Bowles.

measure the height of the mountains in the moon, and detail the eruptions of her volcanoes, because the bright spots rapidly increase in brightness, and afterwards become extinguished; in the same way as Ætna or Vesuvius blaze out at intervals, and again relapse into flameless quiet. It occurs to us that it would be no less plausible to refer the appearance to the burning of a lunar city, or a lunar forest, provided that we had any certitude of the existence of either forests or cities in the moon. M. Chabrier explains this in a more novel manner still; but his account of the moon is altogether so curious, that we shall allow him to speak for himself.

'The moon,' he says, 'which now has no atmosphere, must have had one originally; otherwise how would it have been formed? It may, indeed, have proceeded from a comet, which had struck against the atmosphere of the earth, near its equator. Maupertuis, we think, was of this opinion, and M. Laplace does not imagine it improbable that it might have been severed from a comet by some violent shock or concussion. According to this hypothesis, the two atmospheres being homogeneous would become united into one—but the heaviness being considerably diminished at so great a distance from the earth, the nucleus of the comet may penetrate even to where the fluid, by its density and motion, forms its equilibrium. At the height at which the moon is, her centrifugal force is equal to her weight. Thus, she is without doubt placed in the diverging current, or atmospheric ascendancy, at the point in which her mass is in equilibrio with the fluid body, which sustains it by its density and motion; and her centre of gravity must be in the inferior and posterior part of the hemisphere, which it presents to us. The great mountains of the moon, multiplying the points of contact with the air, must contribute to diminish her specific gravity.

'The unchangeable face which the moon presents to us, is clearly an indication that this face belongs to an hemisphere, which has more weight than that which is concealed from us:—from this circumstance I am led to imagine that the part which is invisible, is either plane, or perhaps concave, which renders the globe of the moon lighter. Every part of the lunar surface would be presented to the earth in succession *without the attraction of the terrestrial spheroid*, which unceasingly attracts to it the same hemisphere of this planet, and *renders the other hemisphere always invisible. (Expos. du Syst. de M. t. 2, p. 445.* In fact, if the moon, from her appearance in the atmosphere of the earth, were more or less yielding, the earth's attraction acting particularly upon her centre, must render her convex on the side towards the earth, and concave on the side opposite. Herschel observed, that the satellites of Jupiter always presented the same face to that planet, &c. This law is equally applicable to the seventh satellite of Saturn. When that satellite is to the East of Saturn, it becomes very difficult to be seen, which proceeds only from the spots which cover the hemisphere, presented to us when found in that position. *(Astr. Phys. t. 3, p. 77, par M. Biot).* Perhaps this particularity may be owing to the circumstance, that in this situation the satellite only affords a lateral view of a single hemisphere. These conjectures appear to me to be confirmed by the luminous points which are sometimes observed on the disc of the moon, and which, if this planet be concave on the side opposite to the earth, and of small thickness, might be mere holes, through

which we could perceive the light of the sun during the time of a solar eclipse.

'The terrestrial atmosphere having a rotatory motion from west to east, at least twenty-seven times more rapid than the motion of the moon; its fluid, in consequence of this rapidity, must acquire a force which renders it capable of supporting that satellite, and of forcing it along in the passage of her own motion.

'This fluid, which is that of the ascending atmospheric current; and which moves with an extreme rapidity to the height where the moon is, is condensed on the posterior face of that satellite, and especially in passing below it, and must be dilated on the anterior face; for, in escaping below the moon, the air must necessarily be extended, rise with impetuosity, dilate finally at the point of producing the atmospheric ascension, and by that means, raise the seas, and cause the tides.

'This satellite does not move so quick as the atmospheric fluid, on account of its density, which inclines it to the earth, and because all its parts, moving and keeping only together, the entire mass is, under all considerations, much less moveable than the surrounding fluid.—

'At the height at which it is, the oxygen is not very abundant, and this satellite can only feebly resist the effects of the pressure exercised upon the atmosphere of the earth: the impression of these effects having only place on one side, is favourable to the opinion, that the moon is spherical, and that in her course round the globe, she is subject only to a motion like a vessel upon water.'

From these cursory sketches, then, it would appear that M. Chabrier's new system is little more than a modification of the Cartesian, somewhat adapted to the modern views of pneumatics. Des Cartes, in his "Principia," accounts for many astronomical phenomena from the centrifugal force of atmospheres of ether surrounding the planets, much in the same way as our author talks of his fluid. But as Maclaurin, in his admirable account of Sir Isaac Newton's discoveries, well remarks, there never was a more extravagant undertaking than such an attempt. Liebnitz, as some of our readers may be aware, attempted a similar modification of the Cartesian system, and represented the universe as a machine which should proceed for ever by the laws of mechanism in the most perfect state, by an absolute inviolable necessity; but he never explained in what manner his ether, or celestial fluid, could produce gravity and the planetary revolutions. Nor did he shew how his harmonical circulation of the ether could be reconciled and adjusted together, so as to account for astronomical phenomena. M. Chabrier, it must be confessed, has gone a little farther than this; but though he has experimented in a small way to prove his principles, we cannot but think the deductions which he draws from his experiments, are no better than wild and unproved visions. We advise M. Chabrier, therefore, to curb the flight of his astronomical fancyings, and to keep within the range of the "Vol des Insectes," where he will be more at home, and can write more usefully and accurately. The "*Vol des Planets*," if we may use the expression, seems to be altogether beyond the soar of his terrestrial wings.

ART. VII.—1. *Constantinople in* 1828. *A Residence of Sixteen Months in the Turkish Capital and Provinces: with an Account of the present Naval and Military Power, and of the Resources of the Ottoman Empire.* By Charles Mac Farlane, Esq. 1 vol. 4to. London. 1829.

2. *Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine, in* 1824, 1825, 1826, *and* 1827. By R. R. Madden, Esq., M.R.C.S. 2 vols. 8vo. With one Plate. London. 1829.

THE first of these works, a handsome quarto volume, with several interesting views, and a portrait of the Sultan Mahmood, offers, in a plain unvarnished language, the observations and experience of an intelligent traveller, who, during the short period of sixteen months that he resided in Turkey, has collected more useful information on the state of that singular country, than many less attentive tourists have offered us after a residence of several years. He arrived in the middle of August, 1827, at Smyrna, to all appearance free from every political bias, and prepared to hear and see and judge for himself. His description of Smyrna and its society is full of interest. The town was then enjoying the most perfect repose, under its energetic governor, after having undergone the most frightful commotions, when blood flowed in torrents through its streets, and the unfortunate Greeks were hunted down and shot like wild beasts, whenever they ventured out of their houses. Before finally leaving Smyrna for Constantinople, he made an excursion to Pergamus, Magnesia, and the ruins of Sardes, the description of which will be read with pleasure, both by the antiquarian and the politician. But his residence at Constantinople, whither he went from Smyrna by sea, is the most important part of the work. The author's connections in the capital of Turkey, seem to have given him opportunities for correcting various errors into which previous travellers had fallen. He has paid great attention to the improvements lately undertaken in the sultan's army; and his work will go a great way towards rectifying the exaggerated expectations many persons in this country have entertained from those measures of reform which were to regenerate an all but fallen empire. His sketches of Sultan Mahmood, and other distinguished Turks, are admirably drawn; and there is a simplicity about them, which leaves no doubt that if they should any where turn out to be erroneous, the fault must have been with his informants, and not with him, whose sole aim seems to be to present a faithful picture of "Turkey as it is."

Mr. Madden's volumes extend over a much greater range of country. They are written in the shape of letters, addressed to several persons in England; a style of writing very convenient to travellers, as it leaves room for all kinds of anecdotes, witticisms, and smart remarks, which seem to be the peculiar vein of their

author. Mr. Madden being a surgeon, passed among the Turks for a hakim, or physician, and as such had access to all classes of persons, even to the secrets of the harem. He seems to have had many opportunities for observing the Turkish character in Constantinople, Smyrna, Candia, Syria, but above all, in Alexandria, where he resided altogether nearly two years, and where he made experiments on the plague, which we recommend to the attention of every medical man. His land journey from Constantinople to Smyrna, was too rapid to have afforded any information; nor do we gather much from his tour in Palestine, except a few interesting observations on the Dead Sea, and some ludicrous anecdotes of the monks at Jerusalem. In Nubia, too, his journey extended no farther than Assouan. Yet wherever Mr. M. goes or resides, though he should not constantly be employed in measuring pillars, and never copied one inscription, he always contrives to pick up some amusing anecdote, or to give some entertaining description illustrative of the habits, customs, manners, religion, or civilization of the people. Mr. Madden seldom speaks of things which have not come under his own observation; in consequence, he says but little of Sultan Mahmood and his court. His sketches of Mehmet-Ali, to whom he was introduced at Cairo, and of his son, the ferocious Ibrahim, whom he frequently attended off Candia, are, on the other hand, the more perfect and lively. Mr. M. is a liberal man, in the most extensive sense of the word, and not likely to hate a man because he wears a turban and swears by Mahomet; nor is he a Turk-hater, from an overweening affection for the Greeks; nevertheless, the Turks have found no favour in his sight.

The state and prosperity of Turkey, at this moment, are topics of great interest in all Europe. Not that we fear to see the Russians drive the true believers into the Bosphorus; for "the powers that be" have decreed that they shall *not*; but that we are desirous of knowing whether there be stamina enough left in the Turks for being regenerated; whether their religion, and still more their inveterate habits of sloth and luxuriousness, have not rendered them totally incapable of assuming a rank among civilized nations; and finally, whether there be that, in the character and circumstances of Sultan Mahmood, which may lead us to think that he will carry a reform, in the attempt of which, the able and noble Selim lost his throne and life. As Christians and Englishmen, we must wish to witness the regeneration of Turkey; it must be painful to us to see millions of our fellow-believers crouch under the scimitar of an incorrigible barbarian, and still more, to think ourselves compelled, for the sake of our political and commercial interests, to uphold that moral monster against its more powerful and more civilized neighbour, under whose sceptre the Christians of Thrace would unquestionably lead an infinitely happier life.

Let us hear Mr. Madden, on the Turkish character.

'It has been long a disputed question,' he says, 'whether the Greeks or

Turks are the best people; but the question should have been, which of them is the worst, for I would be inclined to say, from my own experience, that the Greeks, as a nation, are the least estimable people in the world, with the exception of the Turks, who are still less to be admired.'

'But as to the outward man, the Turk is, physically speaking, the finest animal, and indeed excels all Europeans in bodily vigour as well as beauty. As to their moral qualities, I cannot go to the length of Thornton's commendation, nor of De Tott's abuse. In my medical relations with them, I had much to admire, and a great deal to condemn. I found them charitable to the poor, attentive to the sick, and kind to their domestics; but I also found them perfidious to their friends, treacherous to their enemies, and thankless to their benefactors. Eight cases of poisoning have fallen under my observation already; five of these victims I attended, and in every case the fatal dose did its deadly business within eight and forty hours, but in most instances within twelve. The nature of the poison I cannot speak of with certainty; from its being tasteless in the coffee, which is commonly made its vehicle, it can neither be opium, nor corrosive sublimate; but, from the symptoms it produces, I believed it to be arsenic. Of all things in Turkey, human life is of the least value; and of all the roads to honour and ambition, murder is deemed the most secure. I sat beside a Cantiote Turk at dinner, who boasted of having killed eleven men in cold blood; and the society of this assassin was courted by the cousin of the *Reis effendi*, at whose house I met him, because "he was a man of courage." I attended the harem of a rich *Ulema*, a man of the law and of the religion, whose female slave was incapacitated for drudgery. He proposed sending for one of the Jewish women who followed the avocation of infanticide, and who are consulted not only by the Turks, but also by the most respectable Levantines. I of course declined a consultation with a privileged murderess, and represented the evil consequences arising from such practices. In short, one of the most deplorable effects of despotism is, the little value it causes people to set on human life. I do not imagine they are wantonly cruel; but a government which overwhelms without punishing,—which visits crime with the hand of vengeance, and not of justice,—which inflicts death, not for example, but for the sake of getting rid of the offender,—and whose fanaticism makes a merit of shedding blood,—such a government, I say, must deprave the hearts of the people, and render them sanguinary and atrocious.

'The Turks are generally considered to be honester than the Greeks, and in point of fact they are, or at least appear so; they are certainly less mendacious, and are too clumsy to practice chicanery to advantage. Their probity, however, depends not on any moral repugnance to deceit, but solely on the want of talent to deceive. I never found a Turk who kept his word when it was his interest to break it; but then I never knew a Greek who was not unnecessarily and habitually a liar. He is subtle in spirit, insidious in discourse, plausible in his manner, and indefatigable in dishonesty; he is an accomplished scoundrel; and beside him, the Turk, with all the desire to defraud, is so *gauche* in knavery, that, to avoid detection, he is constrained to be honest.'—pp. 29—32.

Mr. Mac Farlane, it is true, does not venture on any general characteristics, nor had he so many opportunities of judging as

Mr. M., but his whole book gives evidence to the same effect; to whatever page we turn, we have instances of cruelty, avarice, perfidy, stupid ignorance, arrogance, sensuality, or other similar vices which exhibit "our ancient, natural, and faithful ally" in anything but an amiable light. Thus, for example, we find, at page 186, a description of the sale of a Greek slave at Magnesia, as a scene of, no doubt, daily occurrence.

'The auction had begun in a room of the khan, near the one I occupied, when the young man who accompanied me, informed me of the business that was transacting. I thought of the young woman who had so much interested me on my journey from Kirkagatch, and ran to the sale-room, fully expecting it was she. It was not. It was a little girl much younger, who had been taken six years before, when a child, at the sacking of Scio. She might now be about thirteen or fourteen, the age of womanhood in these countries; and her possessor had chosen the moment favourable to an advantageous disposal. It was disgusting, it was horrible to see this helpless innocent, in the midst of a crowd of Turks, who were handling her and twisting her about as horse-jockeys are wont to do with a young colt. They were almost without an exception, old men, yet——. But I dare not describe the particulars of the scene, and haste to its conclusion. Her face was pretty, her form graceful, faultless; her owner declared her temper to be good, and that nothing but his poverty prevented him from keeping her for his own use; and after long haggling, she was knocked down to one of the party for three thousand piastres. The grey-beard went away gloating at his weeping purchase; and the vender congratulated himself on having made a good sale.'—pp. 186, 187.

But, it will be asked, are the Turks corrupt beyond recovery? Will not the energy of the present Sultan so regenerate the nation as to enable them to keep their ground in Europe, and to cope, without foreign assistance, with their hereditary foes the Russians? Mr. M. thinks that "No decided change or amelioration in the condition of the people can be expected; because their civil and religious institutions, though ruinous and demoralizing, are, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, immutable."—vol. i. p. 17.

And again,

'The exertions of one individual cannot overcome the fatal effects of national luxury and debauchery; and it is in vain to look for good soldiers amongst a demoralized people. Atrocity is not courage; the effervescence of fanaticism is only formidable at the onset; and military tactics consist in something more than imitating the evolutions of a military mountebank, and clothing an army in the uniform of a harlequin. But England "makes her wish the father to the thought," and fondly hopes to see the prostrate giant rising from the earth; and though "each new day a gash is added to his wounds," expects to see the great and unformed mass deriving sanity and soundness from the *tactus eruditus* of Egyptian disciplinarians. Vain hope! it is not in one man's energy to infuse new health into weak and ephemerial institutions; it is not in the compass of his fanaticism, or his fury, to make heroes of the *Pooshts* of the Seraglio; it is not in the nether garment

of the Prophet, now the sacred banner of the faithful, though displayed from the Imperial *harem*, to feed and clothe the soldiers of the faith.'—166-167.

Mr. Mac Farlane, who is inclined to give Sultan Mahmood as much credit for his reforms as he can possibly deserve, so much so as to mention as an attempt at *civil* improvement, the *theoretical* admission of the right of servants of the state to transmit their property to their children, instead of its going, as heretofore, into the coffers of the Sultan; his discountenancing corruption and bribery among his officers, of which he is ever guilty himself; and his ordering that no person is to be executed without a legal trial, while, by his own mandate, people accused of no crime but that of being rich, continue to be strangled without mercy; yet admits 'that Mahmood is a treacherous, cruel man—that the vaunted reformer of the Turks is still a barbarian.' And adds, as to the prospects of the durability of his improvements, and to the state of the nation, as it was in 1828, and no doubt is at this day,—

'In Turkey, as observed of Persia, by an acute and philosophic observer, "all improvement is personal:" should the present sultan die, most of his plans might die with him, and even, should every thing go on well, and he retain his energies to an advanced period of life, it will be doubtful whether the Turks can become formidable to their powerful neighbours—either to Austria or Russia even, single-handed. A surer and more permanent basis of honour and prosperity, without which, indeed, the one proposed will be found of sand, would be a general moral reform of the departments of government; for, at present, all is corrupt, from the heads of the divan and pashas, or proconsuls, to the aghas of villages and officers of custom-houses; from the Sheik Islam or Mufti, through the whole body of church and law, to the lowest cadi or catib. The people are as much, nay more ground than ever: the tenure of property and life is as insecure as heretofore, and the decisions of justice are still regulated on the amount of bribes.' —p. 270.

There is, no doubt, much in the character and history of Mahmood which may remind us of the Moscovite reformer, Peter the Great. We observe in Mahmood the same obstinacy of purpose, much of the same activity, the same disregard of human life, the same unrelenting cruelty, the same domestic attachments and affection for his friends, "as long as they lasted," as in Peter. Peter's life before his accession was endangered by his ambitious sister—Mahmood's by his brother; Peter remained the only scion of his house except his own children—so does Mahmood; Peter is accused of having caused the death of his son, from fear of the opponents of innovation rallying around him—the same kind of accusation is brought against Mahmood; Peter found an ignorant, priest-ridden people, which he endeavoured to reform—Mahmood's is in a similar position; Peter had to destroy the body of Strelits before he could proceed—Mahmood has been driven to the same course with the Janissaries; Peter was attacked in the beginning of his reforming career by disciplined armies—so is Mahmood. But there are also

considerable differences between the two monarchs and their positions, which deserve to be noticed. Peter ruled over a united people, the bulk of which professed the same religion and spoke the same language, and which in general he found sufficiently pliable to his purposes, while there was no governor of any part of his state strong enough to oppose his will. In European Turkey, at least, the most useful part of the population are of a hostile religion and different speech; the most important provinces are in open rebellion, or merely nominally submissive, while there is in the bulk of the Mahommedans a spirit of inertness most difficult to move. Besides, it is yet a question whether Mahmood really possesses that love of improvement which so eminently characterized Peter; it is true that, like his prototype, he has begun to discipline his troops, but Peter at the same time commenced by building cities, levelling roads, digging canals, and constructing harbours; Mahmood has as yet distinguished himself in these respects by nothing but suffering the decay of, or destroying, those magnificent works which others had constructed before him.

Nevertheless, the history of this monarch, both as to his accession and his government, is so curious that we hope to please our readers by presenting a succinct account of it, after the able sketch given by Mr. Mac Farlane.

Mahmood II. was born in the year of the Hegira 1163, or 1785 of the Christian era. He is the son of Sultan Abdul-Hamid, and the only survivor of a very numerous family of brothers and sisters. At the deposition of Sultan Selim III., he was, as he had been from the moment of his birth, a close prisoner in the harem, confined to the society of slaves, and denaturalized women.

The system of thus imprisoning and demoralizing the princes of the Imperial family, was first introduced by Soliman the Magnificent, about the middle of the sixteenth century, to avoid the danger of revolt and disputed succession, but was not rigorously adopted until the reign of the monster Mahomet III., who, with a view of making security doubly sure, with truly Turkish magnanimity, put his nineteen brothers to death. Since that period, all princes of the Ottoman race languish within their splendid prisons, till they are liberated by death, or called to the throne; "thence that disgraceful succession of imbecile and effeminate Sultans—cruel, but cowardly; luxurious, yet barbarous in their very luxury; a compound of the characters of the malignant eunuch, and the sensual uninformed woman," with which the Turkish empire has been cursed for a long series of years, and who form such a degrading contrast with the first ten monarchs of the Ottoman race. When Selim was deposed by the intrigues of the Oulemas and the turbulence of the Janissaries, there were but two princes of the Imperial stock left capable of taking his place on the throne. They were sons of Abdal-Hamid and cousins of Selim: Mahmood being the younger, was left in his prison, and his imbecile brother Mustapha

was proclaimed Sultan, and Selim shut up in his stead. It is supposed that Mahmood is indebted to the instruction he received from the unfortunate captive, who, endowed with an intelligent and inquisitive mind, had, while on the throne, been made acquainted with the value of the arts and sciences of Europe, and had fallen a victim to his noble desire of introducing some of them among his benighted people. Selim's disposition was, moreover, gentle and mournful; he loved and cultivated poetry and music; and if he did not succeed in making his pupil more humane, it was probably owing to the natural ferocity and obstinacy of temper of the young prince, who, having attained his twenty-second year at the time Selim became his instructor, was too old to improve his heart with the same facility with which he improved his mind.

Our author relates an anecdote of the two captive princes, which is extremely affecting.

'Some trifling act of neglect or omission, in an attendant slave, drove Mahmood into a paroxysm of rage more than usually violent; he started from the sofa, where he was sitting with Selim, struck the trembling offender on the mouth, threw him down, and trampled upon him. "Ah, Mahmood," said the deposed sovereign, reproachfully, "when you have been tried in the furnace of the world's troubles, like me, so slight a matter will not discompose you. When you have suffered, as I have, your heart may feel even for the sufferings of a slave." If tales like this,' Mr. Madden, continues, 'and there are many such, admit of doubt, where authentication is difficult, or impossible, their prevalence will, at least, prove the estimation in which the Turks hold the memory of the injured Selim, and the character of the violent Mahmood.'

Mustapha's inglorious reign was very brief. The party of innovators which Selim had formed around him, headed by the renowned Mustapha Bairactar, a man who, from a daring chief of pirates on the Danube, had been raised to honours and dignities by the deposed monarch, undertook his restoration. He appeared with a considerable army before the seraglio, at the moment when Sultan Mustapha was absent on a party of pleasure. Unfortunately, the inner guard refused to open the gates to the invaders, and, while they were losing time in parleying, the tyrant contrived to return within the harem, and instantly caused the execution of the ill-fated Selim; then, ordering the gates to be thrown open, exposed to the view of the Bairactar the mangled remains of his benefactor, whom he had hoped to re-elevate on his throne. Mustapha was seized, and thrown into the prison from which he had just been dragging his victim. But now Mahmood could not be found, and it began to be generally supposed that he also had been murdered. The deposed prince vowed that he knew nothing of him; but the Bairactar, furious with grief and disappointment, swore that, if he had, "he would send his soul to hell, though the Ottoman race should end, and the whole empire follow him!" At

length, after a long and most anxious search through the interior of the seraglio, "Mahmood, the future sultan of the Moslemins, the iron-handed and iron-hearted reformer, at whose name millions were to tremble, was discovered in a dark, neglected corner, and drawn from beneath a heap of carpets and mats, himself half dead and trembling." It is generally asserted, that Mustapha had determined to strangle his brother, and that Mahmood was saved by an old female slave, who had concealed him at the first approach of the Bairactar.

Mahmood was now proclaimed Sultan, and death and proscription marked his steps to the throne. On the very day of his accession, no less than thirty-three heads were exposed at the gate of the seraglio; and numbers of persons, among whom were several women of the seraglio, who were accused of either having participated in, or rejoiced at, the death of Selim, were strangled and thrown into the Bosphorus. But the real murderer, Mustapha, escaped for the time; and Mahmood could not be prevailed upon, by those who had caused his elevation, to condemn his brother to the bow-string, although it was repeatedly urged that, if another revolution should bring Mustapha again into power, his own life would be the forfeit of his generosity.

Nevertheless, the Bairactar exercised a great influence over the sultan's mind, and, as long as this man remained in power, Mahmood had nothing more to do than to lend his name to the measures he pursued. But, although these were entirely conceived in the spirit of Selim, whose steps he, no doubt, intended from the beginning of his reign, to pursue, his fierce spirit could not brook the idea of having a master in his minister; and he, therefore, no doubt, rejoiced in the event which freed him of this powerful spirit. This event was one of the most dreadful rebellions which had ever distracted Constantinople. The innovations undertaken by the Bairactar, were of too daring a character not to excite the jealousy and fears of the Oulemas and Janissaries, and, while he fearlessly pursued his course, despising the machinations of both these formidable bodies, as well as the intrigues of the women and eunuchs of the seraglio, an explosion was prepared, which caused his own destruction, and which, but for the appalling determination of the sultan, would have replaced Mustapha on the throne. The rising of the Janissaries, aided by the mob of the capital, was dreadful: they fired the city in several places; by turns the seraglio was attacked, and the assailants driven back, and pursued through the narrow streets of the city; no quarter was given on either side, and the slaughter of armed and unarmed people, was immense. At first, the cry of the rebels was only, "Down with the impious tyrant, the renegade Mustapha-Bairactar!" and then Mahmood is said not to have been in great earnest in staying the disorders of the multitude; but when to this was added the cry of "Let us restore our true sultan, Mustapha!" he began to be appre-

hensive of his own life. For three days he struggled with himself, but at last, when he saw himself closely pressed in his palace, and goaded by his adherents to provide for his own security, he gave the dreadful command, and Mustapha was no more! It is said, by his friends, that the words with which he gave the order for his brother's execution died on his lips, and that, when he at last was compelled to utter them, he covered his face, and trembling from head to foot, threw himself in a corner of a sofa; while others assert that, on hearing the cries of the people, he became furious, and, attended by the Kislar-Agha and Capidji-Bashi, rushed into his brother's prison, and presided at his murder. Be the truth which it may, "from the moment the last shriek of the cowardly Mustapha echoed through that bloody recess, Mahmood felt the security of his unity, the inviolability of the sole male relict of the Osman race, and might say with horrid triumph, "I am alone, and there is none but me!"'

It is well known that it is a firm belief among the Turks, that with the extinction of the present race of their rulers their empire must perish. This belief has thrown a charm around Mahmood's life, and has emboldened and enabled him to undertake and execute reforms, which would have led to the destruction of every other Sultan. But there being no other prince of the blood of Osman to substitute in his place, his government and life are safe. It is true he has several sons, but they are all infants, and the Turks have no idea of a regency; and when lately he lost his eldest son, it was actually reported, that he had caused the removal of the child by poison, from dread that his enemies might speedily think him old enough to be his father's successor.

To return, however, to our narrative. With the death of Mustapha the rebels lost all power. Besides, the Bairactar against whom their hostility had been chiefly directed, had perished in the flames which had consumed a great portion of the capital, and the Sultan was soon able to make his peace with the Janissaries. But his proud spirit could not forget the dangers to which he had been exposed by the bigoted fury of this mob-soldiery, nor forgive the fears and anxiety to which they had subjected him ever since the deposition of Selim. He resolved on their destruction; although with truly Turkish perfidy, he knew how to conceal his deeply laid scheme under the mask of hypocrisy. It was in the month of November, 1808, that he assured them of his entire forgiveness, and till June, 1825, he never relented for one moment in the prosecution of the cruelty and treachery with which he prepared the catastrophe which ultimately annihilated this odious body.

In the interval they proved more than once troublesome to his government. Soon after the suppression of the above rebellion, Mahmood began to surround himself with men recommended by the former friendship of Selim, and who were, on that very account,

hateful to the two bigoted and corrupt bodies that had been wont to govern the state. A tumult, in which the town was set on fire, was the consequence, and the Sultan was compelled to banish his friends. But it was not long before he recalled them, and had even the daring to appoint several to the highest offices in the state. Fresh tumults and conflagrations were the consequence, and; to restore tranquillity, Mahmood was under the necessity of dismissing, in succession, the councillors he most valued. Yet, although the Janissaries, respecting the last scion of the blood of Osman, always stopped in their career of turbulence and rebellion, whenever they had obtained the banishment of the immediate object of their dislike, the sultan's hatred to them only increased in intensity; and as he was not powerful enough at once to attack them in front, he took measures which, as they undermined their strength secretly, were the more certain of leading to their destruction.

The person who had the greatest influence in thus improving the Sultan's tactics, was the crafty Halet-Effendi, who having studied European politics and other arts whilst on an embassy in Paris, became a great favourite of the Sultan, and under the unostentatious title of *nizamji*, or keeper of the seals, ruled his master and the whole empire for several years. This man openly professed the most detestable doctrines of Machiavellism, and his practice corresponded with his professions. 'The entire subservience of the means to the end, appeared to him an established point that it was absurd to dispute, and in the iron-hearted Sultan found an apt pupil.' 'If a man would be rid of an enemy,' was one of the arguments of this political Mephistopheles, 'and of an enemy superior in strength, he does not declare his hatred and warn him of his hostile intention—no; he lulls him into security until he gets him into a situation that a coffee-cup, or a woman's dagger might do the business.' And it was decided that a system of this sort was to be set in action against the Janissaries.

It would be tedious to wade through the whole history of blood and treachery, through which the destruction of this body was prepared. Suffice it to know, that where bribery was insufficient to detach the influential men from their body, recourse was had to the waters of the Bosphorus; while many were induced, by insidious agents, to breaches of the law, and were executed with every form of justice. At the same time dissensions were spread among the different ortas, and it was managed that the nomination of their chief officers only fell on men who had entered into the views of government. All this was done by almost imperceptible degrees, and without, in the least, exciting the suspicions of the Janissaries themselves. "The mole works in silence and darkness," Halet is reported to have said, "but he makes his way as he purposes. The pace of the tortoise is slow, but if he make sure of every ascending step, he at last reaches the hill-top. The scorpion con-

coils his sting, and is a quiet and contemptible reptile, until he can dart it with death into his foes.'

We introduce an interlude to this execrable play, in Mr. Mac Farlane's own words, and we leave it to our readers to form, from this undoubtedly faithful picture, as indeed from the whole history we have been narrating, their opinion of this reformer of the Turks, whom some recent travellers, and several of our contemporary journals, have endeavoured to palm upon Europe as a great man.

'Simultaneously with the deliberate and cautious undermining of the janissary power, means equally specious, and treacherous, and sanguinary, were employed to restrict or destroy the power of distant pashas, and of the ayans, or feudatory lords of the empire. The development of these operations of years, would present a picture of almost unparalleled craft and cruelty; but they were successful, and the losses of the inhabitants of remote provinces who had been happy and prosperous in proportion to the stability and independence of their local governors, and the complaints of heirs dispossessed of the fiefs their ancestors had held on the tenure of military service ever since the conquest of the country, did not interfere with the satisfaction of Mahmood, or the plans of his counsellor, who from the course of his study and associations, had been led to consider the government of France, where the destruction of an ancient nobility, and the drunken liberty of the people, had paved the way to a military despotism—the unchecked will of one,—as the most perfect government of Europe, and the most consonant to the character of his master.

'I am no liberal, in the sense most *illiberally* given at present to that word. I have sighed over the downfal of the great and splendid family of the Carasman-Ogles; I have seen with my own eyes the evils that have resulted therefrom, and I predict, that the spirit of the Ottoman people must suffer from the subversion of a body of nobility, agricultural as well as military—a body that stood between a portion of the people and the absorbing influence of the Oulemas and the oppression of the direct agents of the Porte.

'The deeply calculated plans of the sultan, or of Halet-Effendi, deprived the Janissaries of the capital, of allies in the provinces, that had generally been found in the discontent of powerful pashas and governors. The bands of military adventurers who had been accustomed to follow the fortunes of the pashas who could pay them best, without any reference to the allegiance of their masters to their sultan, were detached by bribes and promises of regular pay, and Mahmood might lay claim to the gratitude of the pacific portion of his subjects, by the prompt suppression of the disbanded troops, who, military adventurers in their own estimation, but robbers in the eyes of others, had for many years infested his dominions both of Europe and Asia. The evil was at its height during the latter part of the reign of Selim, when descending from Mount Rhodope and the fastnesses of Bosnia, these brigands ravaged the provinces at their pleasure, and it was their coalition with the disaffected Janissaries of Adrianople and the rest of Romelia, that induced the defeat of Cadi-Pasha, the most enthusiastic of the friends of the Nizam-djedid, and prepared the fall of Sultan Selim.* As soon as these hordes were isolated, the tardy punish-

* The defeat of Cadi-Pasha at Adrianople, happened on the 10th of August, 1806—the forced abdication of Selim on the 31st of May, 1807.

ment they had merited, fell on them with accumulated weight and severity. They were butchered in heaps, burnt, tortured, and impaled. "You might have traced your way through the provinces," said one of my informants, "by those stakes and those writhed and putrid carcases, as in England by mile-stones!" The effect of these tremendous visitations has been such as I have already described—robbers have been since almost unknown in Turkey.

'In this manner, dividing the associations of interest or affection, Mahmood proceeded in his career, his heart hardened by the habitual practices of rigour, and his spirits rising with habitual success. Never treating or compounding as his predecessors had done, with revolted pashas or disaffected bodies, he saw them fall one after another, until none remained with the semblance of power and independence save Ali-Pasha of Yanina, and Mehemet-Ali of Egypt, and they were fain to be regular in the payment of their tribute, and in their testimonials of respect and submission.' —312—314.

These continued successes of Mahmood have convinced the people that he lives under a "good star;" that he is the man of destiny, whom nothing can withstand; and there is little doubt but that a similar superstitious belief pervades his own breast, and renders him indifferent to danger. The triumph of Mehemet-Ali of Egypt, over the schismatic Wahabees, achieved in Mahmood's name, also enlisted fanaticism in his favour; since the liberation of the holy city from those infidels has imparted, in the eyes of the orthodox Mussulman, a character of sanctity to his reign.

The war with Russia, from 1805 till 1812, although any thing but honourable to the Ottoman arms, Mr. Mac Farlane conceives to have rather advanced than retarded the sultan's projects of reform. Inasmuch as every diminution of the body of the Janissaries relieved him of so many personal adversaries, and every defeat sustained by his armies might serve as a practical lesson to his people of the superiority of military tactics over undisciplined fury: and might dispose the disinterested part of the nation to look with a less jealous eye on his projected military reforms. The events of the Greek rebellion, Mr. M. considers in the same point of view, although he is not of the opinion of those who imagine that the sultan purposely withheld his main forces, in order to hurry on the destruction of the Janissaries in detail. Whether this was his policy or not, it is certain that the reverses sustained by the imperial troops, gave fresh proofs of the inefficiency of the old troops, while the comparative success of Ibrahim Pasha's tacticoes enhanced the value of the new.

During all these events, the topjis, or cannoniers, who, since the overthrow of Selim, had lost a great deal of their discipline and *morale*, were quickly re-organized, and now formed a garrison on whose fidelity the sultan might implicitly rely; and when at last the crisis appeared, they afforded a new proof of the efficiency of a well-directed artillery against a mob in narrow streets. The crisis spoken of occurred, as it is well known, in June, 1825. Every thing had been prepared and calculated for it; it was known at

what day and hour the devoted Janissaries would rise, and every measure was taken that it should be for the last time. The majority of their officers had been induced some time previously to bind themselves, by a written obligation, to furnish from each of the Ortas a hundred and fifty men, who would submit to the new discipline. 'Instructed officers, who had survived the sanguinary re-actions under Selim and the Bairactar, and other tacticians sent by the Pasha of Egypt, were appointed to drill the military neophites, whose prejudices were flattered with the change of a word—the Nizam-attic (or old regulation) being substituted for the odious appellation of Nizam-djedid, (or the new ordinance.)' But although the Janissaries apparently submitted to a restraint so uncongenial to their habits of licentiousness, Mahmood knew that they were only waiting for an opportunity to break out into violence and rebellion, and he therefore arranged things in such a manner that they should do so when it suited his own purpose. A blow struck by an Egyptian officer, was the immediate cause of the Janissaries' last rising.

'When the Janissaries declared, as usual, their revolt, by reversing their pilaff-kettles in the square of the Etmeidan, and invoking the name of Hadji-Bektach, their sainted patron, the sultan was coolly seated in a kiosk of Beshik-tash, on the Bosphorus, about a mile and a half from the city, with a council composed of all the principal Osmanlis within call; the Topji-Bashi was ready with his guns and grape-shot; the Agha-Pasha of Yenikeui had a formidable body, on whom he could rely, ready to move at a moment's notice; the Bostandjis were under arms within the walls of the serraglio, and the Galiondjis were masters of the port, and could interrupt any communications with the city by sea. The first fury of the insurgents was directed against the Janissary-Agha; but his person was secure in the council, and they found nothing in his palace but a number of old women, a portion of his harem, which, from their low value, he had not cared to remove, and his kehaya, or lieutenant, who, it should appear, had not been admitted to all the secrets of the plot. The first of these inmates (according to precedent, in which age and ugliness were never a protection,) the Janissaries brutally abused; the last, they cut to pieces. They next proceeded, gathering on their way an increase of strength from the mob and their brethren of the new school, who tore off their tactico uniforms, to the palace of the Porte, which they battered to pieces, and pillaged or destroyed whatever was in it. As the papers might contain the abominable registers of their organization, and the history of their disgrace, they condemned all the archives to the flames—producing more light from Turkish records and diplomacy than had perhaps ever before been elicited from their palpable obscurity.

'This was the last of their exploits. The topjis landed well prepared, under the walls of the serraglio, from their barraks at Tophana, which are situated at the opposite entrance of the port at not much more than half a mile's distance. The Agha-Pasha descended the Bosphorus, and poured his forces into the city—the Janissaries neglecting to oppose these landings. The sultan and all his grandees, confident in the means of protection, entered the serraglio, took down the sangiac-sheriff, or sacred standard of

Mahomet, and, headed by a number of Oulemas reciting apposite passages from the Koran, proceeded forthwith to the imperial mosque of Ahmet, or the square of the Hippodrome, at a very few paces from the palace. Here the Janissaries lost their only remaining chance of success, which would have been to make one general and determined rush to seize the person of Mahmood; but they were deterred by the apprehensions of his being killed in the attack: his sons were children—infants; they could not succeed: the life of the sultan and the existence of the Ottoman empire were identified and sacred; and having no imperial brother or cousin to rally round, they retired to shout Hadji-Bektash, and spit upon the tactico uniforms, and beat their cauldrons, in the "place of meat,"* where they were speedily to be made meat for dogs. The sultan's procession in the mean time gained the interior of the spacious mosque, and there removing the envelopes of green silk from the sacred relic, the sangiac-sheriff was displayed, and the sultan, the mufti, and Oulemas in concert, pronounced a curse and a sentence of eternal dissolution on the Janissary body that had existed for four centuries and a half.

'To give a colour to the extremities he was determined to resort to, the sultan despatched a promise of pardon to the insurgents, on conditions he well knew they would never accept. When their scornful reply, and their demand for the blood of their enemies and of "the subverters of the ancient usages of the empire" were received, Mahmood ordered a general attack, having secured the mufti's *fetva*, which gave a spiritual sanction to the destruction of all that should resist the imperial arms. The topjis and their artillery, supported by the troops of the Agha-Pasha, hurried through the different narrow streets that open on the Et-meidan square. If the Janissaries had had a few intelligent officers to direct their movements, the final result might have been delayed, and their fate somewhat different; but all such officers had been gained by the sultan, and they were abandoned to their own blindness and stupidity. Instead of keeping open their communications with the gates of the city on the land side, and the country beyond the walls, they suffered themselves to be surrounded in a crowded square. They saw the topjis *deboucher* on the front and the flanks of the square, and point their guns, but they did not move until the artillery was heard rattling over the paved streets in their rear, and when they did move, every avenue was occupied by the enemy. Their tardy movement was however tremendous; it was the rush of a compact mass of thousands; grape-shot might rake that mass with tremendous effect, but the original impulse might carry the desperate survivors over the guns before they could be re-loaded, and there were but two pieces of artillery, insufficiently supported, in the avenue to which they were advancing. When the topjis saw the dreadful wave rolling towards them, and heard their brethren calling on their prophet, and on other objects of common adoration, they wavered —they turned from their guns. This was the awful crisis. A determined officer of the topjis, known by the significant name of Kara-djehennem (or Black Hell) rushed to one of the guns and fired it, by discharging his pistol over the priming. The effect of grape-shot on the solid body cooped up in a narrow street, was horrible; the impulse, even of despair, did not

* Et-meidan is the name of the great square where the Janissaries assembled. *Et* signifying meat, and *meidan* square or place.

suffice to impel the Janissaries forward; they were thrown back towards the square, and another flight of grape from the second gun completed their rout and discomfiture. These two guns pealed the knell of the sons of Hadji-Bektash, and Kara-djehennem was avowedly the hero of the day.

'What remained was of easy execution: the troops rushed from every avenue on the square. The public criers, and other agents of the government scattered through the city to give notice of the decisions of the sultan and the mufti, and to awaken the reverential awe for the sangiac-sheriff, produced a decided turn in the popular feeling, and the peaceful denizens of Constantinople rushed to the scene of action, repeating the anathemas against the Janissaries. The vein of kindred blood once opened, it flowed like a torrent without exciting sympathy, and in a brief space the hearts of gathered thousands were animated with one unrelenting spirit—with one aim—the utter annihilation of the Janissaries. Even those who, in the natural state of their minds, would have retired, in their timidity and aversion to deeds of blood, were now carried on by the general stream; and from the same feeling which throws a pack of whelps on the dog beaten by his antagonist, this mob mechanically added its weight to crush the falling Janissaries.'—317—321.

But besides those who fell in this day of blood, Mahmood caused many thousands more to be strangled and thrown into the Bosphorus, while only a few hundreds were condemned to the milder punishment of imprisonment for life. The Asiatics, who had enrolled themselves among this once so formidable body, were sent away from the capital, without money or provisions, and many of them perished from want on the roads to their distant homes. The government seized on the property of all those who had been killed or banished, which is variously estimated at from twelve to twenty thousand pounds.

'The subversion of the antiquated system,' says our author, 'was now complete, and nothing presented itself as a barrier in the way of the general military reorganization, except the poverty of the exchequer, and the latent prejudices of the corps of the Oulemas, who still flatter themselves to find support in the people, though they had consented to the destruction of their allies or instruments, the Janissaries.'

There can be no doubt that the Sultan is in great danger from this formidable body, who are said to be in possession of at least one-third of the landed property, which gradually reverted to them from having been placed under their sacred keeping, against the rapacity of the Sultans, by the officers of state and other rich people, by which they might secure it to their descendants after their death. With such wealth, and with the influence they naturally possess as the interpreters of religion, their opposition will ultimately hurl the pseudo-reformer from the throne; if not to elevate one of his own sons in his stead, to raise some new family, such as that of the Mollah-Hunthear, or priest-king of Iconium, whom they may easily persuade the people to be of an equally holy stock as of their present ruler.

For the present, however, Mahmood feels secure. After the destruction of the Janissaries, he assumed the title of *Gazi*, or Conqueror. All those who, by their treachery or open bravery, had assisted him in accomplishing this great event, were splendidly rewarded; except the crafty Halet, who had been sent to his last account by the very man for whose sake he had committed the greatest atrocities. The traitor fell by treachery: dismissed in consequence of a rebellion of the Janissaries against him, the Sultan had most graciously handed to him a firman which was to be his security in his exile; but on his way to Iconium, whither he journeyed by slow stages in full confidence on the word of his imperial master, he was overtaken by a duly-authorized executioner, and strangled. His head was exhibited in the same place where he had previously exposed that of Ali-Pasha, whose fall was principally his work; his treasures were seized, and his Jewish brother tortured, till he disgorged the last piaster. The Sultan's life is now completely changed; dressed almost like a European officer, he is seen day after day drilling his troops, and taking more exercise during a week, than his predecessors took in the whole course of their lives. He superintends every thing himself; and it is, no doubt, by this activity and his personally mixing among the people, who in all countries are fond of the sight of their sovereigns, that he has retained the small portion of popularity which he seems yet to enjoy. The war too with Russia, although it has begun too soon for his ultimate views, since it has called his new troops into the field before he had had time to give them that drilling and discipline, and those habits of military subordination which form the soul of European armies; by rousing the fanaticism of the nation, and calling their attention to the immediate dangers of an infidel invasion, may enable him to push on his reforms more rapidly than he could have done in times of peace. Latterly, we are informed, he has so far laid aside "the pomp and circumstance" of Eastern monarchs, as to visit foreign Christian merchants, dine with them, and talk and make presents to their daughters. How his Moslem subjects will relish such a departure from ancient customs, as the mixing of their sovereign in the society of "Christian dogs," remains to be seen; especially if they should find that, with all his innovations, he is unsuccessful against the "Giaours,"—will they not then begin to think that his misfortunes are the effects of the wrath of the offended Prophet?

Mr. Mac Farlane gives instances of cruel disregard of human life, rapacity and treachery in this "vaunted reformer of the Turks," half of which would suffice to bear him out in his assertion, that he is 'a cruel man—a barbarian.' He is, however, said to be in private life, 'an affectionate father, a warm and familiar friend (as long as his friendship lasts), and a mild master to his servants and immediate attendants.' He seems fond of a coarse joke, and is said to have acquired a taste for music and Arabic literature, from the amiable

Sglim. Various anecdotes are adduced of the more amiable disposition and habits of this sovereign, but we fear we have already dwelt too long on the imperial "Man-slayer." We will only add that as to the troops he has formed, although when Mr. M. saw them they were for the most part ill-looking men, awkward in their dress and appearance, and shuffling in their step, we have now the testimony of their enemies, the Russians, that they have fought like brave men. And if fighting in regular squares, and retreating from one position and taking another more advantageous one, in the presence of a superior foe, are evidences of good troops, the Sultan has no doubt done much in a short time, and the Turks have shewn a greater aptitude at being disciplined than they were generally supposed to possess; and no doubt the Emperor Nicholas acted wisely, as he knew that he should soon have to go to war with "his ancient, natural, and *faithless foe*," to begin the war before the Sultan had had time to complete his warlike preparations.

But enough of sovereigns and politics; let us turn to a more pleasing subject—the Turkish ladies. Few Europeans have had opportunities to see the interior of a harem; and even hakims, or physicians, are rarely allowed the sight of their patients, and are obliged to judge of the maladies of the fair recluses, from the indications of the pulse, which they feel only through a gauze net, the hand being held out from behind a curtain or a door. Mr. Madden, however, seems to have been more fortunate; he has spoken to Turkish ladies face to face, has been repeatedly blessed with their smiles, and felt the grateful pressure of their delicate fingers.

On my first visit to the *harem* they were always veiled, and the pulse was even to be felt through the medium of a piece of gauze; but subsequently, whether I inspired confidence by sedateness, or deference to my orders by firmness of manner, I know not, but my fair patients usually submitted to inspection with a good grace, and, in the absence of the husband, even laughed and jested in my presence. Some, who called me "dog" at the first interview, and did every thing but spit upon me, became familiarized with the presence of an infidel, and often made me presents of embroidered handkerchiefs and purses. They asked me the most ridiculous questions about the women of my country, "if they were let go abroad without a eunuch; if they could love men who wore hats; if we drowned them often; if they went to the bath every week; if they *sullied* or washed their elbows; if I was married, and how many wives I had;" and sometimes the husband was even present at the conversation, and condescended to laugh with pity, when he heard that English ladies walked unveiled, and that it was unusual to have more than one at a time for a wife; but what seemed to create the greatest horror of all, was the disuse of those lower garments, which are indispensable to Turkish ladies.' pp.—42, 43.

Of their persons and appearance he observes:

'They never seemed to feel they suffered any constraint in remaining at home; they appeared gay and happy; they embroidered, played a sort of spinet and sang interminable songs; but whether the music of their voices

es of the spinet, was most appalling to a Christian ear, it would be difficult to say. They certainly are the loveliest women in the world, so far as the beauty of the face is regarded: but their persons are so little indebted to dress for the preservation of shape, that I very much question the correctness of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's remark on the peculiar attraction of the Turkish form. Their beauty is particularly delicate, and the paleness of their features, and transparency of their fair complexions, are delightfully contrasted with the darkest hair, and with eyes as soft and black as the gazelle's. The larger the latter are, the better; and the more arched the eye-brow, either by art or nature, the more captivating they deem themselves; but the bath, though it smooth the skin, and soften the complexion, in course of time prejudices their beauty, and renders it the "Exigui donum breve temporis," of Seneca's beauty. In short, while they do reign, they are irresistible; in their own figurative language, their 'eyes are full of sleep, and their hearts full of passion.'—pp. 43, 44.

Beauty being all that can make a woman valuable in the eyes of her lord in Turkey, the women use every means to increase their charms. They tinge the edges of their eyelids with a black metallic powder, which the Turks call *surme*, and the Egyptians *kohol*, and which Mr. M. asserts, adds greatly to the beauty of their long eyelashes, and relieves the brilliancy of the eye. The *surme* is also used to extend the arch of the eyebrow. They also imbue their nails and finger tops with juice of *henna*, and fine ladies even extend its application to the toes. The vulgar frequently rouge; but women of fashion seldom paint, except their lips. Like all ignorant people they believe in charms, and wear amulets of every description: some against the influences of the evil eye, others to keep the *shitan*, or devil, out of the house; some are to make the lady fat, others fruitful. And if the amulets fail in their effects of making the lady fertile, or of the requisite size, recourse is had to the Turkish barber or Frank physician; 'for a woman has no honour or respect until she prove a mother; and a young wife has little chance of eclipsing the competitors for her husband's favour, till she is *beautifully fat*.' Happy country, where the fair sex need not starve themselves into a consumption to appear interesting!

The interior of the harem is described as sufficiently gay and voluptuous. The apartments are generally the most spacious, and those of the higher classes are overloaded with tawdry decorations. 'In the centre of the sitting-room, there is commonly a marble fountain, whose falling water lulls the indolent to repose, and amuses the thoughtless with its murmurs. The richest perfumes are kept burning near the divan, and the very air is made to pander to the senses. All the furniture of the chamber consists of the divan; it surrounds the room; the cover is of the finest cloth, the cushions of blue or purple velvet. Costly carpets are spread over the marble floor, and here the ladies squat them down to dinner, after the lord of the creation has appeased his appetite: there are neither knives nor forks, nor plates, nor drinking glasses, nor chairs, nor tables; one common dish appears at a time, and perhaps fifty are brought in succession.'

A Turkish lady of fashion is wooed by an invisible lover: in the progress of the courtship a hyacinth is occasionally dropt in her path, by an unknown hand, and the female attendant at the bath does the office of a mercury, and talks of a certain Effendi demanding a lady's love, as a nightingale aspiring to the affections of a rose!

'A clove, wrapped up in an embroidered handkerchief, is the least token of condescension the nightingale can expect; but a written billet doux is an implement of love which the gentle rose is unable to manufacture. The father of the lady at length is solicited for her hand, and he orders her to give it, and to love, honour, and obey her husband: in short, they are married by proxy, before the *Cadi*, and the light of her lord's countenance first beams on her in the nuptial chamber. This change in her condition is one which every spinster envies: if she be the only wife, she reigns in the harem over a host of slaves; if there be two or three more, she shares with them the delights of domestic sway. Every week, at least, she is blessed with a periodical return of her husband's love; he enters the harem at noon-day, and at sun-set, after the fatigue of sauntering from one *bazaar* to another, and from the public divan to the private chambers,—he performs his evening ablutions,— one obsequious lady fetches a vial of rosewater to perfume his beard, another bears a looking-glass, with a mother of pearl handle, another carries an embroidered napkin; and supper is brought in by a host of slaves and servants; for in most harems the ordinary attendants have access to the women's apartments. The women stand before him while he eats, and when he finishes, a number of additional dishes are brought in for the ladies, whose breeding consists in eating with the finger and thumb only, and in not devouring indecorously the sweetmeats, of which they are exceedingly fond.

'When supper is removed, and the servants disappear, there are few harems where small bottles of rosoglio are not produced; and of this liqueur, I have seen the ladies take so many as three or four little glasses in the course of ten minutes. One of the female slaves generally presents the pipe on one knee; and sometimes one of the wives brings the coffee, and kisses the hand of her lord at the same time; this ceremony every wife goes through in the morning, none daring to sit down in his presence but such as have the honour of being mothers: but, in the evening, there is very little etiquette, and very little truth in the assertion of Pauqueville, that "the Turks retire to their harems without relaxing the least particle of their gravity." The reverse of this statement is near the truth; the orgies of the evening, in most harems, are conducted with all the levity of licentiousness, and the gravity of the Moslems totally disappears: their roars of laughter are to be heard in the adjoining houses; and, in my opinion, the gravity of the Turk, during the day, is only the exhaustion of his spirits from previous excitement. I have seen him reclining on the divans, smoking his long *chibouque*, one of his wives, and generally the favourite, shampooing his feet with her soft fingers, and performing this operation for hours together.

'This is accounted one of the greatest luxuries of the harem; and, an opium-eater assured me, the most delightful of his reveries was imagining himself shampooed by the dark-eyed *houris* of Paradise.

'The women vie with each other in eliciting the smiles of their common

lord; one shows the rich silk she has been embroidering for his vest, another plays an instrument, resembling a spinet, and another displays her elegant form in the voluptuous mazes of the dance. No handkerchief is thrown, but a smile is sufficient to "speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul;" and from that moment, to the period when another favourite supplants the former, she is *salaamed* with additional respect by the slaves, and treated with greater honour by all the *harem*. When she goes to the bath, she is to be distinguished by the importance of her air; the waddling of her gait attests her quality; she disposes her white robe over her fair arms, so as to present the largest possible surface *en face*, and God help the unlucky Christian who crosses her path. I have had the honour of being insulted by ladies of rank far more frequently than by any other women. The fanaticism of females is in a ratio with their quality, and hence it is from them, chiefly, a Frank passenger has to expect such gentle maledictions as, "May the plague fall on your house!" "May the foul birds defile your beardless chin!" May she who would marry you be childless!"'

'In fact, education in Turkey has no other object but to foster fanaticism, and to inculcate intolerance. When the lady visits her female friends, notice is previously sent of her intention, that the men may have time to get out of the way; the moment she enters the harem she takes off her veil, receiving a thousand *salaams*, smokes a pipe or two, and is regaled with fruit, sweetmeats, and lump sugar. The conversation commonly turns on dress; she discusses various topics connected with silks and scandal, narrates how a fair neighbour of hers was suspected of embroidering a silk purse for a stranger, of lifting her veil in the street, and conversing with a man; every gentle listener expresses her horror at such depravity, voids her rheum on the floor when she hears her name, and appears quite delighted when she is told that the husband happily interposed, and consigned the naughty woman to a watery grave. I was once present at such a conversation, and was astonished to hear the women applaud the spirit of the man, instead of compassionating the fate of the unfortunate victim of jealousy or justice. Such a fashionable lady as I have been describing, has little cause to complain of the seclusion of the *harem*. She rides in her gilded coach, drawn by a team of oxen. She sails in her gay *caique* along the lovely shores of the Bosphorus; slave as she is called to the caprices of a tyrant, she reigns in the harem; her empire over the household is unlimited, her influence over her husband is unbounded, and to her, Metastasio might well have said, "Siete schiava, ma regnate nella vostra servitu."'—pp. 9—15.

Polygamy is limited to four wives, although the husband may take as many concubines as he can afford to keep. We have already given a specimen, from Mr. Mac Farlane's work, of the manner in which the harems are supplied with these unfortunate beings; we will add here, a scene from the slave-market, at Constantinople, as given by Mr. Madden, to be placed in juxta-position with the luxurious description of those abodes of lust and wretchedness, Turkish harems.

'The slave *bazaar* is a large quadrangular court-yard, with a shed running along a range of narrow cells on the ground floor, and a gallery above, which surrounds the building: on the second stage, the chamber

are reserved for the Greeks and Georgians; below are the black women of Darfur and Sennaar, and the copper-coloured beauties of Abyssinia: the latter are remarkable for the symmetry of their features, and the elegance of their forms: they commonly sell for one hundred and fifty dollars (30*l.*); while the black women seldom bring more than eighty dollars (16*l.*)

'The poor Greek women were huddled together; I saw seven or eight in one cell, stretched on the floor, some dressed in the vestiges of former finery, some half naked; some of them were from Scio, others from Ipsara; they had nothing in common but despair! All of them looked pale and sickly; and all of them appeared to be pining after the homes they were never to see again, and the friends they were to meet no more! Sickness and sorrow had impaired their looks; but still they were spectres of beauty; and the melancholy stillness of their cells was sadly contrasted with the roars of merriment which proceeded from the dungeons of the negro women. No scene of human wretchedness can equal this: the girl who might have adorned her native village, whose innocence might have been the solace of an anxious mother, and whose beauty might have been the theme of many a tongue, was here subjected to the gaze of every licentious soldier, who chose to examine her features, or her form, on the pretence of being a buyer. I saw one poor girl, of about fifteen, brought forth to exhibit her gait and figure to an old Turk, whose glances manifested the motive for her purchase: he twisted her elbows, he pulled her ankles, he felt her ears, examined her mouth, and then her neck; and all this while the slave merchant was extolling her shape and features, protesting she was only turned of thirteen, that she neither snored nor started in her sleep, and that, in every respect, she was warranted.

'I loitered about the bazaar till I saw this bargain brought to a conclusion; the girl was bought for two hundred and eighty dollars, about 55*l.* sterling. The separation of this young creature from her companions in wretchedness was a new scene of distress; she was as pale as death, and hardly seemed conscious of her situation, while all the other girls were weeping around her, and taking their last farewell. Her new master laughed at the sad parting, and pushed her before him to the outer gate; but there she stopped for a moment, and entreated permission to go back for the remnant of her Greek attire, which, I dare say, she prized more than any thing in the world; for probably it was all on earth that remained to her of what she brought from that home which she had left for ever. The old Moslem accompanied her back; and in a few minutes I saw her returning to the gate, with a little bundle under her arm, trembling from head to foot, and weeping bitterly.'—pp. 6—8.

It is possible that this unfortunate creature may have, in time, become reconciled to her captivity and degradation, and she may, perchance, even learn to be happy in her gilded prison. Nevertheless, it is frightful that such abominations should take place in the sight of the whole Christian world, and that circumstances should tie our hands, and restrain our arms, we will not say from avenging, but from preventing them; nay, that one portion of this Christian world should threaten the other with war and destruction, if they should attempt effectually to wrest their enslaved fellow Christians from the defiling grasp of their execrable task-

masters. But let us not despair, for while England, France, and Austria, stimulated by their real, or supposed, interest, may continue to uphold 'the carcase of Turkey' against the common sense and common feeling of the civilized world, yet the time must come, when the lifeless body will sink under its own weight, and liberated nations sing an anthem of triumph.

ART. VIII.—*Lectures on the Elements of Hieroglyphics and Egyptian Antiquities.* By the Marquis Spineto. 8vo. pp. 492. London: Rivingtons. 1829.

THE number of works which have already appeared on the antiquities, religion, and sacred language of Egypt, is immense, and goes on increasing almost daily. Every man who directs his attention to these abstruse subjects, imagines forthwith, that he has made some important discovery; that all his predecessors were deluded and mistaken; and that his researches will prove to be the "ultima thule" of investigation, beyond which every thing must be barren and obscure. Still, no work has been written to which the public can confidentially have recourse for full information respecting the learning, character, and history of the Egyptians, and their religion is involved in darkness still more profound than that which surrounds the characteristics of their civil condition. There seems, however, to be a probability that the veil which has so long shrouded the antiquities of this mysterious people from our eye, is about to be withdrawn, by the study of the hieroglyphical language, though there can be but little doubt that at first, much error and confusion will accompany the few truths that may be elicited.

The work before us consists of a series of lectures, not so much on the subject of hieroglyphics, as on the chronology, history, religion, government, and manners of the Egyptians. Its title, therefore, is a misnomer. It should have been called, "Fragments on various subjects relating to Egypt," for it is a mere rough, undigested mass, which it would require very considerable pains to throw into an intelligible form. The lectures, it seems, were delivered partly at Cambridge, and partly at the Royal Institution in Albemarle-Street; and have been printed at the instigation of many of the author's friends. If these friends were consulted respecting the manner in which the work should be printed, they either did not perform their duty, or were ignorant of it; for in the form in which it appears, it is unworthy of any credit whatever. The author informs us, that he did not *mean* to give the *detail*, but simply the *result* of his reading. What he *meant* to give he has, perhaps, given; but he must be perfectly aware, that in the present day the world, though by no means desirous of being presented with a huge apparatus of citations, rigidly demands the most exact references, and persists in regarding those writers as

suspicious, and of no authority, who in works of this nature neglect to accompany their assertions with the means of verifying them. In reply to this objection, which the author knew very well would be made, it is stated, that all lectures are liable to the same deficiency; and that in the present case, all that was possible had been done to obviate it. Had this excuse occurred in the introductory lecture, and had been addressed to his Cambridge or Albemarle-Street hearers, it would have been valid; as it is, it is worse than ridiculous. For, either he knew whence he had derived his information, or he did not know: if he knew, where would have been the difficulty of inserting the references in the manuscript made out for the press? If he did not know, with what face could he present his crude and unsupported speculations to the world? We will make for him the only excuse which can, we suspect, be made: he has derived his information from a few modern compilations, and is ashamed to confess it; which, if it be not a proof of learning, is at least a sign of some degree of humility.

These remarks apply to the work as a treatise on hieroglyphics, rather than as a series of lectures. Even as a series of lectures, however, it is exceedingly confused and defective. If the author meant to connect his remarks on this subject with dissertations on everything relating to ancient Egypt, he should have commenced with a description of the country, and proceeded to give in succession a sketch of its history, ancient and modern; a picture more or less complete of its religion and institutions; and a history of the labours of the ancients and moderns on the subject of hieroglyphics, with a careful and exact appreciation of the contribution of every distinguished scholar who has made this science his study. It must be allowed that the author appears to have had an idea that arrangement of some kind or another was necessary, and that, accordingly, he has endeavoured to pursue a certain method in his lectures. But either he was incapable of perceiving the relative value of the facts he had collected, or was too indolent to study, as he ought, the subject he had undertaken to elucidate.

It is very common, however, to observe men attracted towards brilliant topics, as moths are towards a candle, by a splendour which only dazzles and confounds them. Many have written on the origin of language and society, who not only were incapable of fathoming these profound questions, but were even incompetent to understand whether they were maintaining contradictory propositions or not; and the writings of such persons, coming forth to the world with a certain pomp and assumption, and being supposed to be philosophical, have tended as much as any thing to disgust sensible and sober persons with all speculations of the kind. The Marquis Spineto is one of those ambitious persons who "rush in where angels fear to tread." Having no conception of the cautious, patient, assiduous, and pious struggles by which genius sometimes succeeds in extorting a new truth from nature, he gossips, as

it were, with the Great Spirit of the Universe, and doles out his common-places upon the most momentous questions, with solemn and provoking emphasis. Having occasion at the outset of his inquiries to speak of that invention which renders us contemporary, as it were, with the great of all past times, he observes:—

'And now I must digress for a moment, to request that you will consider what an astonishing thing it is to express a thought of the mind by any written mark whatever. If I am thinking of a bird, or a lion, or a house, I may draw a bird, a lion, or a house; a picture may represent a thought; but beyond this all is impossibility. When the Spaniards arrived on the coast of Mexico, the Indians, you are aware, had no other way of informing their rulers of this important event, but by drawing pictures; and nothing can be more curious than the exhibition of this sort of picture-writing, to be found in Purchas's Pilgrim, which is an account of the early voyages, and of which I shall speak more fully in a future lecture. But consider, what a wide step there is between this picture-writing, and what we mean by writing. The next possible step would be to represent a bird, or a lion, or any material object, by any very prominent line belonging to the figure; but when this has been done, I would ask, what can next be done? Consider what an alphabet is; how very artificial! Consider what it is to combine the letters of the alphabet into words; consider that there is no possible connection between a cluster of these letters, or of these words, and a thought of the mind—(are these then thoughts of the body?) Every mother can tell how slow and painful is the process by which a child may be taught its letters, as it is called. The process may well be slow and painful; for how should a child discover any connection between the sound and the mark that is made to belong to it? The difficulty, indeed, has been considered so great, that some philosophers have supposed that mankind could only have derived the use of letters from supernatural interposition. The Chinese are not in possession of an alphabet at this moment; and nothing can be so curious as the system of their language.'—pp. 3, 4.

The steps by which mankind arrived at the invention of alphabetical writing, not having been described by those who observed them, cannot now be discovered, though philosophers, by projecting their minds into the position held by mankind while the process was going on, may perhaps arrive at something like the truth. That language and alphabets, however, are the invention of mankind, and not the result of divine inspiration, both scripture and reason command us to believe. It is, in fact, both impious and absurd to imagine, that when the Divinity had created man, and endowed him with certain faculties both mental and physical, it was still necessary that a miracle should be wrought to put those faculties in play. This, if comparisons are at all allowable in speaking of such things, would be like supposing that when a consummate mechanician has framed a lock, and put it in motion, it is still necessary that when the time for striking the hour arrives, the inventor should be present to take the hammer out of the hand of the instrument, and strike the bell himself. It seems more reasonable and

pious to believe, that when God created man, he wrapped up in his soul the seeds of all inventions necessary to his earthly happiness, which were to be ripened by the influence of time and circumstances. This, it seems to us, is to entertain just notions of the power and goodness of God; and it is the doctrine of scripture, which says, that when the deity had created man, he brought all the animals of the earth before him, "to see what he would call them."

We remarked above, that properly to treat the subject of hieroglyphics, a writer should give the history of the various attempts which have been made to interpret them. The Marquis has attempted something of the kind. Having alluded generally to the errors of the older writers, he comes suddenly to Athanasius Kircher, and says—

'I will offer you a specimen in illustration of what I am saying. Observe, for instance, the method employed in the seventeenth century by the Jesuit Kircher.

'This indefatigable writer, in the several works which he published on hieroglyphics, pretended to have discovered in all the Egyptian inscriptions engraved on obelisks and mummies, the whole of the cabalistic art, and the extraordinary rules and precepts of the most refined system of demonology.

'Indeed it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to give an idea of the absurdities which are found in his works, from the practical impossibility of translating some of his explanations. One instance will suffice. Among the obelisks which the Roman emperors removed from Egypt to Rome, there is one called the Pamphilian obelisk; it is entirely covered with hieroglyphics, and among them we find a cluster of seventeen characters. These, modern ingenuity has discovered to contain the name of Domitian, accompanied by his titles of Cæsar Augustus; in the Greek language, Καισαρ Σεβαστος, spelt in hieroglyphics Κισαρ. How has the learned Jesuit translated them? You shall hear:—"Generationis beneficus præses cœlesti dominio quadripotens serem per Mophta beneficum humorem sereum committit amoni inferiora potentissimo, qui per simulacrum et ceremonias appropriatas trahitur ad potentiam exerendam." I find it utterly impossible to make any translation of this jargon.

'Such is the specimen of the interpretation which the Jesuit Kircher made of hieroglyphics.'—pp. 5, 6.

Upon this we would remark, that the whole history of the science of hieroglyphics, is an exemplification of the truth that mankind, naturally impatient of mystery, prefer error to ignorance. Kircher, who appears to have been the first modern scholar who properly directed his attention to the study of hieroglyphics, and the science and learning of the Egyptians, fell almost inevitably into extraordinary absurdities in the course of his investigations, among which his fancies respecting the principles of the cabalistical art, and the "rules and precepts of the most refined demonology," may undoubtedly be included. In the passage above quoted respecting these precepts, the Marquis talks of inscriptions

engraved on mummies; but this, we presume, must be regarded as a slip of the pen, as among all the strange uses to which dead bodies were put by the Egyptians, we have never heard that of being ever formed into stelæ or recipients of inscriptions interpreted. The author may possibly have meant to allude to the envelopes in which the mummies are enclosed, upon which hieroglyphics were frequently, if not generally painted. To return, however, to the Marquis's remarks upon Kircher. He complains of the difficulty, or impossibility, of giving an idea of the absurdities to be found in the works of this learned Jesuit; but he would have been doing more to the purpose, if, omitting the absurdities, he had endeavoured to give his hearers or readers some idea of what Kircher did for the science of hieroglyphics; for it will generally be acknowledged, we believe, that there is something besides absurdities, in the "Œdipus Egyptiacus." From the loose way in which the works of Kircher are alluded to, as if they had all some relation to hieroglyphics, we are convinced that it would have been difficult for the Marquis to have given his readers any idea of what those works contain; and that for the best of all possible reasons, viz. that he had no idea of what they contain himself. The practical impossibility of translating some of his axiomatic, could not prevent a competent person from giving an idea of the general system, which was all that was necessary. If any further proof of the Marquis's slender acquaintance with the works of Kircher were wanting, the fact of his attributing to M. Champollion the discovery of the identity of the Coptic and the ancient language of Egypt, would be sufficient, as the honour of this discovery belongs to Kircher himself, who established the fact in his "Prodromus Coptus."

It is the misfortune of all ill informed persons to be most positive and dogmatical upon those points respecting which they know least; and the Marquis, who belongs to this class of individuals, is peculiarly guilty of this error. He entertains no doubt that the Grecian Pantheon was a corruption of the Egyptian, and thus delivers his sentiments upon the subject.

"But in considering the deities of Egypt, we must not look upon them with the same eye as we do those of Greece and Rome. For nothing would lead us further astray than to apply to the Egyptian gods and goddesses the same principle which directs us in regard to the Roman and Grecian Pantheon. The gods and goddesses of Rome and Greece were each a different being, quite distinct among themselves, and the whole religion of both these countries was a regular polytheism. But the gods and goddesses of the Egyptians were merely emanations, or representations of the several attributes of the Supreme Being. For the religion of the Egyptians, in its primary institution, was Deism, and the immortality of the soul; and the certainty of a future life was one of their principal dogmas. In fact, many of the hieroglyphical legends which are found in MSS., or sculptured on the ruins of their temples, are but a representation

of these important tenets, as I shall have to explain in a future lecture. Indeed there seems no doubt that the Grecian Pantheon was but a corruption of the Egyptian, and that the gods and goddesses of the Greeks and of the Romans were but a distorted copy of the gods and goddesses of Egypt taken literally, as their Hades and their Tartarus, their Elysian fields, with Charon, Cerberus, Pluto and Proserpine, had no other model than the Egyptian Amenti, and the power of the Supreme Being over the souls of the dead.'—pp. 11, 12.

We entreat the reader to consider this passage. We are first informed that in examining the deities of Egypt, we are not to be guided by the same principles which regulate our meditations on the gods of Greece and Rome—*because* the latter 'were each a different being,' and in consequence of 'being each a different being,' were 'quite distinct among themselves,' which the Marquis appears to regard as a very extraordinary circumstance. Having established the important position, that what is different is not the same, the author triumphantly goes on to inform us, that the religion of Egypt, *in its primary institution*, was Deism—an assertion which is perfectly unfounded and gratuitous. He observes also, that one of the principal dogmas of this primary religion, was a belief in the immortality of the soul; and as if this did not necessarily imply the existence of a future state, to render the whole more emphatical, he adds, 'and the certainty of a future life.' But we were about to omit one of the most important particulars, which is, that while the gods of Greece and Rome 'were each a different being,' and 'quite distinct among themselves,' those of Egypt were quite the reverse, being merely emanations from the Supreme Being.* Among these gods were beetles, onions, and oxen; *ergo*, beetles, onions, and oxen, are emanations from the Supreme Being. To speak more seriously, however, it is somewhat too bold to assert, without authority or proof, that the gods and goddesses of Greece were only '*distorted* copies' of the gods and goddesses of Egypt, 'taken literally;' and that 'their Hades and their Tartarus, the Elysian fields, with Charon, Cerberus, Pluto, and Proserpine, had no other model than the Egyptian Amenti, and the power of the Supreme Being over the souls of the dead.'

Into the chronology of the Egyptians, which has baffled the learning of a Marsham and a Perizonius, we shall not attempt to enter; nor do we conceive that the Marquis, with all his hardihood, touched upon this part of the subject without certain misgivings. A more agreeable subject is the progress of civilization down the valley of the Nile, and the gigantic ruins which mark its footsteps. It seems probable that the cradle of Egyptian civilization was Meröe, the most ancient city in the world, and apparently the

* At page 213 he forgets this, and describes the Egyptians as idolaters, and that, latterly, of the most degraded kind.

mother of Thebes. The ruins of this city stands in lat 25°; and at Souba, one degree farther south, all traces of ancient civilization disappear. Cailliard, as M. Guigniaut observes, found on both banks of the Nile in Nubia and Sennaar, an uninterrupted series of temples, pyramids, colossal monuments, all nearly resembling those of Egypt, proving the long reign of the arts of peace in those countries, which are now returned to their primitive barbarism. At Soleb, in the neighbourhood of Dongola, there is a temple which may be compared with that of Karrak at Thebes, and on the left bank of the Nile, a little further north, and on the frontiers of Lower Nubia, is the vast temple of Ipsamboul, hewn out in the rock, and bearing the name of Psammitichus, sculptured in Greek characters. From Ipsamboul to the frontiers of Egypt, the valley of the Nile is thickly strewn with the wrecks of ancient magnificence, columns, sphinxes, tombs, and temples, upon some of which are inscriptions in characters of the remotest antiquity. At the last cataract of the Nile, between the two isles of Philæ and Elephantine, commences the real land of Egypt, in which ruins incomparable for grandeur, and almost countless in number, present themselves to the eye, and astonish the mind. Upon the island of Philæ, which is literally covered with ruins, is the great temple of Isis, the temple of Athor, or Venus, and another chapel dedicated to the same goddess. The temple of Ombos is remarkable for its singular construction, it being divided into two equal portions, so as to form two temples, with separate sanctuaries, dedicated, as it is supposed, to Horus and Typhon. Another temple of Horus, or Apollo, at Edfou, may perhaps be regarded as one of the miracles of Egyptian architecture; and near this temple are the celebrated grottoes of Elethgia, upon the walls of which are represented numerous scenes of the public and private life of the ancient inhabitants of the country. Passing over the ruins of Esne and Hermontis, we come to the ruins of Thebes, the city of the hundred gates, and the most astonishing production of humane labour. To describe these ruins, the most pompous and swelling terms which language can supply, have been selected and lavished successively upon every separate edifice, but the effect, as might have been expected, has not answered all this expense of eloquence. Thebes, in fact, will never be properly described, until it shall be visited by a man who can be delighted without being dazzled by its magnificence; who, while he contemplates the huge blocks of stone before him, shall be able to comprehend all the majesty of the conceptions which peopled the minds of the ancient architects, and of which, even the gigantic structures which they reared, were only feeble and inadequate representations. M. Champollion has proved by his childish expression of wonder and astonishment, that he is not the man to perform the task; 'all that I had seen, all that I had admired on the left bank,' says he, 'appeared *miserable* in comparison with the gigantic *conceptions* by which I was surrounded at Karnac. I

shall take care not to attempt to describe anything; for either my description would not express the thousandth part of what ought to be said, or, if I draw a faint sketch, I should be taken (which would have been a great misfortune) 'for *an enthusiast*, or, perhaps, for *a madman*:' (which may chance to be the case as it is). 'It will suffice to add, that no people, either ancient or modern, ever conceived the art of architecture on so sublime and so grand a scale as the ancient Egyptians. Their conceptions were those of *one hundred feet high;*' (of a man a hundred feet high? or of an *architecture a hundred feet high*?) 'and the imagination which, in Europe, rises far above our porticoes,' (what a height for the imagination to soar!) 'sinks abashed' (at what?) '*at the foot of the* 140 *columns of the Hypostyle hall at Karnac!*' And this is a specimen of the silly verbiage which a man travels to Thebes to give vent to! Belzoni gives a much better idea of the feelings the traveller experiences on first contemplating these ruins, when he says—"It appeared to me like entering a city of giants, who, after a long conflict, were all destroyed, leaving ruins of their various temples, as the only proofs of their former existence." The remainder of the monuments of Egypt, from this point down to the mouths of the Nile, have been described by modern travellers with considerable minuteness, but it remains for some future traveller to unite all that has been discovered into one work, and present the world with a just description of what Egypt was and is.

To proceed, however, with our remarks upon the Marquis; his notions of the sculpture and painting of the Egyptian subjects, upon which the Italians bestow more attention than we do, are just and well expressed. After quoting from an Arabian historian a description of the ruins of Memphis, as they existed in the thirteenth century, he adds:—

'You must not be surprised at the language of the historian. In Europe we have had no opportunity of forming a correct idea of the degree of perfection which the Egyptians had attained in statuary as well as painting. Our ideas have been acquired from the few diminutive specimens generally worked with great negligence, and belonging to religious ceremonies, which, as they were to be executed according to an established and fixed pattern, prevented the artist from displaying the extent of his art, or of his genius. We have, therefore, concluded, that the Egyptians knew nothing either in painting or sculpture, and that the productions of their artists were by no means to be compared with those of other nations. But the fact is far otherwise. The perfection to which the Egyptians had carried the arts of statuary and painting, has surprised the greatest connoisseurs. In the tomb discovered by Belzoni, the whole excavation, sculptured and painted, was in the most finished style of art. Mr. Salt observes, that their colours are generally pure and brilliant, but intermixed with each other nearly in the proportion of the rainbow, and so subdued by the proper introduction of black, as not to appear gaudy, but to produce a harmony, that in some of the designs is really delicious.

'Nor is the language of artists themselves less strong. Mr. Beechy, a son of the celebrated painter, Sir William Beechy, professes himself quite fascinated with the effect of these combinations. "One would think it was in Egypt," says he, "that Titian, Giorgione, and Tintoret had acquired all that vigour and magic of effect which distinguishes them, in point of arrangement, and principally in the happy disposition of their darker colours."—pp. 31—32.

After a brief account of the zodiac of Dendéra, the author proceeds thus:

'Besides these monuments, still existing in their original situation, there are others that, from time to time, the rapacious hands of conquerors and travellers have imported into different countries. The Roman emperors removed to Rome not less than four obelisks, all of which are still to be seen in that ancient capital of the world. Mr. Bankes removed the obelisk of Philoe, which now graces the grounds of his estate in Wales. Belzoni opened one of the tombs belonging to the Pharaohs in the vale of Thebes, and brought to England the celebrated sarcophagus of white alabaster; he even removed the cover of the other sarcophagus, which contained the mummy of the Pharaoh Rameses Meiamon, and presented it to the university of Cambridge; other travellers have procured and brought to this country, as well as to others, statues, papyries, inscriptions, mummies, and monuments of all sorts, which are found in several museums, and particularly in the British Museum, the Museum of Paris, the Museum of Turin, perhaps the richest of all, and the Vatican library; and, last of all, the French commission, sent by Napoleon to Egypt, has given so many accurate fac similies of most of the principal monuments still existing in Egypt, and brought over so many various monuments of Egyptian antiquity, as to allow our learned men to become quite familiar with the characters, and, by dint of labour, with their subject and meaning.'—pp. 34—35.

He then gives an account of the Rosetta stone, of the discoveries of Mr. Bankes at Abydos, and continues—

'In considering these astonishing productions, we must really wonder how a nation, which was once so great as to erect these stupendous edifices, could so far fall into oblivion, that even their language and method of writing are unknown to us. But our wonder will increase, if possible, to a higher degree, when we take into consideration the materials which have been so modelled. They had only four sorts of stones in general use for sculpture; the sandy, the calcareous, the breccia, and granite; all, except the first, are very hard; and what is most singular, we do not know with what tools they were cut out. We know by experience that the tools of the present day will not cut granite without great difficulty; and Belzoni, who had made so many experiments on this stone, doubts whether we could give it the smoothness and surface we see in Egypt. On the calcareous stone, the figures have angles so sharp, that the best tempered chisel of our time could not produce the like. It is so hard, that it breaks more like glass than stone. And yet, with these materials they have produced the most exquisite specimens of architecture and sculpture; for in both these arts their productions have a boldness of execution, that has never been equalled by any other nation of the universe. The gigantic statues of Greece of Rome, are but dwarfs and pigmies when compared to

those of Karnac, Louqsor, Esné, Dendera, and, indeed, of the whole of Egypt and Nubia.

They had made besides considerable progress in several manufactures, to a degree which is really astonishing. Their linen manufacture had a perfection equal to our own. For in many of their figures we observe their garments quite transparent; and among the folding of the mummies Belzoni observed cloth quite as fine as our common muslin, very strong, and of an even texture. They had also the art of tanning leather, and staining it with various colours, as we do morocco; and actually knew the mode of embossing on it. Many specimens of the sort have been found with figures impressed on the leather, quite elevated. The same must be said of their art in making glass, some of which was of a beautiful black colour, and so perfect as to resemble the natural obsidian. Of such glass was made the celebrated statue of Menelaus. This information we gather from Pliny, who makes use of this observation, to prove that the art of manufacturing glass was very ancient.

Besides enamelling, the art of gilding was in great perfection among them, and they knew how to beat gold nearly as thin as ours; for Belzoni found many ornaments of the kind, and a leaf of gold, which appeared to him extremely pure, and of a finer colour than is generally seen in our own. They knew also how to cast copper and form it into sheets, and had a metallic composition not unlike our lead, but of greater tenacity. Carved works were very common, and in great perfection, particularly in the proportion of their figures; and the art of varnishing and baking the varnish on clay, was in such perfection, that the most enlightened travellers have doubted whether they could be imitated at present. I have already noticed their skill and success in painting, and in the blending of the colours; and, indeed, the more I read and consider what they have done, and what they were capable of doing, the more I am lost in amazement; for as most of their stupendous works are of the highest antiquity, they must have been the production of their artists during the hieratic government, and so near to the deluge, that, even adopting our older system of the Septuagint chronology, a man can scarcely conceive how a nation could in so short a time, render habitable the whole valley of the Nile, and acquire such knowledge, and make so great a proficiency in most sciences, in most manufactures, and in all the arts.'—pp. 37—39.

Though the Marquis Spineto had before him the profound researches of Creuzer, on the religion of ancient Egypt, as well as the interesting and able work of Prichard, he has not succeeded in his attempts to throw much interest or novelty into his speculations. Creuzer, whose eloquence and fancy are equal to his learning, presents us with a deeply interesting picture of the ceremonies attending the preparation of the body to await the return of the soul, from the moment in which the Paraschistes made the first incision in the corpse, and was driven away with stones by the relations of the deceased, to that in which the mummy was deposited in the city of the dead. He observes that the dissector, who was thus pursued as impious for performing a necessary duty, was of the priestly cast, and that Hermes, according to tradition, dissected and embalmed the body of Osiris, and thus made the

first mummy. In the kingdom of Ava the burners of the dead are driven from society as an impure caste; and undertakers, and every person connected with the ceremonies of death, are regarded with disgust and aversion in Europe.

The passages in which the Marquis Spineto describes the region of the dead, though brief, somewhat confused, and from the want of references altogether destitute of authority, have yet a degree of interest, and make us regret that the author should not have bestowed more pains upon his work; for to have praised him would have given us infinitely more pleasure than the infliction of censure.

'This place, to which the Greeks had given the appellation of Hades, and the Latins of Tartarus, was the place in which the Egyptians supposed the dead to be. It was governed by four genii, the first of whom was the god *Amset*; the second, the god *Api*. Osiris was the king who presided over them all; and we have seen the god Phtha as the ruler of the destinies of the souls of men after they had parted from the body, in order that they might be distributed, according to their merits, in the thirty-two superior regions.

'It is for this reason we find the god Thoth a perpetual companion of Osiris, and, after him, the first personage in the *Amenti*, where he had fixed his residence and his tribunal, to regulate the destinies of the souls in each of their transmigrations from the body of one man into another. As the first, or, as he is called, celestial *Thoth*, he was considered an emanation of the first Demiurgos; and the Egyptians supposed, that, after having assisted him in the work of the creation, he took the human form to enlighten mankind, and then retired into the moon to assist the god *Pooh* in the disposition of the souls of men. For this purpose, they had divided the whole world into three zones. The first was the earth, or the zone of trial; the second was the zone of the air, perpetually agitated by winds and storms, and was considered as the zone of temporal punishment; and the third was the zone of rest and tranquillity, which was above the other two. Again, they had subdivided the first zone, or the earth, into four regions or departments; the second, or the zone of the air, was divided into two only; the first of these was subdivided into four regions, and the second into eight, making twelve altogether; these being added to the four regions of the first zone, made sixteen: and, lastly, the third zone of the tranquil atmosphere contained sixteen more regions: so that the sum total of the regions in which the souls of the dead were to be distributed, was, in fact, thirty-two.

According to this principle, they supposed that the god Pooh was the perpetual director; a sort of king of the souls, who, after having parted from the body, were thrown into the second zone, to be whirled about by the winds through the regions of the air till they were called upon either to return to the first zone, to animate a new body, and to undergo fresh trials, in expiation of their former sins; or to be removed into the third, where the air was perpetually pure and tranquil. It was over these two zones, or divisions of the world, situated between the earth and the moon, that the god *Pooh* exercised the full extent of his power. He had for his counsel the god Thoth, who presided over that portion of the second or tempestuous zone, which was divided into eight regions, and was only a temporary

dwelling of the dead. This was, in fact, nothing else but the personification of the grand principle of the immortality of the soul, and the necessity of leading a virtuous life; since every man was called upon to give a strict account of his past conduct, and, according to the sentence which Osiris pronounced, was doomed to happiness or misery; for, generally speaking, it seems that the Egyptians had assigned to their principal gods and goddesses most closely connected with their Demiurgos, two different characters; the one presiding over, or assisting in, the creation of the universe; the other performing some duties, or exercising some act of authority in the Amenti, as was the case with the god Phtha, the goddess Smé, and others. —pp. 142—144.

He then proceeds to copy from Diodorus Siculus, a description of the ceremony of embalming; but this portion of the lecture is very meagre and unsatisfactory, and the reader who is desirous of fuller information will do well to consult the "Commentationes Herodoteæ" of Creuzer, and the Dissertations of Guigniaut appended to the French translation, or rather imitation of the Symbolik. From this point the author proceeds to an account of the place of burial, and to the ceremonies which attended the introduction of a mummy into "the band of Osiris," as the dead are termed by M. Creuzer.

'The common place of burial was beyond the lake *Acherjsia*, or *Archarejish*, which meant the last state, the last condition of man, and from which the poets have imagined the fabulous lake of *Acheron*. On the borders of this lake *Acherusia* sat a tribunal, composed of forty-two judges, whose office, previous to the dead being permitted to be carried to the cemetery beyond the lake, was to inquire into the whole conduct of his life.

'If the deceased had died insolvent, they adjudged the corpse to his creditors, which was considered as a mark of dishonour, in order to oblige his relations and friends to redeem it, by raising the necessary sums amongst themselves. If he had led a wicked lie, they ordered that he should be deprived of solemn burial, and he was consequently carried and thrown into a large ditch made for the purpose, to which they gave the appellation of *Tartar*, on account of the lamentations that this sentence produced among his surviving friends and relations.

'This is also the origin of the fabulous *Tartarus*, in which the poets have transferred the lamentations made by the living, to the dead themselves who were thrown into it.

'If no accuser appeared, or if the accusation had proved groundless, the judges decreed that the deceased was entitled to his burial, and his eulogium was pronounced amongst the applauses of the bystanders, in which they praised his education, his religion, his justice, in short, all his virtues, without, however, mentioning any thing about his riches or nobility, both of which were considered as mere gifts of fortune.

To carry the corpse to the cemetery, it was necessary to cross the lake, and this was done by means of a boat, in which no one could be admitted without the express order of the judges, and without paying a small sum for the conveyance. This regulation was so strictly enforced, that the kings themselves were not exempt from its severity.

'The cemetery was a large plain surrounded by trees, and intersected by

canals, to which they had given the appellation of *elisout* or *elisoui*, which means nothing else but *rest*. And such again is the origin of the poetical Charon and his boat, as well as of the fabulous descriptions of the Elysian Fields.

'The whole ceremony of the interment seemed to have consisted in depositing the mummy in the excavation made in the rock, or under the sand which covered the whole of the elisout, to shut up its entrance by a large stone; then it seems that the relations of the deceased threw three handfuls of sand on the tomb, as a sign to the workmen to fill up the cavity, and then departed, after uttering three several cries, and three distinct farewells.

To express, therefore, the circumstance, that the deceased had been honoured with the rites of burial, and with the proper and legitimate lamentations of his friends, they exhibited on the legend imprinted on the mummy, or engraved round his tomb, the figure of a horse of the Nile, which the Greeks mistook for a dog, who, by his fidelity and attachment, has deserved to become the symbol of friendship and affection; and as they at all times wished to add something of their own to the institutions of other nations, in order to express the three cries, or farewells, they represented this same dog as having three different heads. To this emblem, or hieroglyphic, the Egyptians gave the appellations of *ons*; and the Greeks, in consequence of their mistaking it for a dog, that of *Cerber*, from the Egyptian *Ceriber*, a word that means *the cry of the tomb*, and from which originates the Cerberus of the Grecian mythology.'—pp. 146—149.

The above passage only wants the proper vouchers to render it striking and interesting. In his next lecture, the Marquis, who has performed this part of his task with considerable ability, describes certain hieroglyphics connected with these funeral ceremonies, lithographs of which, cleverly executed, are found at the end of the volume. One of these is the outline of "a curious picture representing the trial and judgment which the Egyptians supposed the soul of a man to undergo, before he was allowed to enter the region of rest and happiness."

'The whole scene is represented to take place in the pretorium of the Amenti. The frieze at the top contains a continued series of different emblems, amongst which the most prominent is the Uræus, the serpent who was considered as the symbol of the goddess Sate, or Thé, preceded or followed by the feather, which is also another ornament, or attribute, of this same goddess. For this is the place where she, as this goddess of truth, must exclusively preside. She seems herself to stand in the middle, with her arms extended, covering two hieroglyphical legends, exhibiting the symbols of the sun and of the moon, to denote the Providence that rules over the universe. To the right and left of this architrave we find the god Thoth, under the shape of a cynocephalus, or an ape; he is also often called Apis, or Ap.

'In the chapel we observe Osiris sitting on a throne, with all the symbols that belong to him,—the whip and the sceptre, to denote his power over time; the pschent, or the royal helmet, from the front of which issues the serpent, the emblem of eternity and wisdom, and on which is engraved the symbol of Phre, to signify his prudence and his justice. Over his

head we have an inscription in hieroglyphical characters, which contains his titles, and the meaning of which seems to be, "Osiris, the beneficent god; lord of the living, the supreme god, everlasting lord, the ruler of the inferior region, King of the gods." Before him stands a basket, out of which issues a stick, or a pole, on which hangs the skin of a panther, which persuaded the Greeks to assimilate him to their Bacchus.

'Before this chapel there is an altar, on which lies an offering of bread, fruit, and flowers of the lotus, and by its side stand two bunches of the same plant, not yet open. They were considered as containing the water of the Nile, without which no sacrifice or libation could be made.

'On a pedestal before this altar rests a horse of the Nile, which the Egyptians called *Oms*, the faithful guardian of all burial places, and which the Greeks have transformed into their Cerberus. Over its head there is an inscription in hieroglyphical characters, the import of which is "*Oms*, the ruler of the inferior region;" and just above him there is a god called *Sciai*, and his wife *Rannet*, as it appears from the phonetic characters over their heads; they both were attendants on Osiris.

'Further back on the sceptre of Osiris is seen a small figure in a sitting posture holding a finger on his lips, to whom the Greeks have given the appellation of *Sigalion*, the *Harpocrates* of the Romans.

'In the opposite corner we have a group of three persons. The first is the goddess Smé: she appears with all the attributes of her office and power; the long sceptre in her right hand, and the sign of divine life in her left, to signify, that through her alone a man can pass to immortality and happiness; and lastly, she has her head surrounded by a sort of diadem, surmounted by a feather, her peculiar distinction; and over it we find the legend which characterises her as "Smé, the goddess of truth, the daughter of the sun, for ever living, and benevolent, ruler of the inferior region."

'On account of her double character, the Greeks have compared this goddess to Themis and Persephone, that is, Proserpine. As the goddess of justice she is Themis; as a companion of Osiris, and queen of the Amenti, she is Persephone.

'Next to Smé, we find another figure in the common dress of the Egyptians, who, evidently is the person of the deceased. His name is engraved over his head, and signifies "the Osirian, *Nesimandu* deceased, son of *Nuchemdi* deceased;" and next to this legend there is another, which seems to be a petition which he presents to the goddess Smé, entreating the permission of being allowed to enter the place of rest and tranquillity.

The author continues the description of the picture, and becomes a little too prolix: in conclusion, he observes:

'The whole of this representation seems, no doubt, to have been executed in honour of Nesimandu, as a proof of his having been admitted to the funeral honours which the Egyptians granted to all persons who had led a virtuous life.'—pp. 151—155.

In closing his remarks upon the Amenthes, or Amenti, as he terms it, of the Egyptians, he indulges himself with a philippic against the mythology of the Greeks and Romans, by the tone of which, as well as by that of various other passages of similar tendency, he only convinces us that he has formed no proper concep-

tion of those splendid fables, which include every thing that was venerable in the wisdom, or beautiful in the poetry of the old world. This absurd description of every thing belonging to Greece, is brought to a climax in the following ludicrous passage, which the scholar will smile at with scorn.

'*From the little, the very little I have been able to collect about the mysteries of Isis*, and of the doctrines which they inculcated, I have no doubt that much, if not the *whole of the knowledge of the ancient Greek philosophers* was derived from *Memphis* and from *Thebes*.'—p. 211.

This childish partiality for Egypt, and more than childish prejudice against Greece, does not prevent our discovering in the next paragraph a very ingenious conjecture, which, if it be not original, is yet extremely well expressed.

'It has even been asserted, and I have every reason to believe the assertion, that what now seems a production of our times, the excavated way under the Thames, which seems to baffle our skill, or to exceed our strength, has been practised by the Egyptians at a time of the most distant antiquity. Underneath their great capitals, Memphis and Thebes, and underneath their principal nomes, stretched far and wide the secret subterraneous passages, which, without a movement being seen or known by the people, placed all the temples, and the mighty capitals of Egypt, under the access and control of those among the priesthood, to whom their winding maze was known. The assemblage of all these avenues, or labyrinths, seems to have terminated in three points; and, though they diverged apparently to an endless inextricable maze, yet when the master-key was known, this seeming intricacy was found regulated by the nicest geometrical skill, and most correct precision. These three important points, or centres, are still in existence, though blocked up by mountains of rubbish and sand. If we are rightly informed, they are to be sought in the Memnonian plain of the Thebaide temple of the mysteries; near the sacred lake of Mœris, and the labyrinth of the lower districts; and lastly in the pyramids which are, as it were, the heart of Memphis, occupying the middle and the important central points. Had Belzoni continued his excavations in this last abode of man, we might, perhaps, by this time be in possession of some valuable document, that would open to us the road to this knowledge: but he gave up the task, and, like all other travellers, directed his attention and his efforts to the ruins of Karnak and Lugsor, and to the tombs of the short-lived race of some of the Pharaohs."—pp. 211—213.

In concluding our article, we must express our regret that the author should have neglected to point out his sources with exactness; general references are of no avail, as the indolence or occupation of most men prevent their searching through numerous volumes for the proofs of an author's accuracy, and very few have a right to regard their labours as worthy of such a search. No man has a right to impose this duty on his readers. In another point of view, the work is worthy of more consideration, we mean as a compilation, which may serve to excite, though it cannot satisfy curiosity.

ART. IX.—*The Life and Times of Francis the First, King of France.* 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bull. 1829.

THE change which has taken place in the political aspect of the world, is not more remarkable than that observable in the personal character of its rulers. As governments have become popular, kings have lost not only a portion of their authority, but of the splendour which the imagination has been wont to attach to their name, and which at one time belonged to their position. The golden stream at which honour fills her emblazoned cup, sprung in former ages only from the throne, and when chivalry endowed every gentleman with the choice graces of generosity and courage, the rank of their princes was not more distinguishable than their superiority as chevaliers. To be most skilful at the tournament, to be first in battle, to exhibit the brilliant virtues which made courts and camps enchanted mirrors of human life, was essential to their character, and in a great measure to their authority. They were thus necessitated to become masters of all those accomplishments which give splendour to the form and bearing—to perform actions which afford the best subjects for minstrelsy, and evince the generosity and self-denial which are always sure, especially when associated with rank, of attracting admiration. The kingly character, consequently, in past times frequently exhibited an assemblage of the most noble personal qualities; of those qualities, we mean, which are most properly the attributes of greatness, and which, when added to the virtues which should form the basis of a common humanity, make their possessors worthy of the kind of homage which we render the heroes of poetry and romance.

The revolutions which have occurred in the civil union of mankind, by making the prince the first magistrate, instead of the most accomplished military leader of the nation, have altered the constituents of the kingly character. The virtues of chivalry would, as they were formerly developed, be of little value in the present condition of society, and though the nobleness of principle in which they had their birth must be ever equally noble and worthy of admiration, they would be now as dangerous to mankind, as they were in past ages beneficial. With the change of circumstances, another order of virtues have become necessary for the rulers of nations to exhibit—virtues worthy of a far higher and more substantial admiration than those of which we have been speaking, but still not so adapted to give their possessor a brilliant name; and because of their more rare and difficult attainment, less likely to make the character of kings conspicuous for their possession. Moderation, equity, and a calm unpretending steadiness of liberal rule, cost the heart of a prince more to attain, than any quality of chivalrous nobility. It is not common, therefore, to find them gained in perfection; and when this is not the

case, we look back with romantic veneration upon the royal knights and the crowned captains of the ancient and middle ages!

The same difference which exists between the character of kings in former and modern times, is observable in a great measure in their fortunes. Their lives as well as characters were formerly more strongly marked than now. While they reaped in their own persons the first glories of war, they also shared in its most formidable dangers. Captivity threatened them with the same gloom as it did the meanest soldier. It was a part of their duty, as well as ambition, to bear the severest fatigues and privations of the campaigns in which they engaged; and from the constitution of society in those times, it was a circumstance of no unfrequent occurrence, that they found themselves, on returning from the field of contest, deprived of their kingdom. The licence, also, which was possessed by many sovereigns, in disposing of their authority or possessions among the different members of their family, was a source of frequent agitation in the royal household. The proud jealousies to which it gave rise, produced a constant opposition of one species of character to another, and the reigning monarch was as often thwarted in his views by a politic brother, or an ambitious son, as by foreign enemies. Notwithstanding all the respect, therefore, which belonged to royalty in its more absolute forms; its very absoluteness and independence of popular control, contributed to render its possessors more subject than they now are to danger and opposition. The laws which have confined the will of the monarch within certain bounds, have also secured to him his authority on a more stable foundation; Providence having thus seemed to make it a part of its wise economy, that human authority should always have either an internal or external barrier to its unjust extension.

If we add to these circumstances the consideration of the state in which nations must be when kings are more frequently in the field than in the council chamber, we shall want nothing more to give us a perfect idea of the unquiet and chequered life to which the heirs of royalty were born in the times to which we allude. The troubled sea, which broke over and desolated the sanctuaries of society, shook thrones before it ruined towns. The want of an established rule of right between different nations, was not more felt by the suffering people than by their princes. If the former felt the yoke of a conqueror, the latter was exposed to the galling pride of a personal enemy; and while the absence of any general system of policy permitted the strong to aggrandize itself without control, by the oppression of the weak, the same circumstance allowed of one monarch's suffering by another, to a degree of which modern times can find but one example.

The brave but ill-guided Francis the First, was among the last of that chivalrous race of kings of which we speak. He lived when the tide of human affairs was on the change, and exhibited in him-

self the most splendid virtues of the fast decaying glory of knighthood. His talented and haughty rival, Charles V., was singularly opposed to him in character, and these two celebrated monarchs appear to stand on the confines of the great epochs, into which the later history of the world may be divided. The one, admirable for his personal glory, but destroying both himself and his kingdom in its acquisition; the other too politic to be an object of admiration, but establishing his authority on the best and wisest principles.

Francis was the son of Charles d'Orleans, count of Angoulême, and ascended the throne in 1515, as first prince of the blood. His predecessor Louis XII. had shortly before his death been preparing for renewing the Milanese war, and the genius and inclination of the young king prompted him to pursue the design with an ardour which was ill adapted to the condition of the nation over which he was placed. Louis had been often reproached for his parsimony, and is reported to have said, in speaking of his successor, "We labour, alas! in vain, this foolish boy will waste it all!" But it is seldom that a people murmur at a prince whose sole desire at the commencement of his reign, seems to be to extend the honour of their country; and the prudence of the last monarch was speedily forgotten, both by the new king and his joyful subjects. The celebrated battle of Marignan, in which he overcame a large body of Swiss, shortly followed, and the victory he gained filled him with a still stronger desire for military renown. At the conclusion of the contest, which lasted two days, he desired to receive the honour of knighthood from the hands of Bayart, the chevalier, *sans peur et sans reproche*, and thus dedicated himself, like a soldier of fortune, to a life of war. The consequence of the victory of Marignan was the immediate submission of the Duke of Milan; but notwithstanding the glory which resulted from it to Francis, and its immediate advantages, it served in the end to produce the most formidable evils. We give part of our author's account of the battle.

"The night came on, and the fight still continued to rage furiously. The dust, which had been raised by the conflict, added to the obscurity of the twilight, had long before made it difficult to distinguish friend from foe; and it had now become impossible. The uniforms of the French and the Swiss, too, were very much alike; each of them bore the white cross: but the Swiss had in addition, as a token of their adherence to the Pope, the keys of Saint Peter, which badge the cardinal of Sion had made them assume when the title of defenders of the church was conferred on them. The moon, however, soon rose, and afforded light enough for combatants who were still intent upon slaughter. The Swiss, who had no cavalry, knew that they could not be mistaken in directing their attack against the French gendarmes, while the latter were often unable to recognise their own people: and to this circumstance Francis had nearly owed his destruction. He was at the head of his gendarmes, and thought he saw a body of lanz-knechts immediately before him. He rode up to them, and had scarce uttered the rallying cry, "France!" when he found, by the immense pikes aimed at him, that he was at close quarters with the enemy.

He brought off his troops as rapidly as he could, but not without loss; and having rallied a body of lanz-knechts, while the constable led up the French foot, they attacked and drove back the battalion which was advancing to the cannon. The artillery, as long as the fight lasted, was the point of attack to which the Swiss directed all their force with indomitable pertinacy. There the battle raged in its utmost fury, and there the confusion was at its height. La Tremoille, who had determined that no second Novarra should stain the arms of France, and his son, the prince de Talmond, never stirred from this post. Bayard, too, who was always to be found where peril put on her most frightful shape, had made this the scene of his exploits. At about half an hour before midnight the moon went down, and then the combatants, with an unassuaged ferocity, though with exhausted strength, were compelled to pause from their work of blood. No signal was given for the retreat; the detachments remained in the same places in which they had been surprised by the darkness. Swiss, French, Germans, and Italians, lay down upon the blood-drenched field, almost side by side, to snatch a brief interval of repose until the day should enable them to resume their toils, and not daring in the mean time to raise a cry which might bring their friends about them, lest it should also betray them to their enemies. The king, surrounded by some gentlemen who had kept close to his person during the whole day, lay down upon the carriage of a gun, wearied with his exertions, slightly wounded with a pike, and considerably bruised from blows, which, but for his harness of proof, would have had more serious effects. He asked for some drink, and all that could be procured for him was some water in a morion, and that so mingled with blood that his heart sickened at the attempt to swallow it. It was immediately afterwards ascertained that he was within fifty paces of the main body of the Swiss; the single torch, which had hitherto lighted the king and the few followers who had been at his side when the darkness surprised them, was now hastily extinguished, and Gouffier Boisy, who had followed his pupil to the field as grand master, advised him not to encounter the danger of retreating, but to remain where he was;—thus the night was passed.

'The break of day was the signal for renewing the fight. The Swiss got into order and made an impetuous attack upon the artillery. The lanz-knechts and the black bands, who had placed themselves in its defence, were driven back. The assailants performed prodigies of valour; but the well directed fire of Galiot de Genouillac, who commanded the guns, opened their ranks in so destructive a manner, that the gendarmes could penetrate, and turned the tide of the battle in their favour. The Swiss, however, continued their attack with desperate energy, and, finding their foes invulnerable in front, detached a part of their force, with orders to make a short circuit and fall upon the French rear. The manœuvre was skilfully performed; but the Duke d'Alençon's troops, who had not been hitherto engaged, and who had been reinforced by the cross bowmen of Aimard de Prie, gave them so warm a reception, that they were totally routed. The victory now evidently inclined in favour of the French, and, after some further resistance, the Swiss began to retire, still, however, with unbroken ranks, and presenting a formidable front to their enemies. A pursuit would have done them considerable damage; but the king, either from a remote hope that he might one day have occasion for their services,

or because the number of his own wounded required all his care, permitted them to retreat almost unmolested.'—pp. 166—171.

The treaties which the victorious monarch made, with the Pope and with the Swiss, seemed to promise greater tranquillity than was to be expected from his love of war. But whatever expectations of peace might be formed from these circumstances, they were speedily dissipated by the appearance on the scene of a powerful rival to the young and ambitious king. Charles of Austria possessed, both by nature and situation, the qualities most adapted to bring him into strong opposition with Francis. The cold and serious character of his temper, gave him from the first an important advantage over the French king, and his ambition was of a nature to let no advantage pass without its use. Add to this, that he was possessed of territories which, from their extent, afforded sufficient reason for a frequent comparison between his own power and consequence, and those of Francis; and, which was of still greater importance, an event occurred at the beginning of their reigns which at once brought them into open rivalship. Charles, who inherited Austria from his grandfather Maximilian, determined on employing all his power and influence in securing his succession to the imperial crown. Francis also set his desires upon the same splendid prize, and the two young monarchs eagerly sought the assistance of the princes who had the disposal of the imperial dignity. The choice having fallen upon the successor of Maximilian, Francis, it appears, struggled for some time to subdue by the generosity of his nature the disappointment he felt at this issue of the contest. But unfortunately for himself and his people, the sentiments he had expressed of continued respect for Charles, soon yielded to others of a different kind. He began to take measures for opposing his growing authority, and sought for his ally, in the intended operations, Henry VIII. of England. The two monarchs had an interview near Calais, and the sumptuousness and grandeur with which it was attended obtained it the appellation of *the field of the cloth of gold.* But the union which was thus formed was almost immediately destroyed by the politic Charles, who, dreading its effects, hastened to England, and by the flattering promises he made to Wolsey, succeeded in securing the friendship of the ambitious minister.

During the absence of the Emperor, Francis obtained the momentary possession of Navarre, but immediately saw himself deprived both of this territory and of that of the Milanese. How much the errors of his government contributed to these events, may be understood from the answer which the General, Lautrec, made, when he reproached him with having been the cause of his losses. The king himself, he observed, was alone the author of his misfortunes. That the gendarmerie had served eighteen months without receiving a farthing of their pay; that the Swiss had been treated in the same manner, and that the government must attribute their defection to this circumstance. Francis replied, that he had ordered

the minister of finance to remit four hundred thousand crowns to the general. The minister replied with firmness, that the mother of the king had applied the money to her own use: but his protestation and good character were insufficient to save him, and he was hung.

The neglect with which the most important affairs of the kingdom were thus treated, was amply sufficient to tempt the rapacity of its enemies, and Francis soon saw leagued against him all the most powerful princes of Europe; but his confidence remained undiminished. "I am conspired against by every one," said he, to a Spaniard, "but I can say something to them all. I care little for the Emperor, because he has no money; for the King of England, because my frontier of Picardy is well fortified; nor for the Flemings, because they are bad soldiers. As for Italy, I take charge of that myself; I will go to Milan; I will take it; I will not leave my enemies a handful of the earth of any country they have taken from me." Such were the feelings with which this mistaken, but noble-hearted, monarch saw himself surrounded with dangers which threatened the destruction of his empire. His chivalrous disposition enabled his imagination to attribute a miraculous strength to military prowess; and amid the fascinations of love and gallantry, he easily persuaded himself that, like a knight of old, he could, whenever he chose, slay the hundred-headed enemy which prepared to attack him. But the days for such exploits had passed away, and with them much of the value and influence of personal courage. The court of Rome had long acted on a more refined system of policy, than that which requires arms to carry it into execution. Other governments had begun to see the value of diplomacy, and the superiority of its art, to the tactics of the field. Had the power and resources, consequently, of Francis been much greater than they at any time were, he would have had little chance of succeeding against opponents who had the art of exhausting the resources of their enemy, without endangering their own, and who could better secure allies by skilful addresses, than he could by the expensive displays of an armament.

The most conspicuous of the personages who figure in the history of this monarch's reign, is the Constable de Bourbon. The revolt of this great man, to whose talents and bravery Francis owed his first successes, was of the worst consequence in the present juncture of his affairs. The celebrated Bayard, when dying of his wounds, reproached the Constable, who passed by where he lay, with these words: "I do not complain. I die as I ought to do; but I pity you who fight against your king, your country, and your oaths." But, however unjustified he might be in joining the enemies of his country, few men have had more reason to complain against a monarch than he; and Francis, by his conduct towards him, greatly tarnished the lustre of his name. Something like

jealousy of the Duke de Bourbon's reputation had induced the king, it seems, to pass upon him several little insults, or at least, to suffer the persons of his court to act towards him in a manner unworthy of his merit and services. Unfortunately, also, for his safety, the mother of Francis had conceived a violent passion for him, and, on her offer of marriage being refused, she determined upon his ruin. He was, accordingly, soon after deprived of his estates, by an act of the Parliament, and he flew for refuge and revenge to the Emperor.

'Bourbon felt,' says our author, 'that he was opposed by a power under which he must sink; but this, instead of inducing him to submission, stimulated him first to resistance, and, that failing, drove him to seek revenge for the infamous oppression to which he had been exposed. The provinces of the Bourbonnois, Auvergne, la Marche, le Forez, Beaujolois, and the principality of Dombes, with numerous other estates of great value, were the objects of the litigation; and these the parliament of Paris ordered to be put under sequestration until the final sentence, of the nature of which this was too evident an indication, should be pronounced. His indignation knew no bounds, and the language in which he expressed himself partook of the violence of his feelings. The angry spirit of his mother-in-law, the Duchess de Bourbon Beaujeu, added to his irritation, and prepared his mind for the most desperate plans of revenge. Upon her death-bed, and shortly after the parliament had pronounced the sentence, which is believed to have hastened her dissolution, she bequeathed to the constable the claim she had on the disputed estates, and recommended him to seek the assistance of the emperor in compelling his enemies to do him right.'

The watchful emperor had been no inattentive observer of the events which were passing in France, and when an envoy whom Bourbon sent to Spain arrived there, he found the emperor prepared to engage in the execution of his plans. A negociation was immediately entered into between them, and Bourbon plunged at once into an enterprise which, whether it failed or succeeded, must have been equally injurious to his fame and his happiness. It is impossible to deny that he committed himself deliberately to an extensive scheme of rebellion against the king and the state; and although it would be difficult to offer an excuse for such a crime, it must be confessed that Bourbon was driven to extremities in themselves utterly unjust and most hard for so high a temper as his to brook. His rank, his kindred with the king, the valour and the skill which he had exerted so often and so usefully in support of the throne, entitled him to consideration. He found that all his claims were forgotten; that he was denied that which the poorest man in France had a right to—a pure and impartial administration of the laws; that he was threatened with total spoliation; and that neither the justice of his cause, nor his past services, could protect him against the united oppression of a profligate judge, a wicked and resentful woman, and a king who was weak enough to abet their practices.

'The emperor had sent into France the lord of Beaurein, a relation of Chievres, his late tutor, in the beginning of 1523, and with him Bourbon stipulated that the emperor should assist him in recovering the estates of which he had been unjustly deprived; that the bond of their union should be

his marriage with the emperor's sister, the queen of Portugal, to whom he would give, as her jointure, his province of Beaujolois. But Bourbon's animosity was inflamed to such a pitch, that the mere restitution of his own property would not satisfy it. He concerted with the emperor's envoy the means of engaging the king of England in the scheme, and to this end the lord of Beaurein was dispatched to England on the part of the emperor, while Bourbon sent M. de Chasteaufort on his own behalf with offers to Henry, well calculated to excite his ambition as well as avarice, and which presented to him the prospect of ascending the throne of France when its present possessor should have been displaced.'—vol. i. pp. 404—407.

The result of this situation of the king was such as might be expected. The general whom he sent to meet his enemies in Italy, was beaten with great loss; and Charles, encouraged by this success, and by the persuasion of Bourbon, conceived the design of attacking France itself. The siege of Marseilles was accordingly undertaken, but without success; and, had not Francis been as imprudent as he was bold, he might have had time to put himself in a fit posture of defence, in every part of his dominions. But, influenced by the counsels of his general, Bonnivet, who, it appears, was almost wholly destitute of talent, and, as it is said, by his wish to see some beautiful woman of Milan, he passed into Italy. The famous battle of Pavia shortly followed. The king killed seven or eight men with his own hand, but his valour was a bad counterpoise to his imprudence, and he had the mortification to find himself made a prisoner by an officer who had accompanied the Constable de Bourbon in his retreat. He wrote to his mother after this fatal termination of the contest, '*Madam, all is lost, except honour.*'

The proper character of Charles the Fifth is in nothing seen more clearly than in his conduct to Francis, on the occurrence of this event. He affected the greatest respect for his fallen antagonist, but took every means to humble him: professed compassion for his misfortunes, but at the same time made propositions which could not have been attended to without the entire loss of honour. He neglected, however, to pursue his advantage with his wonted good policy, and, by this means, the fallen monarch was saved from the entire ruin which he must otherwise have suffered.

Francis, after having some time resisted the longing he felt for libery, was at last induced to seek for an accommodation. The treaty which was entered into, was established on terms which were sufficiently hard to have made him still resist, and it would have been well, for the honour of his name, and of the age in which he lived, had he not reconciled himself to their reception by a species of artifice which was but too common among the distinguished men of that period. Before putting his name to the agreement, he made a secret protest against its contents, and shortly after founded his reasons for breaking it, on an alleged inability to keep it without the consent of his states, which he, of course, took little pains to obtain.

'Francis did not, however, refrain from openly expressing, in the presence of the English ministers, as well as of those who were sent from the Pope and the Italian states to congratulate him on his deliverance, the resentment with which the emperor's conduct had inspired him. He complained bitterly that he had been treated not only with a rigour unsuited to his rank, but with a severity and hardship which was most unchristian and inhuman. He described the affected pity which Charles had testified when his dangerous illness had made the Spanish emperor fear that death would disappoint him of his prey, and the not less odious inflexibility he had assumed when those fears were removed. He added, his own personal observation had convinced him that the emperor's ambition made him a more dangerous enemy to the interests and the peace of Christendom than the more dreaded Turks, and his opinion that a confederacy against Charles's power was more desirable and more necessary than against that of the Ottoman.

'His determination not to fulfil the conditions of the treaty which had been extorted from him, had been manifest from the first moment of his arrival in France. Soon after he reached Bayonne, an express had arrived from Lannoy calling upon him to perform that part of its stipulations which related to the cession of Burgundy, and which the king for the present postponed, upon the pretext that it was at first necessary to obtain the sanction of the states of Burgundy, which he was about to assemble for that purpose. Upon leaving Bayonne he visited Bordeaux, and afterwards Cognac. An accidental fall from his horse, while hunting in the neighbourhood of the latter place, confined him there for sometime, and it was during this stay that he received a visit from Lannoy in person.

'The viceroy of Naples was accompanied on this occasion by Moncada and Alarçon, who had been deputed by the emperor to accept in his name the cession of Burgundy. The king received them cordially, and, by the distinction with which he treated the viceroy, testified his sense of obligations he was under to him; but touching the object of his mission, he only repeated his former answer. The ambassadors therefore waited at the court until the states of Burgundy should be assembled.

'The Burgundian deputies soon afterwards arrived, and relieved Francis from the personal odium of violating the treaty by refusing upon their own responsibility to accede to it. They declared in the presence of the Spanish ambassadors that Burgundy, being free to choose its master, had attached itself to France, but that it would never submit to the dominion of Austria. They declined being bound by the treaty of Madrid, of the injustice of which they did not hesitate to express a strong opinion; and although they admitted the sovereign power of the king to govern them, they denied that he had the right of transferring that power to any other hands without their consent. Francis offered to the ambassadors any pecuniary compensation which the emperor might think fit to demand for the non-performance of this article of the treaty, occasioned, as he protested, by no fault of his; but the power of the ambassadors did not extend to the acceptance of such a proposal. The news was transmitted to Spain; the emperor, upon receiving it, removed the French princes from Valladolid to Old Castile; refused the proffer of the French king; and called upon him to perform his promise by surrendering himself to the prison from which he had been released.'—vol. ii. pp. 36—39.

The esteem in which Francis was held by his subjects, notwithstanding his errors, was strongly shown on his return from captivity. Being in want of money to pay the sum which formed part of the stipulated ransom, the clergy offered immediately thirteen hundred thousand livres; the Duke de Vendome, on the part of the noblesse, the half of their possessions, or, if that was not sufficient, the whole, even to their swords, and the last drop of their blood; and the tiers-êtats professed the same sentiments of devotion. Thus encouraged, he united with Henry VIII. in a war with the emperor, which was terminated by the treaty of Cambray, in which Charles renounced his claims to Burgundy, derived from the former agreement; while Francis gave up his right to Flanders and Artois, and agreed to pay two million golden crowns for the ransom of his children, who had been left as hostages when he was freed from confinement.

But almost any circumstance is sufficient to embroil two such monarchs as Francis the First and Charles the Fifth, when they have little else to consult but their own will or ambition. After a short continuance, the peace was broken, which had seemed, by the treaty of Cambray, to be placed on the most solid footing; and the emperor, who from his successes against Barbarossa had begun to conceive himself invincible, commenced his attacks with an ardour which threatened France with the worst calamities. But notwithstanding the bad condition of the royal finances, Francis was enabled to bear up with success against this formidable invasion. Provence was saved by the good generalship of the Marshal Montmorenci. Marseilles and Arles were approached in vain; and the imperial forces were driven out of Picardy, after similar abortive attempts. The alliance which Francis shortly after made with Turkey, alarmed the emperor into a desire for peace, and a truce was concluded on for ten years. The friendship, which seemed to be established between the two monarchs, on the conclusion of this treaty, was followed, on the part of Francis, by a conduct which served to prove the perfect sincerity of his intentions; but the subtle and politic emperor employed his generosity to ruin him. The promises which he made his confiding ally were almost as soon broken as made, and the latter saw himself, after a short interval of false tranquillity, again reduced to the same situation of danger. The truth was, Francis never took the measures for any length of time which would have served to secure his safety. He was satisfied with every momentary triumph obtained, whatever was the condition of his kingdom: and Charles was too ambitious, and too devoid of generosity, not to make the most of the opportunities which his rival in greatness afforded for aggression. Peace and war, therefore, were in constant and rapid alternation; and the situation which Henry VIII. held, at that time, among European princes, made him an important personage in all their quarrels and arrangements. The religious disputes in

which they were all three more or less engaged, served also materially to affect their political relations. The part which Francis took in these transactions would be an indelible brand of infamy upon his memory, if we could once consider him more in the light of a politician, or a magistrate, than of a chivalrous, but intemperate soldier. The barbarous massacres which he encouraged, the executions which took place by his command, and the other equally odious measures which he pursued in reference to those who differed from him in opinion, have been as justly reprobated, and with as much firmness, by one party of Christians as another.

Henry VIII. died in 1547, and Francis, who had shortly before made peace with him and the emperor, a few months after. The death of the French king is generally attributed by historians to the effects of a gross sensuality. His whole life, indeed, seems to have been spent in the search of pleasure or glory under their most meretricious forms; his generosity and bravery having been no aids to his understanding what is truly good, and his love of glory being never once directed to the acquisition of substantial honour. Just before his death, indeed, he seems to have discovered something of his error, and to have endeavoured to repair the bad effects of his ill-guided career. He had determined upon establishing a system of greater economy in his government, was becoming less passionate in his love of war, and desired with great earnestness to instruct his son and successor in following more prudent councils than those by which he had himself been guided. But the time he enjoyed for those purposes was too short to effect them, and his people had long to lament the consequences of his expensive and useless wars. He died on the 31st of March, 1537, at the age of fifty-three, and after a reign of thirty-two years. His funeral is described as having been in the highest degree splendid, eleven cardinals being present at the ceremony, and the heralds proclaimed him to have been "a prince gentle in peace, and victorious in war; the father of letters, and the restorer of the liberal arts."

The account which is given in the volumes before us of this prince, and of his times, is agreeably written, and derived from the best sources of information. It exhibits, on the whole, a faithful and useful picture of the events and manners it is intended to describe.

Art. X.— *Geschichte des teutschen Volkes*, Von Heinrich Luden. 1er, 2er, 3er, und 4er band. 1825—1828. Gotha bei Justus Perthes. London: Black und Young.

The History of the German Nation. By Henry Luden. 4 vols. 1825—1828. Gotha: Justus Perthes. London: Black and Young.

We have long intended to give some account of the present work to our readers, both from the importance of the subject and the

reputation of the author. The object of Professor Luden was no less than to write the history of the German nation, from the first notices which we find in ancient, to its full development and termination, in modern times. A work of magnitude and difficulty, which required the interest and affection of a German to follow it, from the obscure glimpses through the various and extensive ramifications into which it diverged. For we are not of opinion that an historian should be without feelings, country, or belief; that from indifference and scepticism, conviction will flash upon the minds of his readers. But, on the other hand, it is absolutely necessary that, in writing the history of our own country, we should be particularly careful lest, in describing its contact with other nations, in our labour of love, we should magnify the evil and distort all, through the exaggerating medium of preconceived opinions and prejudices. We have read with pleasure and delight some of Professor Luden's historical treatises, and we retain in its full vigour the impression produced on our minds by his powerful remarks on the dignity of history, which are now, we believe, incorporated into his general history. It was, therefore, with no small degree of expectation that we read the present work: we have bestowed considerable attention upon it, and shall pronounce our opinion with perfect impartiality. When a man of talents has devoted his life to one particular branch of science, and at last publishes a work on which his hopes are fixed, which he fondly trusts will honourably transmit his name to posterity, it is incumbent on those who differ from him to pause before they convey their sentiments to the world, but it is also an imperative duty not to permit the theories of any man to be put forth without examining their intrinsic value. We must be a little more explicit upon this point, because we perceive that Mr. Luden appears disposed to charge those who find fault with his work with a factious opposition. But we have read with attention the foreign criticisms, nor have we observed any thing in them to call forth that tone of harshness in which the historian replies to some of their remarks; and the numerous and increasing list of subscribers sufficiently proves, not only that a history of the German people is a work suited to the times, but that Mr. Luden enjoys the confidence and esteem of his own country. The observations that appear to have given the greatest offence to the historian or his publisher, are those which refer to the probable extent of the design.

The work had been announced to be completed in ten volumes, but on the appearance of the first two, doubts were expressed respecting the possibility of completing it within the assigned limits, and these doubts were repeated after the publication of the third volume. Nay, it had even been affirmed, with some vexation, that with this prolixity it would scarcely be concluded in one hundred volumes. These observations had excited such discontent in the mind of the historian, that he confesses he had at first the

intention to give up the work; and in a postscript, "to lay an account before the world and posterity. Be the object of this insinuation what it may, for I believe many both in their words and actions have not always an object; but I ask what would be the probable consequences of this insinuation?"

As he justly observes, they might seriously affect his publisher; but we must be allowed to observe, that they might probably have the effect of directing the attention of the historian to this subject, and of examining whether the insinuation, as he harshly terms it, were well founded or not. To us, we must confess that the soreness which he displayed at the remark, induced us to suspect that it had some foundation; nor does the mode of defence adopted, appear quite satisfactory. Mr. Luden assumes, for the sake of argument, that the history of the German *nation* continues only to the beginning of the sixteenth century, comprising consequently a period of about 1600 years. The four volumes that are completed contain the history of 900 years, each volume therefore comprises a period of 225 years.

We will not continue the calculation, our readers can conclude it for themselves; we would merely observe that this proves nothing, because in the progress of society and the developments of the conflicting and contrasting interests of modern times, it will be utterly impossible to calculate exactly the number of pages that a certain year would occupy. And of this our historian appears to have been aware, for he asks, what would be the harm of two additional volumes, if the history were well written? None at all, we answer; but we could have wished that Mr. Luden, himself a critic, might have submitted with a better grace to the rights of free criticism, and not have imputed unworthy motives on so slight a ground.

The guiding principle of the work before us, is uncomprising love and admiration of the German nation,—a principle amiable in itself, but ill qualified to serve as the directing star in the investigation of a history that embraces so long a period of time, and such different developments of society. Not content with bringing into public view the virtues and good qualities of the German character, which have extorted admiration even from their enemies; with pointing out the great and noble results which in the struggles that are necessary to force good from evil, they produced, the historian insists that the sources from which these effects proceeded, were pure and noble as the unsullied stream that unresisted rolls along its majestic course, until it discharge its waters into the ocean. But when sand-banks impede, or rocks oppose, the angry waters cannot overcome the former, or dash against the latter, without contracting particles of the sullying elements with which they come in contact. Human passion is never free from imperfection, and the greater the good, the more violent the passions, the more intense and conflicting the interests which are called into action.

No nation ever emerged from slavery or subjection into liberty, or from barbarity to civilization, without the commission of acts that deviated more or less from the perfect standard of moral purity; and although the fault and blame rests with those who have sinned against the holy rites of human nature, the infection of moral degradation affects more or less all who approach its baneful influence.

In the scattered fragments which we possess respecting the Germans in the earlier writers, we ought not to forget that they are written by their enemies. But as they are the only accounts which we have, it is difficult to say how far the statements, which are unquestionably coloured to serve the purposes of the writers, are at variance with the unadorned facts, and the frequent doubts which are thus necessarily thrown over the earlier history of the Germans, deprive it of almost all value; the qualifying clauses being so numerous as to give an air of scepticism to the whole.

Omitting, therefore, to enter into the question between our author and Cæsar, we shall give first his character of Marius, as a specimen of his style.

'Caius Marius was richly endowed by nature with many great qualities, and he had fully developed many of the powers which she had bestowed on him. He would have shone in history as a truly great man, had not one thing been denied him by the gods, the advantage of a noble descent. For the misfortune of an obscure birth involved him in a contest with the men of old families by whom his origin was imputed to him as a disgrace. Hence, his mind was embittered, and in this bitterness his spirit, for which nothing seemed too high, lost the power of becoming master of its passions. This was the cause of his coarse manners, this impelled him to faults and crimes, this hurled him to destruction. He attained the consulship in the year 105, A. C. not without great difficulty. As consul, he ended a difficult war, which, through the vice and covetousness of the great, had brought misfortune and infamy on Rome. Jugurtha was in his power. The news of this victory arrived in Rome, in the moment of anguish and mourning, and gave some hope and comfort. The name of the conqueror was the watch-word of the terrified. Thus was Marius, in his absence, chosen consul a second time, and no one appeared in those days of need to contest with the upstart this dangerous dignity. Even the law in such a time was silent. Marius came to Rome, solemnized his triumph over Jugurtha, appeared, in the bitter haughtiness of his proud soul, in the senate in the triumphal dress, and undertook the great task of protecting Italy from the rage of the northern barbarians.

'But the danger of the Romans was not so great as their fear. No man can say that it would have been possible for the Germans to execute against Rome and Italy, what was here feared. Who knows their position in Gaul? their loss in the last battle? Perhaps, also, they remained true to the plan which they had hitherto undeniably followed, they sought to secure themselves from the Romans by the power of their arms, as they could gain no peaceful relations by negotiation, and limited their plans to Gaul. It is certain that they did not cross the Alps, and Marius, who expected them on the other side, waited for them in vain. However, all is

involved in obscurity. The Germans and their allies almost disappear from the page of history. That they went towards Spain, as the Romans allege, is not probable. They retreated more than once from the Alps; would they not likewise have feared the Pyrenees? Behind the summits of the former was the Roman territory, and not less so, behind the summits of the latter. What could they seek in Spain, that they had not in Gaul? If their power was great, here was much to protect and acquire, if small, an expedition into distant unknown countries was the less to be hazarded. And wherefore did not the Romans avail themselves of their contests in Spain, to attack and destroy them from behind? Every thing favours the supposition that they remained in Gaul, that they carried their arms as far as the Mediterranean and the foot of the Pyrenees, and established themselves every where, whilst, perhaps, new troops flocked to them from Germany, and supplied the loss which they suffered in this difficult contest. What otherwise could have kept the Romans in that fear by which they were constantly tormented.—vol. i. pp. 39—41.

But the history of Armin, Arminius, or Herman, the founder of German liberty, and the deliverer of his nation from the Roman yoke, will afford the reader a clearer view of the principles upon which the historian proceeds, and a test by which we may try their efficacy and value. As the subject is of considerable importance, we shall find it necessary, in justice both to our author and ourselves, to quote pretty largely.

'Among the men who felt the whole weight of the misfortune which oppressed their country, a young man named Armin stood far above the rest. For in these difficult times he acquired the confidence of his people, and in the most appalling circumstances, surrounded by faithlessness and treachery, he never relinquished his reliance upon his people; he retained his self-possession to observe and avail himself of circumstances; he hesitated not in the decisive moment, he gave to the mass a living soul, and unmoved by his own great misfortunes, he executed fortunately with spirit and intelligence what was begun in despair, and thereby became the rock and protection, the deliverer and founder, of his people.

'Armin was the son of Segimer, a prince of the Cherusci, whose country, as it appears, lay on the right bank of the Weser, north-west of the Harz. He was twenty-five years old when he appeared at the head of his people. Even his enemies have celebrated the beauty of his person, the strength of his arm, the acuteness and quickness of his understanding; they acknowledged that the fire of the mind animated his eye, and gave vivacity to his features. But of his earlier life we have nothing in detail. He had been long in the Roman service, perhaps during the undertaking of Tiberius. He was in the camp of Varus as a leader of the auxiliary troops. The Romans had honoured him with the rights of a citizen, and the dignity of a knight. Varus preferred him to all; it was the esteem which mind, vigour, and skill, always find. In this youth the barbarian disappeared in the eyes of the Romans, they saw in him only a distinguished man.

'Of those men, on the contrary, who from indolence, vanity, illusion, or perplexity, were either pleased with Roman institutions and dominion, or yielded to them from convenience, we know none but Segestes. He

was likewise a prince of the Cherusci, and had probably his seat on the left side of the Weser, in the country that now belongs to Prince von der Lippe. The honour of the civil dignity was also given to him. Jealous at the advantages of Armin's situation, and at the distinction with which he was treated by Varus, Segestes did all in his power to oppress his youthful rival.

'Conscious of his inferiority in mind and power, he had recourse to the common means of the worthless wretches and cowards of those times, to secret accusations of suspicious designs. Varus may have perceived the reasons of this insidious conduct; perhaps, also, it appeared to him natural that a German could not behold the situation of his country without sorrow, anguish, and pain. Or did he, in the proud feeling of Roman superiority, consider it unworthy of Rome and himself to attend to such hints and notices, and was his soul incapable of suspicion? The comparison of the two men, of the insidious spirit of Segestes and the open youth Armin, of their conduct and actions, could only strengthen him in his belief. Therefore he rejected the accusation of Segestes, and continued his confidence in Armin. * * * * It is highly probable, if we consider the situation of affairs and the nature of human relations, that Armin would have fallen a victim to jealousy, envy, and revenge, and that the yoke of slavery would have burdened the German people for ever, had it been permitted to Segestes to insinuate and overwhelm Varus longer with his secret denunciations. But the hand of that wisdom which guides the fates of men and nations averted this misfortune, and unexpectedly introduced the occurrence by which Germany was preserved for the great destination which it was to accomplish in the development of the life of humanity.'—vol. i. pp. 230—233.

We see here, very manifestly displayed, the nature of the principles which Professor Luden has assumed as his guide in the important work which he has undertaken. Our readers will not accuse us of being unfavourable to principles of liberty; it is only from our fear that the cause of true liberty will suffer from the press of extraneous elements into its cause, that we dissent from the mode of history adopted by the author before us. Admitting the great and noble qualities of Armin,—and who could for a moment withhold from such a character, in such a moment, his admiration?—we would merely direct the attention of the reader to the different qualities that are assigned as the probable reason of the attachment of Segestes to the Romans, and the varying causes of the inattention of Varus to his accusation. It is true that the historian places them in their real hypothetical light; but he afterwards deduces consequences from them, that can only follow from authenticated facts.

The conclusion of the revolution, that was so fatal to Rome in the defeat of Varus, is too characteristic to be omitted.

'But when on the morning of the following day the army of the Romans broke up, without courage and without hope, the concerted attack began immediately on all sides. Armin, standing on a height where he could overlook the battle, excited by word and gesture, by exclamation and

encouragement, the powers of his troops, to guide the force of the wedges where he foresaw they would produce the most fatal effect. A fearful contest. The Romans in dark despair, contended for their last advantage —life; the Germans for their highest—freedom. Both, with the greatest exertions of which human nature is capable. On the one side, the moan of anguish and the cry of lamentation; on the other, the battle song, and the shout of victory; mingling with both, the rushing of the storm and the howl of the whirlwind. Varus was wounded: desponding from the pain of his wounds; overpowered by the feeling of misfortune; perceiving no possibility of delivery, but preserving his hereditary courage to die, he plunged his sword into his own breast, to escape the view of sorrow, and of enemies victoriously revelling in just revenge. Many followed this example of despair; in most the mortal anguish annihilated all sense; but few were strong enough to embrace the resolution to seek death in battle.'—vol. i. pp. 237, 238.

We are sure that our readers will agree with us, that this description, this mode of writing history, can be serviceable and answer its true aim only, when patriotism and an overwhelming enemy requires the minds to be sustained and exalted by the deepest colours of partial affection and inspiring hope. It is precisely because Germany has no need of this partial colouring, that we protest against the use of it. Fruitful in great men, who have filled the world with their renown, it may be contented with bearing that mixture of good and evil that is inseparable in the lot of mankind, of individuals as well as nations. But it may be said that we have hitherto only given extracts from the text of the work, without noticing the proofs by which the historian supports his assertions. And here, before we proceed any farther, we will extract a paragraph from his fourth volume, recently published, which speaks more powerfully than any observations that can be annexed.

'If we look first at the contents of my work; it certainly contains much that is new and varying from the common narration, (*abweichende*) I might almost say, that scarcely an event or occurrence, nay, that there is hardly a single fact in the work, related or discussed, without gaining a new view or throwing a new light upon it. Much, and even very important events, appear in my book completely at variance with all the commonly received representations. And yet I have drawn only from sources that have been long open, and common to all those who have hitherto occupied themselves with the history of our country. It is therefore conceivable that these variations in my work have surprised and appeared remarkable. It would be conceivable if here and there some one had felt himself offended by them.'—vol. iv. Pref. p. v.

We must confess that we were among those who were surprised by these variations. In our times, sad havoc has been made in received opinions by the unwearied researches of historians. We have amongst us many to whom we are deeply indebted for correcting the erroneous views which we had imbibed from partial observers, or superficial writers; but these corrections stand on the firm basis of facts, not on the sandy wreath of conjecture. And

Germany can boast of one, who is perhaps entitled to the very first rank amongst the proudest historians who have ever written. But the remodeller of Roman history searched the long-neglected records of antiquity, and was well rewarded for his Herculean labours by the splendid harvest he has reaped. We fear, however, that posterity will not accord to the labours of Professor Luden so noble a rank. The praise of talent, eloquence, and glowing patriotism, is his, and we willingly concede it; but we regret that we cannot recommend the work of a man, who has so many claims to esteem, in terms of general approbation. To place every object described, although the sources have been accessible and used for ages, in a new light, says more for the ingenuity and imagination, than for the calm and sober powers which are required in discriminating facts.

Our readers have now obtained our real opinion of the celebrated work before us: we shall not detain them with further observations, but content ourselves with selecting one or two passages, which we shall translate without comment,—for instance, this account of Charlemagne.

'In all that has been transmitted to us of Charles until the time that he was sole king of the Franks, we find not the smallest traces of a great man; nothing great, nothing noble, nothing that could gain or even interest the human heart for him. And yet Charles was thirty years old, and a powerful spirit existed in him. It is not to be denied, that our imperfect knowledge of the life and conduct of Charles at this time, arises principally from want of writers, next, in the unfortunate manner of those who have written; lastly, in the circumstance that the later part of his life has so overshadowed the first that it was quite forgotten by his contemporaries. The last forty-two years were so rich in great warlike deeds, in conquests, in establishments and institutions, that the human memory could no longer embrace the thirty preceding. Scarcely twenty years after the death of Charles, Einhard, his friend and counsellor, a man of talent and knowledge, complains that he could learn nothing concerning his birth, his childhood and his youth. And how should solitary monks in later times have attained the knowledge of that which had remained concealed from the man who had moved beside the king on the stage of life. On the other hand, it is possible that Charles in this first period had excited no attention, and that no one observed in him any thing extraordinary. The eternal bond between the mind and nature consists in the Great and the Whole, but the individual requires opportunity, and circumstances alone enable him to elevate himself above the *Common* that limits *All*. And Charles, after the death of his father, and brother, after the flight of his nephews, when he became sole king of the Franks, first found the space that was necessary to show his extraordinary powers to the world, and to become the Great to all futurity.

'From this moment to his death the life of Charles is one uninterrupted chain of extraordinary deeds. A year seldom or never passed without hanging a new and splendid link to this chain. He founded a kingdom that extended from the Eider to the Straits of Sicily, from the Oder and Theiss as far as, and even beyond, the Pyrenees, and in this immense kingdom he changed more or less all the relations of life.

'While he extended the limits of the Christian religion to the very ends of Europe, and established the Roman Catholic Church, he united all the German people, and thereby first made a single German nation, a single German kingdom, and a true German nationality possible. He immediately furthered all human and social relations, and nourished all the efforts of the human mind. He laboured frequently and beneficially for art and science, agriculture and trade. Whilst he planned the greatest undertakings, and followed up the highest thoughts, he did not consider the smallest things that life requires unworthy of his attention. In all circumstances he displayed an admirable superiority of understanding, and if he could not rule them, he bravely opposed them, and never yielded to them.'

'It is true that much of what Charles has done, or that has happened through his means, cannot be fairly judged by us. God alone can judge of the intention and real object of a man. Our view cannot go beyond his actions. But the value of human actions can only be judged in the connexion in which they stand with the state of things, and the wants of the human mind in this state. The greatness of a man depends on his position to his time, and the judgments of his actions presupposes the knowledge of the means which were within reach of the actor. In our estimation of that which is recorded in history, our admiration would often change into compassion, and our indifference into astonishment, if we could penetrate every thing, and free from the prejudices and perverseness of our own time and life, could place, living before our minds, men and their deeds in mutual action with their time. But the age of Charles is little known to us, it is not possible to represent all the elements in their mutual connexion and pervasion; for the life of these times was a production of the most confused occurrences, and the most opposite powers had nourished it. We see the king effecting, and creating, destroying and building up, promoting and cultivating; but we neither know what preceded, nor what the condition of men required, neither do we know the means at his disposal, in contradistinction to the powers which he had to subdue. How is it possible to obtain a decisive judgment over all that Charles did and completed?

'It is likewise true, that the conduct of Charles was not always noble and good. He sometimes administered to the passions of others, and often conquered not his own. War was to him a pleasure, because he knew how to conduct it, and it flattered his soul that no one was able to oppose him. His anger was terrible, because success had spoiled him; and his revenge was cruel, because he could not pardon the weakness that had ventured to oppose itself to the strong. He did not disdain intrigue and cunning. But in his wars it may be advanced, if not to his justification, at least as some excuse, that his kingdom was acquired by conquest, and seemed to require conquest for its support; that there was no civilized nation but that the limits of national peculiarities ran confused into each other; that his family, a new dynasty, was surrounded by jealousy and envy, which could only be reduced to silence by splendid deeds; and that, finally, it appears to be in human nature that every one exercises over other men that power which he has acquired through his own genius, or through fortune and fate. Violent relations make violent measures necessary, and such measures often compel the just to severity and harshness, and mislead him to step beyond the limits of the most difficult virtue, self-possession.

Many likewise, in old as well as in recent days, have entertained the erroneous idea, that for conquest much is permitted that would not be allowed in smaller things; that there is one measure of justice, honour, and truth, for the great of the earth, and another for the low. The more obscure the ideas of the dignity of man, the value of things, and the importance of civil society, the more easily does this erroneous idea become a principle of action.

'On the other hand, it is not less true, Charles has exercised an influence on the world which no man can over-estimate. Not only his age, but all later races, have felt this influence to the present day. On this account the more imperfect his history, the more confidently have tale, tradition, and song, connected themselves with his name. They have taken possession of his conception, his birth, his youth, his whole life. All that tradition has preserved is completed and transformed; all that was and existed, whether in social relations or as a work of human art and power, has been referred to him as its author: every thing great and heroic that the imagination could conceive has been attributed to his name. He stands like a splendid constellation that shines brightly through the night of time, as the bearer of the Germanic world, so that every thing that happened before him appeared only to labour for him, all that was afterwards effected, to have proceeded from him; or like a brazen party wall of times, through which all that happened earlier appears to be concealed, and before which all that has afterwards occurred appeared to move. And thus it has happened that Charles, after his death, obtained the surname of the Great, with a unanimity such as none before or after him have enjoyed, and in a manner that has been adapted to none besides, and he will retain this name as long as there are men who occupy themselves with earlier ages, and do not despise the greatness that has displayed itself in old times.'—vol. iv. pp. 265—270.

We have, perhaps, as far as our limited space would allow, selected those specimens which Luden himself would have selected, and shall now leave our readers to form their own judgment of the work. It is hardly necessary to bestow commendation on the style; were we to compare it with that of any English author, we should select 'Rasselas,' to which, indeed, the resemblance, more especially in the description of characters, is particularly striking. Not the least interesting or valuable part of the fourth volume, consists in the dialogue of the author with Johannes Müller. We recommend its perusal to all our readers, and regret that our limits will not allow us to present them with a translation of it. We could have wished that the excellent advice of the father of German historians had produced conviction on the mind of his young and enthusiastic friend.

ART. XI.—1. *Library of Useful Knowledge*, No. 50; *Life of Sir Isaac Newton.*

2. *Biographie Universelle*, Vol. XXXI.; *Art. Newton.*

ENGLISHMEN have for the last hundred years so frequently heard the praises of the most illustrious of our philosophers,

and have in so many instances personally ascertained the solidity of the basis on which his unequalled reputation is raised, that to repeat the story of his wondrous achievements, is to be guilty of the same needless laudation, which incurred reproof in an honest Spartan, proposing to make an eulogy on Hercules. Who, said a sage friend to this eager panegyrist, ever thought of blaming Hercules? The son of Jupiter and Alcmena strangled the serpents, which the malice of Juno sent to destroy him when in his cradle, but he died of the poisoned shirt which was given to him by the hand of treachery.

The reputation of Newton as the most profound, original, and exact of the investigators of the laws of nature, was maintained by himself singly and triumphantly against all his rivals, opponents, and detractors, during the period of his mortal existence; it has been corroborated and extended by the life-long labours of numerous British and continental philosophers, who, since his time, have been occupied in inquiries resulting alike from his dogmatic propositions and his dubiously stated surmises. Of these, no small portion have been verified; and moreover, brought to explain phœnomena quite unknown to Newton himself. When the character of a reputed discoverer obtains such unexpected and decisive posthumous confirmation, it may seem superfluous to re-state and re-vindicate his claims to admiration and gratitude. The mission of a Prophet surely may be regarded as authentic, when his predictions are verified.

Open hostility to the memory of departed greatness, cannot display itself safely and effectually after palpable, decisive, and numerous proofs have been given to the world, that the object of its veneration deserves even more intellectual homage than national pride and contemporary attachment paid to it. Envy, nevertheless, will attempt to undermine what it is unable to overthrow. It will endeavour to effect by insinuation, suppression, and artful apology for feigned misdeeds, an injury which could not be accomplished by direct assault. We should not have prefixed such a remark to our examination of M. Biot's piece of biography and the English 'Life,' which is avowedly translated chiefly from him, if we had thought it inapplicable to these works. When we meet in the French, or in any other language of the continent of Europe, books on English history or biography, containing information, either new, complete, or recondite, we hail them with pleasure, and feel grateful to the deserving authors. We may, indeed, blush for the indolence which has left it to foreigners to collect the materials for pourtraying honestly the character of many important periods of our annals; but, we nevertheless give cordially our praises to such men as Thierry, Guizot, and Mazure; their merit ought not, and shall not, however, prevent us from exposing the worthlessness of compatriot writings which have different qualities.

French literature has long borne, and until lately deserved, an almost unqualified reproach for its extreme superficiality and incorrectness in respect to the details it possessed of the lives and writings of those who were not natives of France. The worthies whom we have just mentioned, have rendered it less open to this complaint, by their very able histories of the Norman conquest, and of the Revolution which seated William on the throne of the Stuarts. The "Biographie Universelle" contains many articles—German, English, Spanish, and Italian, executed by able and adequately informed persons; the exceptions are not sufficiently numerous to destroy its high character, but strange to tell, the one which most detracts from it invites attention in a vernacular form, though when it was first imported into this country, we know that it called forth some angry and contemptuous animadversions from the lips of the late illustrious and much-lamented President of the Royal Society. He knew the falsehood of many of its allegations, as indeed any one may do, who will take the pains to examine the archives of the institution over which Newton himself presided for twenty-three years. Had the immediate subject of our remarks remained in its original form—to be read only by the few, who, like Sir Humphrey Davy, could judge of the honesty and accuracy of its statements, we might have suffered it to pass silently into the oblivion which ultimately awaits all productions destitute of fairness, consistency, and substantial correctness. But as the ill-judged and mischievous industry of a translator has spread its contents on our soil, and that too under the ostensible patronage and sanction of a society—which boasts of a hundred thousand readers for every one of its *pamphlet* systems of science, and historic compends; we deem it our duty to display to our countrymen the real nature of this Anglicised tract.

We regret the extreme want of judgment, or want of knowledge, which has passed over so good an opportunity of reviving truly valuable documents respecting the life and writings of Newton. We do not require that popular publications should contain the results of new, extensive, and profound investigation; but we do complain angrily, if, out of pre-existing materials, the least trustworthy are perversely selected. The Life of Newton in the "Biographia Britannica," vol. v., published in 1760, remains the best. The next important work in succession, is "Turnor's History of Grantham, in Lincolnshire," which includes the whole of the documents sent by Mr. Conduit (Sir Isaac's nephew) to Monsieur Fontenelle, and of which so little and such unsatisfactory use was made by the academician. These are followed by the Pedigree of Newton, (p. 168) by a very remarkable conversation (p. 172) between him and Mr. Conduit, on the 7th of March, 1724, when Newton was in the eighty-third year of his age. There is in this sufficient proof that his faculties were at that time of life clear and vigorous, and by a most interesting and entertaining letter, (p. 174—

180) of Dr. Stukeley's, written from Grantham to his friend Dr. Mead, containing many local traditions about the boy Newton, some of which are authenticated: the whole epistle has such a cordial and animated manner, that although the work of an antiquary, on topics which might have been made tedious by extreme minuteness of detail, it carries us on unwearied to its conclusion. Mr. Turnor ends the portion of his work, which concerns our great philosopher, by a number of extracts from the Journals of the Royal Society, relating to him: they commence with his being proposed a member in 1671, and close with the mention of the society's order for printing the "Commercium Epistolicum," and the president's delivering a copy of it to each person of the committee appointed for that purpose, to examine it before its publication. This "History of Grantham" had for some time been scarce and expensive. Mr. John Nichols published in 1822, the fourth volume of his "Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century." He here reprinted the whole of the above-mentioned portions of Mr. Turnor's topographical publication, which, as he says, "reflects equal honour on the talents and munificence of its author." The industry of Mr. Nichols also added many letters of Sir Isaac Newton's, which might have been previously printed; at all events they were not notorious. The first is addressed to Francis Aston, Esq. (May 18th, 1669), a young gentleman then entering upon his travels; the others are to Mr. Collins, to Mr. Oldenburg, Mr. John Aubrey, Mr. Flamstead, Mr. Fatio, Sir Hans Sloane, and last and greatest, to Dr. Richard Bentley. The letters to that great critic are the longest, the most argumentative, the most important. The dates they bear are—Dec. 10th, 1692, ("Nichols's Illustrations," vol. iv. p. 50). Jan. 17th, 1692, 3, (p. 53—55). Feb. 25th, 1692, 3, (p. 55—58). This is but a bibliographic retrospect.

A man with a philosophic understanding, well acquainted with the numerous discoveries which give such lustre to the last century, might even now gain no contemptible reputation, by an account of Newton's personal history, blended with developments of the state of his mind prior to, and during the periods of, mental gestation. There is no lack of matter for sound speculations with such a drift. The human mind is perhaps, after all, the most wonderful thing we know, or rather seek to know; and the minutest phœnomena of such a one as Newton possessed, may lead to profound reflections in the ideologist, and enable him to confirm or overthrow prevailing theories on the generation and progress of our ideas.

Our first charge against M. Biot is, that in his historical accounts of the state of the sciences before the time of Newton, he *sculptures* the phenomena, said to have been previously observed, in such HIGH RELIEF, that the confiding reader is insensibly led to

suppose that the additions which Newton really made to human knowledge, were inconsiderable. The undeniable inventions and discoveries of the philosopher are so briefly and faintly dwelt upon, that a very inadequate, and therefore a false, impression is made (upon those who are not otherwise informed) as to their novelty and magnitude. Those of our readers, who are particularly learned in the history of science, will immediately perceive the justice of our imputation; but we have not sufficient space to refute, at length, every error which our author insinuates. He states, as a fact, that Newton read, at the age of twenty-one, Dr. Wallis's *Arithmetica Infinitorum;* he then details the prominent features of that remarkable book, and adds, 'It is, in fact, in the generality, and in the uniformity given to these developments, (those of Dr. Wallis) in which the discovery of Newton really consists: for Wallis had remarked before him, with regard to the monomial quantities, the analogy of quotients and roots, with integral powers, expressed according to the notation of Descartes; nay, more, Pascal had given a rule for forming directly any term of an expanded power of a binomial, the exponent being an integer.'—*English Translation*, p. 3.

The design of this is obvious—it would lead those who inquire no further, and who are not qualified when they begin this tract to judge of the fairness of the representations it contains, to suppose (notwithstanding the Mrs. Candour-like spirit in which Biot affects to specify the precise nature of Newton's merit,) that Dr. Wallis, Descartes, and Pascal, had indeed collectively anticipated every thing which has gained for Newton the credit of discovery in this matter. We refer those, who wish to see a truer representation, to a work of the late Professor Playfair,* the one which we deem the most valuable of those which he gave to the world, because it only required extensive philosophical reading, which he had, a clear display of the merits of various candidates for the honour of enlarging the boundaries of human knowledge, which he was capable of making; together with a freedom from strong national and personal prejudices, which may fairly be ascribed to him, when he was judging of and between those who were alike foreigners and strangers to him.

The well known anecdote is repeated, of the falling of the apple from the tree, which led Newton to reflect on the *power* which urges all bodies to the centre of the earth; which precipitates them towards it with a continually accelerated velocity; and which continues to act, without any sensible diminution, at the tops of the highest towers, and on the summits of the loftiest mountains. The

* See the 'View of the Progress of Mathematical and Physical Science, since the revival of Letters in Europe,' Part I. Sect. I. 'Introd. to vol. iv. of the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica;' or, 'Playfair's Works,' vol. ii. p. 269—324.

eventual discovery of the great law of gravitation, and the application of it to explain the planetary system, is then briefly and fairly enough related. These observations are immediately subjoined:—

'Kepler had previously found out, by observations, that the squares of the times of revolution of the different planets are proportional to the cubes of their distances from the sun. Setting out with this law, Newton found, by calculation, that the force of solar gravity decreases proportionally to the square of the distance; and, it is to be observed, that he could not have arrived at this result, without having discovered the means of determining from the velocity of a body in its orbit, and the radius of the orbit supposed to be circular, the effort with which it tends to recede from the centre; because it is this effort that determines the intensity of the gravity (to which, in fact, the effort is equal). *It is precisely on this reasoning that the beautiful theorems on centrifugal force, published six years afterwards, by Huygens, are founded; whence it is plain, that Newton himself must necessarily have been acquainted with these very theorems.*'—*English Translation*, p. 5.

The extraordinary remark in this last sentence made us pause. We could not believe that any man, of the smallest character as a reasoner, would make so idiotic an inference. A philosopher discovers certain laws of nature, by a particular process of reasoning. Six years afterwards, a mathematician of another country publishes theorems, grounded on this same reasoning—ergo, the discoverer must have known the *subsequently published* theorems!!! In justice to M. Biot, we will quote his words, he has faults enow of his own to answer for, and we will not lay at his door the ignorance of his translator.

'Or c'est précisément dans cette déduction que consistent les beaux théorèmes donnés six ans aprés par Huyghens sur la force centrifuge; d'ou l'on voit que Newton avait dû nécessairement découvrir par lui-même ces théorèmes.'—*Biog. Universelle*, vol. xxi. p. 135.

We should thus render the passage—Now it is precisely in this deduction that the beautiful theorems on centrifugal force, given six years afterwards, by Huygens, consist. Whence we perceive that Newton himself must necessarily have *discovered* these theorems.

One specimen such as this, renders any remark on the competence of the translator quite needless; we could quote many passages that are almost as bad, in point of meaning, and very much worse in style. Why did not the Committee of the Useful Knowledge Society seek a person who understood both the French and English languages? Their selection of a foreign biography as the basis of their own Life of Newton, when they had various ready, as well as various unused, sources of information, deserves more blame than we have yet passed upon it. The culpability of bad choice is aggravated by bad execution; even if the least faithful

portrait is to be engraved, the artist undertaking the task ought to be capable of transferring the features with skill and fidelity, as they exist in the delineation placed before him.

To return to our comments on the substance of this pamphlet. Newton's early and independent discovery of fluxions is duly acknowledged (p. 4), and the subject is resumed at length (p. 28—32). Biot appears to take opposite sides here; he writes *about it* and *about it*, we suspect rather from the desire of leaving an unfavourable impression on the minds of his readers, as to the magnanimity and equity of Newton, than from an earnest and well grounded conviction that his conduct was really marked by nefariousness. It was said by Pericles, or rather by Thucydides, in one of the orations which he puts into that great orator's mouth, that praise beyond a certain point is sure to offend; and, it may be added, that those who have involuntary admiration for indisputable merits will often pretend to find demerit in other respects, so that by means of imputed faults, the wounded national vanity of auditors and readers may be appeased.

M. Dupin, writing to his countrymen on the military, naval, and commercial power of Great Britain, intersperses tirades against the cruelty of the English government to the French prisoners, &c. We do not think his work has, in consequence, been less popular in France.

A few more passages from Biot, will show that we are not without warrant in ascribing to him the purpose of depreciation.

Newton, in his letter to Oldenburg (1676), declares, that he possesses a method for drawing tangents to curves, equally applicable to equations, whether disengaged or not of their radical quantities: but he adds, 'as I cannot push further the explication of this method, I have concealed the principle in an anagram;' which he inserts in the epistle. Biot thus animadverts on the character of this communication.

'The evident object of Newton was to place his claims to priority in the hands of Leibnitz himself. The noble frankness of Leibnitz appears on this occasion to the greatest advantage; for, in his answer to Newton (21st June, 1677), *he* employs neither *anagram nor evasion*, but details, *simply* and *openly*, the method of the infinitisimal calculus, with the differential notation, &c.'—*Translation*, p. 29.

It is nevertheless allowed (p. 31), that the priority of Newton's ideas on this subject is certain; '*but we think that the reserve he maintained regarding it, left the field open to all other inventors.*' Why, then, revive groundless calumnies, which not being in the course of detail accompanied by satisfactory refutations, and for a time apparently sanctioned by the biographer, may leave on many minds a false and derogatory impression?

The reflecting telescope, which was sent to the Royal Society prior to Newton's becoming a member of that body, is mentioned very coolly.

Without regard to this invention, in which Newton had been preceded, *probably without knowing it*, by Gregory, the Scotch mathematician, and by a Frenchman, of the name of Cassegrain, it is merely necessary to observe, that the construction offers in practice some inconveniences, which cause it to be little used.'—*Translation*, p. 7.

After the hardihood of assertion which this passage evinces, no degree of unprincipled effrontery in the same quarter will surprise us. We do not hesitate to say, that no man of literary probity could, after reading the letters of Newton* to Oldenburg, on this very subject, considerately make such a representation. Instances of negative injustice, also, abound in this work—the celebrated queries (attached to the optics) which contain the germ of many subsequently developed truths, are described in three lines—of course very inadequately. The remarkable proof of Newton's sagacity, in surmising the combustibility of the diamond, deserved more than one vague line. If new accounts of the works of Newton are at all desirable, it is precisely because those who make them have the opportunity of dwelling upon the corroboration time has given to notions, which at first were only hypotheses.

We could fill a volume with exposures of other misrepresentations and errors, but we trust, we need not say more to shew the utter worthlessness of the tract, considered as a display of the truths with which Newton enlightened the world.

When we saw that M. Biot knew† the papers of Conduit, Stukeley, and others, which are contained in Turnor's "History of Grantham," we anticipated a sound *personal* biography of the great philosopher. Dr. Thomson, in his "History of the Royal Society," has made very good use of these documents; still they were less known than they deserved to be. Our feelings of indignation are now, however, even greater than those which were engendered by the partial and envious statements that we have already animadverted upon. We observed a great anxiety to shew that all Newton's notions were formed at a very early period of his life. Nothing is said about the additions made to the optics in 1718, which were very considerable, as will be apparent to any one who makes a comparison of that edition with the previous ones. The letters to Dr. Bentley are not mentioned at all; and why do these omissions occur? Because they might have been fatal to a favourite opinion of Biot's, (which he seems determined to support, however much his own character for judgment and for amplitude of appropriate information may suffer) namely, that Sir Isaac Newton was insane for the last thirty-three years of his life!!!

This opinion follows the narration of the accidental burning of Newton's papers, by his dog Diamond. The letter of Huygens

* These are preserved in Horsley's edition of Newton's Works (vol. iv. p. 270, et seq.) and constitute one of the most valuable portions of that incomplete collection.

† This is acknowledged in a note at the beginning of the article.

merely states, that *a Scotchman had informed him* that Newton had become disordered in mind, in consequence of having lost by fire his *chemical laboratory* and some papers. The first of these losses is, we apprehend, quite unknown to English biography. We are, therefore, inclined to ascribe it to that exaggeration to which all reports, when related at a distance from the place of their origin, are liable. Huygens it appears, mentioned the rumour in a letter to Leibnitz, who in his reply, (June 23, 1694) says, "I am very happy that I received information of *the cure of Mr. Newton* at the same time that I first heard of his illness."

The attempt is still more futile to support the imputation of an entire loss of understanding, from the MS. written by Mr. Abraham de la Pryne, dated Cambridge, *Feb.* 3, 1692, in which, after mentioning the circumstance of the papers being set fire to, he says, 'But when Mr. Newton came from chapel, and had seen what was done, *every one thought he would have run mad*, he was so troubled thereat, *that he was not himself* for a *month* after.'—*Translation*, p. 28.

If there ever were instances in which the witnesses disproved the very thing they were brought for the purpose of proving, this is one. The comments of Biot are ostensibly serious; but they are not less inconsistent with his own admissions, than they are contrary to the actual facts we shall bring forward.

He says, (p. 35) since the fatal aberration of his intellect, in 1693, he (Newton) gave to the world *only three* really new scientific productions—and one of these is the scale of temperatures; sufficient in itself to nullify his allegation.

Biot shortly imputes puerile conduct to Newton, in respect to the Bill of Longitude; and we are again reminded of the 'aberration of his intellect, though it *might* have been merely the effect of *excessive shyness*, produced by the retired and meditative habits of his life; for to judge from a letter of Newton, written some time before the "*disastrous epoch*," in which he points out the conduct to be pursued by a young traveller, *it would appear that he was very ignorant of the habits of society.*'

But surely shyness and ignorance of the mere manners of the world, prove no decline of intellectual power in a person who was *always* remarkable for modest diffidence, and who never was supposed to be particularly acquainted with the world at any period of his life. A little more reflection perhaps would have induced Biot to come to the conclusion we are anxious to lead to: he certainly supplies us with suggestions for his own refutation.

We have read again and again Newton's letters to Dr. Bentley, which we mentioned at the commencement of our article. Now these very letters, which are in every line worthy of him who wrote the "Principia," and which have in them many specimens of the most philosophical and original reasoning, were written between Dec. 10th, 1692, and Feb. 11th, 1693. Our readers will see that at

this period, according to Biot, he was too unsound in mind for such correspondence!

In the Sloane collection of MSS. preserved at the British Museum, there exists the correspondence between Newton and Flamstead, from 1680 to 1698, chiefly relating to astronomy. We will give two letters, written near the "*disastrous epoch*." We miss the symptoms which the sagacious Frenchman would pretend to perceive!

*To Mr. Flamstead.**

'Sir,—Since my return hither I have been comparing your observations with my theory, and now I have satisfied myself that by both together, the moon's theory may be reduced to a good degree of exactness, perhaps to the exactness of two or three minutes. I forbore writing to you a few days, till I had considered your observations, that I might be able to acquaint you what further observations are requisite. And besides these fifty, which you tell me you have ready calculated, and those I have already, your observations of this winter will be very material; and therefore I am very glad you have ordered your servant to calculate them. There are requisite also your observations for the last six or seven years made in the months of March, June, September, and December, when the moon's perigee or apogee is in the syzygies or quadratures, or within five or six degrees of those cardinal points, and the moon in the quadratures or opposition, and in an eclipse of the sun. When the moon in these cases is in the quadratures, or opposition, it will be requisite to have two observations, one a few hours before the quadrature, or opposition, and the other a few hours after, there being a day between the observations. If in the lunation of this present month, you can get two or three observations about the first quadrature, pray will you endeavour to get as many opposite to them, about the last quadrature. For observations opposite to one another, when the moon's apogee is in the octants, are of great moment. By such a set of observations, I believe I could set right the moon's theory this winter; only it would be requisite to have about fifty of them, such as I should select, set right by the new places of the fixt stars. The observations in March, June, September, and December above-mentioned, will not be many. I thank you heartily for your receipt. At present I beg your observations of Jupiter and Saturn. And what you send by the penny post, direct for Mr. William Martin, a Cambridge carrier, at the Bull in Bishopgate Street, and order it to be delivered there before two of the clock on Monday, least he be gone, for he goes every Monday at two o'clock from London towards Cambridge.

'I am, yours to serve you,

'*Cambridge, Oct.* 7, 1694. 'Is. Newton.'

To Mr. Flamstead.

'October 24, 1694.

'I return my hearty thanks to you for the communications in your last, and particularly for your table of refractions near the horizon. The reason of the different refractions near the horizon, I take to be the dif-

* Mr. Flamstead observes in the margin of this letter, that, September 1st, 1694, Mr. Newton came to see him, and that he imparted to Mr. Newton his Lunar observations, which occasioned this letter.—*Dr. Birch's MS. Note.*

ferent heat of the air in the lower region. For when the air is rarified by heat it refracts less, when condensed by cold it refracts more. And this difference must be most sensible, as the rays run along in the lower region of the air for a great many miles together, because 'tis this region only which is rarified and condensed by heat and cold. The middle and upper regions of the air being always cold. I am of opinion also, that the refraction in all greater altitudes is varied a little by the different weight of the air, discovered by the baroscope. For when the air is heavier, and by consequence denser, it must refract something more than when 'tis lighter and rarer. I would wish, therefore, that in all your observations, where the refraction is to be allowed for, you would set down the height of the baroscope and the heat of the air, that the variation of the refraction by the weight and heat of the air may be hereafter allowed for, when the proportion of the variation by those causes shall be known. A day or two before I left London I dined with Mr. Halby, and had much discourse with him about the moon. I told him of the parallactic equation, amounting to about 8′ or 9′, or at most 10′ of another equation, which is greatest in the octants of the moon's apogee, and might there amount 6′ or 7′, though I had not yet computed any thing about it. He replied, that he believed there might be also an equation depending upon the moon's nodes. To which I answered, that there was such an equation, but so little as to be almost inconsiderable. But what kind of equation this was I did not tell him, and I believe he does not know it, because it is too little to be easily found out by observations, or by any other way than the theory of gravity.'

The whole is too long for extraction, but there is in every subsequent sentence no less evidence of the distinctness of his views, of his freedom from 'vain phantasies,' and of the definiteness of every one of his purposes.

We have endeavoured, on a perusal of the subsequent five years of this correspondence, to trace the origin and progress of that infirmity, which the 'Universelle' biographer so repeatedly, and confidently, affirms to have come upon Newton in 1692; but whether we take up those of an earlier or a later period, we are constrained to acknowledge that there is *method* in them. A fool, says Locke, deduces wrong conclusions from right premises; but a madman will draw right conclusions even from wrong premises. We do not see either that the basis of facts in these epistles is incorrect, or that the inferences drawn from the phenomena are silly. And what is more, we do not perceive any important difference between those written from 1680 to 1691, (when Newton is graciously allowed to have been in sound mind,) and the compositions of the six later years.

Many of Newton's contemporaries, though men of reputed acuteness in their day, overlooked the falling off in his talents, which we even now cannot discover.

In 1696, the Earl of Halifax, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, that great patron of the learned, "wrote him a letter to Cambridge, acquainting him he had prevailed with the King to make him Warden of the Mint, in which post he did signal service in the great re-coinage at that time."

These are the honest words of Mr. Conduit, in his letter to Fontenelle, as preserved by Nichols and by Turnor.

Newton obtained the office of Master of the Mint in 1699, in which he continued till his death. In this capacity he drew up an official report on the Coinage, which, besides a luminous and comprehensive account of the existing currency, contains many novel applications of principles in natural philosophy to the subject before him. We may say, that we have lately *discovered* this document, for, though printed in certain collections of papers, which are to be found in all great English libraries, it is so obscure as not to be in *any* collection of his works, nor even *mentioned* by those who have professed to give lists of his entire writings. His biographers have all failed to notice it; it has escaped even M. Biot.

Upon the choice of a new Parliament, in 1701, Newton was re-elected member for the University of Cambridge. He was elected president of the Royal Society in 1703, and continued so above twenty-three years, to his death, being the first who was president so long, and was never discontinued.

As a decisive proof that Newton's mind was not in the state Biot represents it to have been, we will quote the very curious conversation between Newton and Mr. Conduit, who makes his narrative in the first person.

Newton's Conversation with Conduit.

"I was on Sunday night the 7th of March, 1724-5, at Kensington, with Sir Isaac Newton, in his lodgings, just after he was come out of a fit of the gout, which he had in both his feet, for the first time, in the 83d year of his age; he was better after it, and his head clearer and his memory stronger than I had known them for some time. He then repeated to me, by way of discourse, very distinctly, though rather in answer to my queries than in one continued narration, what he had often hinted before, viz., that it was his conjecture (he would affirm nothing) that there was a sort of revolution in the heavenly bodies; that the vapours and light emitted by the sun, which had their sediment, as water and other matter, had gathered themselves by degrees into a body, and attracted more matter from the planets, and at last made a secondary planet, (viz., one of those that go round another planet), and then, by gathering to them and attracting more matter, became a primary planet; and then, by increasing still, became a comet, which, after certain revolutions, by becoming nearer and nearer to the sun, had all its volatile parts condensed, and became a matter fit to recruit and replenish the sun, (which must waste by the constant heat and light it emitted,) as a faggot would this fire, if put into it; (we were sitting by a wood fire,) and that that would probably be the effect of the comet of 1680, sooner or later; for, by the observations made upon it, it appeared before it came near the sun, with a tail only two or three degrees long, but by the heat it contracted in going so near the sun, it seemed to have a tail of thirty or forty degrees when it went from it; that he could not say when this comet would drop into the sun; it perhaps might have five or six revolutions more first; but, whenever it did, it would so much

increase the heat of the sun, that this earth would be burnt, and no animals in it could live. That he took the three phenomena seen by Hipparchus, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler's disciples, to have been of this kind; for he could not otherwise account for an extraordinary light, as those were, appearing all at once amongst the fixed stars, (all which he took to be suns enlightening other planets, as our sun does ours,) as big as Mercury or Venus seems to us; and gradually diminishing for sixteen months, and then sinking into nothing. He seemed to doubt whether there were not intelligent beings superior to us, who superintended these revolutions of the heavenly bodies, by direction of the Supreme Being. He appeared also to be very clearly of opinion that all arts, as letters, ships, printing, needle, &c., were discovered within the memory of history, which could not have happened if the world had been eternal; and that there were evident marks of ruin upon it, which could be effected by a flood only. When I asked him how this earth could have been repeopled if ever it had undergone the same it was threatened with hereafter by the comet of 1680? he answered, that required the power of a Creator. He said he took all the planets to be composed of the same matter with this earth, viz., earth, water, stones, &c., but variously concocted. I asked him why he would not publish his conjectures as conjectures, and instanced that Kepler had communicated his; and, though he had not gone near so far as Kepler, yet Kepler's guesses were so just and happy, that they had been proved and demonstrated by him? His answer was, I do not deal in conjectures. But upon my talking to him of the four observations that had been made of the comet of 1680 at 574 years distance, and asking him the particular times, he opened his *Principia*, which laid upon the table, and showed me there the particular periods, viz., 1st, Julium Sidus, in the time of Justinian, in 1106, in 1680; and I observing, he said then of that comet, "Incidet in corpus solis;" and in the next paragraph, adds, "stellæ fixæ refici passant:" told him I thought he owned then what we had been talking about, viz., that the comet would drop into the sun, and consequently the sun would be recruited too;* and asked him why he would not own as clearly what he thought of the sun as well as the fixed stars? He said that concerned us more; and laughing, added, that he had said enough for people to know his meaning."

Mr. Conduit adds,

"To the last, he had all his senses and faculties strong, vigorous, and lively; and he continued writing and studying many hours every day to the time of his last illness."—*Turnor's History of Grantham*, p. 166.

All this is in a work of unquestionable authority, and in one which M. Biot professes to trust, and affects to refer to, as the sanction of many of his details! We do not see by what critical casuistry he can be justified in repeating the baseless and degrading fabrications to his countrymen, which we have exposed. But far higher blame belongs to the *real* introducer of the libel amongst Englishmen. We will not believe, until we have demonstrative evidence of it, that such men as Sir James Mackintosh, Dr. Maltby, Mr. Hallam, and others, whose names we see on the cover of every

* See Queries subjoined to Newton's Optics.

number of this 'Library,' have personally examined and approved the contents which they thus ostensibly sanction; but by allowing their names to be so used, they give a temporary passport to worthless materials, which must ultimately be injurious to their characters as men of judgment; and if they do not closely inspect the writings in question, they act ill to the community, which has a disposition to receive with confidence whatever bears their imprimatur.

The "Annual Register," for 1776, contains some new and authentic anecdotes, by a gentleman related to the family of Sir I. Newton's mother. We quote a passage to our purpose.

"It does not appear to be true, that he (Sir I. Newton) ever became imbecile; he did not, or would not, recollect the solution of many of his problems of former years, and, perhaps, the *ill-treatment he met with from some foreigners*, made him rather shy towards the last, of entering into the discussion of any matters about which a *dispute* might arise; but I know that he conversed with my aunt, in whose arms he died, and with others, like any other reasonable man, to the last day of his death, and on that day read the newspaper: but I lately met with a letter of Dr. Pearce to Dr. Hunt, Hebraw professor, at Oxford, written in 1754, and published in 1770, in Cadell's edition of 'Newton's Chronology,' page 10, which puts this imputation of Sir Isaac Newton's imbecility to shame.

"It appears that Dr. Pearce was with Sir Isaac Newton *a few days before his death*, when he was writing without spectacles, by a very indifferent light. That he was then *preparing* his '*Chronology' for the press*, and had written the greatest part over again for that purpose. He read to the Doctor some part of that work, on occasion of some points in chronology which had been mentioned in the conversation. He continued near an hour reading to him, and talking about what he read before the dinner was brought up: and what was particular, speaking of some fact, he could not recollect the *name* of the king in whose reign it happened, and therefore complained of his memory beginning to fail him; but, he *added immediately, that it was in such a year of such an Olympiad*, naming them both very exactly. The ready mention of such chronological dates, seemed, says the Doctor, a greater proof of his memory's not failing, than the naming the king would have been."—*Annual Register*, vol. xix. p. 25.

We hope that we shall hear no more of the story, to the falsehood of which we have here the concurring testimony of another independent, acute, and trustworthy witness. We shall be glad to compliment the members of the Useful Knowledge Society on the improved nature and execution of their publications; but we should have neglected our duty, if we had not branded the vampyre of the reputation of him, who is not merely the pride of his admiring country, but one of the very noblest creatures that has ever breathed on the planet to which we belong.

ART. XII.—*Hints for the Examination of Medical Witnesses.* By John Gordon Smith, M. D., M. R. S. L., Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the University of London. 12mo. pp. 138. London: Longman and Co. 1829.

AMONGST the humane and laudable efforts which have recently been made both in and out of Parliament, to reform the gross abuses and revolting enactments of our criminal law, the efforts of Dr. Gordon Smith stand alone, or almost alone, in exposing the evils which abound in one of its leading departments. In the numerous cases which fall under Lord Ellenborough's act, with respect to cutting and maiming, and the still more numerous instances in which a coroner's inquest forms the court of primary inquiry, the precision and accuracy of medical evidence is of the highest importance. Even in many cases not criminal, involving questions of sanity, legitimacy, &c., medical evidence furnishes the main grounds for decision. The ardour with which our author has entered upon these interesting topics appears little short of passion, and might perhaps bear a still stronger, though more homely appellation. In a previous work on "Medical Evidence," published about five years ago, he talks of medical jurisprudence as a "magnificent branch" of medical study "far more important" than midwifery. But "magnificent" as it then appeared to him, considered as the subject of study, it furnished but small hopes of either emolument or of fame. Medical men, for instance, are obliged to attend, if summoned upon inquests, without remuneration, of which our author strongly complains (p. 30); and with respect to the reputation, or popularity, to be gained by a man who devotes himself to this branch of inquiry, he thus expresses himself:—

"For several years I had entertained the hope, that by a sedulous cultivation of the literature, and an attentive application to the practical bearings of this science, I might qualify myself, in some measure for aiding those whom it equally concerns to prepare for the difficulties and perplexities that ordinarily harass the medical witness. Under this impression, I have spent not only time and labour, but other things that men sometimes value above these in the preparation, without seeing that there is a present prospect of success, even as to an opportunity of lending a helping hand. It is a slur, perhaps, on the profession, but it is the truth, that had I proceeded to offer such a course of lectures as alone I would pretend to offer, the signs of encouragement were greater from the juridical than from the medical quarter of those whom such a course of instruction might concern. For the gratification of my own mind, I shall not cease to express my views of topics, that I have now acquired some means of investigating; but I apprehend that my labours must be confined hereafter to books—or to parallel modes of imparting any acquisitions I may persuade myself, from time to time, would be worthy of submission to the reading portion of the medical community.'—p. 190.

We are happy to think, that the worthy author has outlived the

cause of these rather querulous remarks; for since they were published, he has not only been appointed lecturer on his favourite subject at the Royal Institution, but has been subsequently elected to the more important office of Professor of Medical Jurisprudence, in the London University.

It is a singular fact, not we believe very generally known, that it was the short-lived Fox ministry who first called public attention to Medical Jurisprudence, and who established a professorship of the science in the University of Edinburgh, respecting which measure many sneers were flippantly uttered both in and out of Parliament. It is to the same political advocates of liberal opinions that we owe our author's well merited appointment to the professorship which he now holds, and of which the little work before us may be fairly looked upon as in part the result. That it is calculated to do much good, there can be no question, being intended for the use of those whose duty it is to examine medical witnesses in courts of justice; and adapted, by its size, for the pockets of coroners and the portmanteaus of lawyers going the circuits, when they must diminish their luggage as much as possible. The author's personal experience led him to the notion of this, having served, as he tells us, as an officer in some of the most active scenes of campaigning, and learning thence, that on a journey, books and brick-bats are almost equally objectionable, if carried in a portmanteau. We hope it may be the means of stimulating this class of professional men to obliterate in some measure the disgrace of ignorance upon such subjects which is lamentably prevalent. Coroners in particular, as may be proved by almost every inquest, are shamefully deficient in the knowledge which ought to be held indispensable to their office. It is no uncommon occurrence to hear a coroner unblushingly declare his entire ignorance of a leading and important medical question, an ignorance which in justice ought to disqualify him from holding the office. When such is the case, we cannot wonder at the gross abuses which prevail at inquests, abuses that loudly call for reform, and unless they are reformed, we may safely affirm, that other proposed amendments in the criminal laws are only like lopping off a few diseased branches when the tree is diseased at the root. Our author's picture of an inquest, therefore, in his former publication on "Medical Evidence," we can ourselves attest to be by no means exaggerated, and scarcely even drawn sufficiently strong :—

'When we proceed to attend upon a coroner's jury, we are not, perhaps, very likely to be reminded of the importance of the occasion by the aspect of the court. Throughout the kingdom, (for the usage at large is the proper example to be cited, and not the custom of a particular place, least of all of the metropolis,) a medical practitioner, living in the neighbourhood where the transaction is going on, will, in all probability, find that the court, or tribunal, or persons to whom he is immediately answerable, are composed of those familiarly known to him; and very likely they

may rank a step or two lower in the scale of society than he is habituated to associate with. The place of assembly is probably a mean apartment in a village ale-house, redolent of incotian; and the beau-ideal of a "Crowner's quest," is very much the same as that of a *country club*; saving that, in the latter, the business is possibly discussed with more patience, and *the truth* is more frequently elicited; *in vino veritas—nonne in cervisid?* Too often are important grounds for inquiry slurred over; and evidence is frequently taken in such a way, as manifestly shews that it is not wanted, any farther than may be necessary to make a sufficient shew on the face of the proceedings. This being accomplished, if no troublesome person be present to disturb the even tenor of the way, and no unlucky juryman, of sufficient intelligence to confuse the affair by putting an awkward question, the coroner tells the jury what they ought to do; the jury do as they are bid, and every body gets away in good time for dinner, or for supper, as the case may be.

'Not long ago, an inquest was held at a short distance from London, the circumstances leading to which fell under my immediate observation, and were such as to induce me to attend as a spectator. The object was to inquire as to the manner in which a young unknown female came by her death. The body had been found floating in the Thames, and had been several days, apparently, in the water. The occasion was a perfect realization of what I have stated. There were from twelve to twenty honest tradesmen sitting round the public-house parlour; and the parish-beadle in attendance as officer of the court, with two or three witnesses, all grumbling, because Mr. Coroner was a little behind his time. It was the duty of the parish surgeon to have attended, and he had been duly summoned for the purpose; but he neither came, nor sent any one in his place (probably in this he acted conscientiously), nor forwarded any excuse; nor did the court seem to care in the least about the matter; probably they thought it as well that he neither gave them, nor himself, any trouble. Another practitioner, however, secured his admission, by a voluntary offer to be of whatever service was in his power. After going through the formalities, from "O yes," down to "all persons not of the jury must withdraw," they returned a verdict of "Found drowned." There was no doubt as to the case being one of accidental drowning, even in my own mind; but, as I thought the body should have been opened, and had some knowledge of the foreman, who, on his part, was aware that such things had formed a prominent object of my studies, signified to him that their verdict was unwarranted, for that although they had proof enough as to the *finding*, there had not been a rag of evidence to shew that the deceased had been *drowned*. The honest and well-intentioned official went back instantly to his brethren, with a view of getting them to re-consider their verdict; but that was a task not to be accomplished by a mere mortal juryman; it was too late—too late in the proceedings, and what was more, too late in the day. It was "*nunc est prandendum*,"—there it ended; and the shadows closed upon a niggard sod that covered—nobody knew whom, and few cared what; a suicide, or a victim of complicated violence: the coroner filled up his paper, and the jury went to bed as they had done the night before, "*requiescere in pace*;" which was more than was supposed to have fallen to the lot of the poor stranger.—p. 61.

As another specimen of country inquests within our own know-

ledge, we may mention the following. Last autumn, a woman, who had been working in the fields as a weeder, on going home in the evening, dropped down in the street, and was carried into the Lion and Lamb public-house, at Lewisham, Kent. A medical man was immediately sent for, and tried, but without success, every means to restore animation by stimulants, inflating the lungs, &c., for more than an hour. He was the more induced to do this, as the woman was in apparent good health; and, on the testimony of a woman who had worked by her side all day, she had not complained of illness, and had not, to her knowledge, drunk any thing during the day. An inquest was held upon the body, and our readers might naturally suppose that the medical man, who had exerted his skill, though without success, would have been called to state what he considered to be the cause of the death. But probably the worthy coroner thought that his evidence might prolong the investigation beyond the time suited to his convenience, and without giving himself much concern as to such an inquiry, he directed the jury to return a verdict of "Died by the visitation of God." We do not say, indeed, that the medical evidence would, in this case, have probably altered this verdict; but we do say, that it was indispensable to complete the inquiry. We copy from 'The Times,' of the 10th June, 1829, a still more striking picture of the manner in which inquests are conducted, and of the official abuse of power in the instance of a coroner.

'At an inquest upon the body of a child, named William Adams, held at the Ordnance Arms, Lewisham, Kent, on Thursday the 4th June, before Mr. Cartar, coroner for the county, that gentleman, in his instructions to the jury, proceeded upon principles, which, coming from a coroner, deserve to receive all possible publicity and investigation.

'It was given in evidence, that the child, who was about three years old, had been prescribed for at the Kent Dispensary for a complaint in the lungs; that the medicine given was two grains of calomel, and two of antimony, every twenty-four hours, till thirty grains of calomel had been taken in three days; that the mercury produced violent salivation, and swelling of the gums, the tongue, and the face; that this went on till the gums ulcerated, and sloughed, and the cheeks mortified, so that the whole mouth and the parts near it were in one black mass of mortification, which terminated in death; that the prescribing apothecary, while these violent effects of mercurial salivation were going on from bad to worse, did not see the child for four days; that the last time he saw it, he said he could do nothing more; that the parish-surgeon was then called in by the child's mother, and when he saw the dreadful progress the salivation had made, immediately sent to two other medical gentlemen to see it, but before their arrival the child died. Further, that during the illness of the child, it had no constant nurse, but, when the mother was necessitated to be absent to earn her living by working in the fields, it was attended to by one or other of the neighbours.

'Such were the material facts brought before the jury, who found a verdict of "Died by the visitation of God," but *that it was their unani-*

mens opinion there had been culpable neglect on the part of the prescribing apothecary, and also on the part of the mother. The two latter clauses of this finding, the coroner said, he could not receive; and in direct opposition to the opinion of the jury, recorded only, "Died by the visitation of God, and not by the hands of violence or criminal misconduct of any person or persons whomsoever."

'What is of most importance, however, in this case, is, that the coroner told the jury they had no concern whatever with the effects of the medical prescription, that *a medical man who gave his services gratuitously,* (as the dispensary apothecaries do,) *is not bound, and cannot be expected to bestow much attention upon pauper patients,* and therefore that the neglect of the apothecary in the case in question, *being according to the usual order of things,* could not be competently inquired into at an inquest, nor noticed with blame in the verdict.

'Acting upon these principles, the material points of the evidence were not gone into at all. The parish surgeon, for example, was not pressed for his opinion, as to what he considered to be the cause of the death: the mother was not called, and the time of the court was taken up with the evidence of a woman, who could not speak to a single important fact.'—*Times, June* 10, 1829.

Nothing could more strongly corroborate the statement of Dr. Gordon Smith, respecting the sway which is exercised by coroners over their juries than this case; for though they unanimously wished to bring in a verdict of blameable neglect, he told them he could not legally receive it, and of course they were obliged to sign such a verdict as he could legally receive. We are of opinion, therefore, that the present disgraceful manner of conducting inquests, merits to be investigated by Parliament, and such competent men as Dr. Gordon Smith, Dr. Paris, Dr. Male, Mr. Fontblanque, &c., ought to be examined by a Committee of Inquiry. The public justice of the country demands it, and we are certain, from facts within our own knowledge, that abuses of the most flagrant nature would be brought to light by such an investigation. It must, for example, be within the recollection of all our readers, that a year or two ago, a poor black girl, a native, if we recollect right, of Hindoostan, was most inhumanly treated by her mistress and fellow-servants, and died under circumstances of strong suspicion against these parties. At the inquest held on the body, the jury confirmed, by their verdict, the opinion that the poor girl had come by her death through maltreatment, and though the culpable parties had been examined before the coroner, they were, by some shufling management, allowed to make their escape. An attempt indeed was made to prove that the girl died of *nostalgia,* or pining for her native country; but even had that been fully made out, it lessened not, but rather aggravated, the guilt of those who had treated her so inhumanly.

That we have not over-rated the paramount importance of the subject to every individual in these kingdoms, will still farther appear from the following case from Dr. Gordon Smith's Appendix:—

'Case of Mr. Fadyen, tried for murder, by an attempt to procure abortion, as related in the Introductory Letter, delivered in the University of London, May 11, 1829, by the Author.

'An unmarried female proved with child, and died under circumstances which gave occasion for a coroner's inquest, in the course of which, evidence was given by a person calling himself a surgeon, that she had been destroyed by attempts to procure abortion,—embracing, therefore, two very heinous crimes, of which one amounted to murder. For perpetrating this murder, a medical man and a female friend of the diseased were committed for trial. The surgeon aforesaid had visited the deceased previous to her death, and administered remedies, (one of which was copious evacuation of blood, when the woman seemed, from his own account, to be *in articulo mortis.)* He afterwards, in the presence of his shop boy, opened the body; and having done so, drew up a formal report of the appearances, the statements in which satisfied the parties who held the inquest, (which by the way, was afterwards quashed as an illegal proceeding altogether,) and the prisoners were committed on the coroner's warrant. In this report, and in the oral testimony given by its author, it was alleged that savine and rue had been administered to the diseased; and that "*a dreadful operation,*" (these were the words,) had been attempted, in consequence whereof she died. This document had the advantage of being read in open court by the writer himself; and being present, I had the felicity of inspecting the original; of its literary pretensions I shall say nothing; but such medical nonsense could only be paralleled by the other statement upon which the merits of the case first mentioned hinged. The question of the savine and the rue was very speedily disposed of by the admission of this witness, that he had not been able to identify them; and we all know that if any effect is to be relied upon they must be given in large quantities, while even then the primary effect will not be that of producing abortion. The affair was thus left to hang upon the "*dreadful operation.*" The performance of this was inferred in a most curious manner, which I hope I shall be able to make you all understand. Although the witness admitted that he had drawn his conclusions more from "what he had heard than what he had seen" on the occasion, his observations ought not to escape exposure.

'They were recorded both negatively and positively, for he stated, that "he examined most particularly, and could not discover any catheter, or instrument to draw off the water which had been passed or previously introduced." Here is an inference, indeed, much such a one as would be made by a man who, after looking "most particularly" over London Bridge, would say that he could not discover [that] "*any wherry or other boat had passed through the centre arch three or four days before.*" But on one side of the womb there were indentations *as if made by a blunt instrument in the first instance,*" and on the other there were "*five distinct punctures made by a sharp instrument!*" Notwithstanding all this, however, there had been no ABORTION, the uterus having been found with its entire peculiar contents, as would be the case at the stage of pregnancy to which the unfortunate woman had advanced.

'Now let me appeal to every medical man, here or elsewhere, whether if abortion be undertaken to be procured by a person of scientific skill, through the means alleged, there is any risk of failure? Society is more

indebted to our caution and integrity than they are aware of. In this case, however, there was no trace of any such interference; and whether the woman died of inflammation excited by the administration of powerful drugs, by unskilful treatment, or other improper management, it is clear that no attack had been made upon the ovum. But this is not all, the uterus itself having been removed from the body and preserved in spirits, was produced in court, and submitted to the inspection of eminent medical men, who declared that the alleged wounds or punctures were merely the openings of natural ducts belonging to the organ, which presented exactly the appearances that would be found in any impregnated uterus at the same period of gestation.

'I apprehend, gentlemen, I have said enough to rouse even your *indignation*; and I will not affect to conceal, that I felt no ordinary, and do still feel considerable exultation at these triumphant victories of skill and science over ignorance and presumption. The matter was the more satisfactory,—perhaps I may say even brilliant, as the discomfited parties were reduced to the necessity of confuting themselves. I have little hesitation in saying, that had the original depositions in these cases been allowed to take their course, in a way of which, it is to be feared, there have been too many examples, three innocent persons would have been doomed to, and no doubt must have suffered an ignominious death, for which the errors of medical men would have been justly held responsible. The awful nature of the consequences it would not be for me to depict if I could; but the first would have been the raising of the public voice about the errors, and the next, universal indignation to the end of time. For my own part, I have felt it my duty to lay very strong statements on these occurrences before his Majesty's government, which have been received in a satisfactory manner, and of the results of which I have little doubt the public will in due time have the benefit. One of these persecuted and innocent individuals has been here to express his thanks, and is now in this theatre—*a living and a grateful man, instead of lying a dismembered corpse on the table of the anatomist.* But we require no thanks; we want to do good by extinguishing error, banishing prejudice and ignorance, and raising truth, knowledge, and common sense to their proper level.'—p. 134.

We cannot, in conclusion, too strongly recommend Dr. Gordon Smith's little volume to the attention of coroners, barristers, and judges, as containing much valuable matter, condensed into a small compass.

ART. XIII.—*Des Etablissemens pour l'Education Publique en Bavière, dans le Wurtemberg, et dans le pays de Bade, et Remarques sur les améliorations a introduire dans ces etablissemens pour les faire adopter en France, en Angleterre, et autres Pays.* Par J. C. Loudon, Membre de la Société pour l'Enseignement Elémentaire à Paris. 8vo. pp. 67. Paris: Mesnier. 1822.

IT has long been the boast of Scotland, that every parish in the kingdom is as invariably provided by law with a public school as with a parish church; and to this circumstance is always ascribed, both in Scotland and out of it, the general diffusion of elementary education, even among the very lowest ranks of Scottish popula-

tion. Other causes, no doubt, there are in active co-operation for producing this great effect; but it must be evident, that without the parish schools as an instrument, all the other causes would prove abortive. Amongst these co-operating causes, we have heard enumerated the simplicity of Presbyterianism; but in the work before us we have ample proof that the same diffusion of education exists under every form of Christianity, from Catholicism throughout all the various divisions of the Protestant church on the continent. One striking instance of this occurs in France—at least in some parts of France—where the Catholic form of worship is so greatly predominant over every other. We are informed, by a recent traveller, that in Normandy the education of a young man at the college of Alançon does not cost, boarding and lodging included, more than 500 francs, or 20*l.* a year. From 400 to 900 francs (16*l.* to 36*l.*) is quite as much as the schooling of a young person, either male or female, will cost in the best boarding-schools and colleges in France. The colleges are all under the direction of the government; and there are a great many more of these institutions in France than there are in England. Every town of importance appears to have a college belonging to it. At these colleges, and at the common boarding-schools, the scholars are taught the whole of what is called the classics, comprehending the science of logic and rhetoric. In country places, farmers and country people send their children to day-schools; just as it is common to do in England, while the children are quite young. At these country schools, for 100 or 200 francs a year (4*l.* or 8*l.*), the students obtain, generally, some acquaintance with the learned languages; with Latin, at all events; as well as those who go to schools of a more costly degree. The teaching of Latin to farmers' and tradesmen's sons is very common in France, and it is therefore nothing uncommon to address a foreigner in Latin when he cannot speak French, and this even among French tradesmen or persons of similar rank. Those who boast of Scotland being almost, if not altogether, unique in the diffusion of education, will be apt to receive this information with surprise, if not with considerable scepticism, as to its authenticity; but from other parts of the continent, we can bring evidence still more particular with respect to the universal diffusion of instruction. Not to mention Protestant Sweden, which is, we believe, acknowledged on all hands to rank at least second, if not equal to Scotland, though we have been able to meet with no detail of the Swedish system. There exists all over Germany a still more systematic method of universal instruction than even the parochial schools in Scotland, for in Germany parents are punishable when they neglect or refuse to send their children to the schools established by law. Something indeed like this compulsory principle was acted upon in Scotland in former times; but, so far as we know, compulsion was extremely local, and peculiar to certain borough towns. In the borough of Rutherglen, for

example, which is about two miles from Glasgow, there is, or was, a bye law of the corporation, compelling every burgess, or freeman, to send to the borough school all his children of a certain age (from six to twelve, if we recollect right), under the very reasonable penalty of paying the full school fees for such children if they are not sent. (*See Ure's Hist. of Rutherglen and East Kilbride.*)

A similar principle of compulsion is acted on in Silesia, where, we are informed by Mr. John Quincy Adams, there is established not only a university and an academy, but also grammar-schools in every town in the province, besides a school in every village. The sum paid by the inhabitants for the support of these schools, is levied somewhat in the manner of a rate or tax, and even paupers who cannot pay this school tax are compelled to send to the schools all their children, from their sixth to their twelfth year; under the penalty of forfeiting *double* the school tax. (*Adams' Letters from Silesia.*) From this we may infer, that the Silesians look upon education as *doubly more important* than the Scots burgesses of Rutherglen. Our inference is farther corroborated by the interesting fact, that there is also established in Silesia a seminary for the express purpose of instructing the teachers—chiefly clergymen, who are compelled to attend it, in order to fit them for the duty of superintending the district schools. Should they neglect or refuse thus to qualify themselves, how able soever they might otherwise be, they could procure no living.

In Scotland, this important step in the advancement of education is unknown; but the want of it has begun to be felt, and is strongly deplored by Professor Pillans, in his letters addressed to Mr. Kennedy, the member for Ayr, who says, "the total want of all public provision for the professional education of schoolmasters, lies at the root of the greater part of the evils," which he details. In Scotland, the qualifications for parochial teachers are certificates of having attended certain classes and the kirk; and both in Scotland and in England any man may take to the profession of teaching, if he swear allegiance to the king. Now, without wishing in any degree to infringe that principle of liberty, which leaves all offices free to all men; there is, on the other hand, a security demanded, that the man shall be qualified for doing that to which he is appointed, or which he undertakes voluntarily. The necessity of this becomes imperious, in proportion as the public, or the parties concerned, are incapable of forming a judgment, and are, on that account, open to quackery and imposture. This, as the professor remarks, and as has been remarked before him, is the case, not only in all the liberal professions, but in most of the handicraft trades; but it is not the case with teachers, where it is more wanted than in any other case. In other trades, we do not confound the mere possession of the materials with the skill that is to turn them to the purpose we want. If we wish for a coat, we are not satisfied with the mere fact of the man to whom we apply

having cloth and thread in his possession; we find out what sort of workman he is; and our employing, or not employing him, turns mainly upon that. Now, the mere knowledge which a teacher possesses, is nothing but the material,—the cloth and thread; that which is to make his labour useful is the way in which he can apply it. In the case of an established teacher, we never call for evidence of that; and there is no law to compel an adventurer to give proof, that he has even the materials. Hence parents are cheated out of their money; and, which is far worse, children out of their education; and not only so, but so sickened and disgusted, that they will not attend to it afterwards. Who are the proper authorities to whom to delegate such a power, is another matter; but the public will never be properly served, by any number, or system of schools, until none be allowed to attempt teaching, but those who are able to bring satisfactory evidence that they can teach.

In Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Baden, it appears, from the little work before us, that the school establishments are very similar to those in Silesia, described by Adams—and of course superior to the parochial schools in Scotland. As the account is by an intelligent and liberal-minded Scotsman, who travelled in Germany so recently as last November, it appears to be the more trustworthy. With respect to the important circumstance of a seminary for educating schoolmasters; we have the following account, which was given to the author by M. Zaller, rector of the school of Stuttgard, the capital of Wurtemberg, and a member of the National School Commission.

'For the education of schoolmasters, there is an institution in a village situated at no considerable distance from Stuttgard, in which young persons are instructed in almost every kind of knowledge, and are obliged to submit to an examination before they can obtain the superintendence of the most ordinary school. An institution is also provided for young females, who are destined for the scholastic profession. They are taught the common branches of the sciences, and every kind of sewing, and the offices of the kitchen and household.'—p. 10.

In Baden, the education of the girls appears to form a prominent feature, and we read with much interest the following account by our author of the girls' school established there:

'The accounts which we have received on this subject have principally been furnished us by an Englishman and a Frenchman, both Professors at the Polytechnic School at Carlsruhe, and by Professor Karcher, Director of the girls' school in that city. I examined the different classes of this school, and brought away specimens of the pupils' writing. There are mistresses for the youngest girls, and they inspect also the work of the eldest. Masters are charged with the care of the higher classes. A part of each day is devoted to working, drawing, singing, and dancing. Each of these occupations is carried on in different rooms, and under the inspection of mistresses. They pass an examination once every year, and

the result of it is published. I send you adjoined the report of 1828, in which you will find the detail of the different articles of instruction, hours of the day, and proportion of time devoted to each study. You will observe, that when the girls reach the two higher classes, philosophy, natural history, history in general, mythology, (this title comprehends some observations upon the various religions which exist, or have existed), astronomy, geography, arithmetic, French, German, singing, and dancing, become the object of their studies. You will see in pages 13 and 14, with what care, and in what manner, philosophy and natural history are taught; that in botany, for example, they are made to study plants upon growing specimens, in the midst of fields and gardens in summer, and that this study is carried on during winter upon dried plants; that not only the name and distinguished mark are given to each plant, but the use of each, indigenous or exotic, in the arts and principal manufactures of Europe, are made known. The same method is practised relative to the utility of the different animals in the study of zoology.

'The greater part of the girls, thus instructed, cannot aspire to higher connections in life than as the wives of what are called in England working men; the rest can only hope, at most, to be united to artisans, and persons who are occupied in inferior public employments. These working-men and artisans, however, it must not be forgotten, are as sensible and as well educated as many *gentlemen* in other countries. They are, in fact, not unworthy of such wives. At the end of this pamphlet you will observe the names of the 195 scholars who compose the class in question; each stands in the class to which it belongs. This list is annually made out during the seven years the children remain at school, and accompanied each time by a report in print. The seven reports, and the seven lists, containing the name of each child, become the permanent archives of their progress and respective capacities. This measure, it is useless to remark, must be a strong stimulant to emulation both in the pupils and parents, and that other schools would do well to adopt a similar practice.'—p. 20.

We were still more pleased with our author's account of the schools for agriculture in Bavaria; schools which, from the simplicity of their principles, and the rurality of the subject, recal some of the finest scenes of poetry:

—— 'Sœur de la Peinture!—aimable Poésie!
A ces vieux monumens viens redonner la vie,
Viens présenter au goût ces riches accidens,
Que de ces lentes mains a dessiné le tems.'

De Lille, Jardins, Chant 4.

Again the delightful bard of the gardens and the fields, in all the exuberance of French ecstacy, exclaims:

'Le ferme! A ce nom seul, les moissons, les vergers,
Le règne pastoral, les doux soins des bergers ces,
Ces biens de l'age d'or, dont l'image chérie,
Plut tant á mon eufance, âge d'or de la vie,
Réveillent dans mon cœur mille regrets touchans,
Venez de vos oiseaux j'entends déjà les chants;
J'entends rouler les chars qui traînent l'abondance,
Et le bruit des fléaux qui tombent en cadence.'—*Ibid.*

It would appear from our author's account, that M. Hazzi, an enlightened and patriotic individual, who introduced modern agriculture into that country a short time after the abolition of the convents, and the organization of public instruction by Count Monteglas, considering Bavaria as essentially agricultural, conceived the idea of teaching agriculture in the schools. He composed a catechism upon that subject, (of which our author presented a copy of the first edition, published in 1804, to the Society of Elementary Instruction at Paris,) and had sufficient influence with the Government to obtain its adoption as a school-book throughout the kingdom. This catechism has gone through several editions, and has been increased in size by the addition of such improvements in the plan, as have been made from time to time.

Princes and rulers have seldom been favourable to diffused general education, but to a system so admirably judicious as this for instruction in agriculture, it is scarcely possible, we think, that even the *idolæ specus* of royalty should oppose or interfere. With respect, however, even to general education, the princes of Germany seem to have a very different feeling from their cotemporaries in the more southern parts of Europe.

It may be expected that we should give a more minute detail of the general system itself, which seems to work so well; and from the accurate statements which our author has made, we shall select such portions as appear most interesting and useful. In every village or hamlet in Wurtemberg then, it appears there is a school with a dwelling house and garden, appropriated to the master; in larger towns or cities, there are two or more such schools. In places where the population is considerable, the boys and girls are separated, and very frequently the latter are kept under the authority of a mistress, during the two or three first years. When there is only a small number of children, boys and girls are instructed in the same school, though they are not intermixed, but sit in a separate part of the school-room. The master is generally a married man, and his wife capable of instructing the girls; though this is not always the case. The master, besides a house and garden, has sometimes a field allotted to him. He receives a fixed salary from the commune, or, what in England is called a parish; he has, moreover, a trifling remuneration for each of his pupils, according to their several ages, and the sort of instruction given. These remunerations are fixed by the government, and are every where the same. The portion of land and salary, given by the commune, are regulated in such a manner, that the master may be provided with the means of subsistence, even in small hamlets as in very populous communes.

The compulsory regulations are somewhat different in Wurtemberg from those which we have above seen established in Silesia, and in certain Scottish boroughs. Girls must be sent from the age

of six to thirteen, and boys from six to fifteen, unless prevented by ill-health; and in cases of absence from any cause, the lost time must be made up by longer continuance at school, or, at least, until the pupil has attained that degree of instruction deemed sufficient by those persons who are appointed to decide upon this. If it happen, that the parents are unable to pay all, or even a part of the expenses incurred in the education of their children, the commune is answerable to the master for the deficit.

The law requires that the children attending the schools of the communes, be instructed in reading and grammar, in order to enable them to speak and write their vernacular language correctly; and also in writing and arithmetic—advancing in the latter through the rule of proportion, and as far beyond, as the specified time, and the capacity of the pupil will admit. The books read in the schools are such as treat upon duties which children shall have to fulfil in the world, together with geography, biography, and general history. The instruction of the girls in arithmetic is not carried so far as that of the boys; but the girls are taught to spin, weave, sew, knit, embroider, to make articles of apparel, even those of men; to understand culinary processes, and to take care of children. If the parents, however, should desire it, or, if the master perceive in a child, whether a girl or a boy, a disposition for learning branches not generally taught, such as drawing, geometry, languages, &c., these are taught at a very moderate expense. M. Zoller informed the author, that the greater number of the masters, who had been instructed in the Teacher's Seminary, during the last thirty years, possessed a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, as well as of the higher branches of the mathematics; and that they were capable of affording any instruction which might be required.

There is a committee of management in each commune, similar to our parish vestries in England, in which the priest, or priests of the commune, whatever form of religion they belong to, always have a seat *ex-officio*. The committee, and particularly the Protestant minister who belongs to it, is charged with the office of seeing that the children be sent to school at their proper ages, and that the master punctually and faithfully discharge his duties.

The predominant religion in Wurtemberg is the Protestant, but in some communes the inhabitants are all Catholics, and in others there are three or four religious sects, and amongst these even Quakers are met with. The master must not interfere with the religion of the children, this being always kept distinctly attended to by the priest of that religion which the parents follow. The author's observations entitle him, he thinks, to conclude that 'the difference of religious tenets does not prevent the inhabitants of Wurtemberg from living together in the utmost social harmony; and here the Catholic religion is almost as simple in its ceremonies as the Protestant.' In a word, all the different creeds seem to be

reciprocally amalgamated, or rather neutralized (*neutralisée l'une par l'autre.*')—p. 13. The author was informed, that there was scarcely an instance in which parents have refused to send their children to the schools, although it certainly would not have been quite prudent to leave so important a measure at their discretion as the time of continuance at school; for very poor persons would rarely resist the temptation of taking away their children at the age of eleven or twelve, for the purpose of making them labour in the fields. From this circumstance it may be perceived, that the compulsory law is clearly essential to ensure the success of the system; and how much soever it may be thought to infringe on personal freedom, it seems to be justified by the result.

An annual examination of all the children is made in presence of the committee of the commune, when the boys and girls who have completed their several ages according to the above regulations, and are adjudged to have attained the degree of instruction required by the law, receive each a certificate of approval, without which document it is prohibited to give any sort of employment to a native of Wurtemberg under twenty-one years of age.

The branch of instruction which our author thinks not sufficiently attended to, is drawing, almost as essential, in his opinion, as writing or arithmetic, as by means of it not only the memory, and particularly the taste, are improved; but the essential principles of all the material sciences, and a knowledge of all the operations and products of the useful and agreeable arts, may be communicated with facility to the minds of children of every age. He thinks it would be necessary and useful to have two hundred and fifty, or three hundred lithographed designs, of large dimensions, to develop a system of practical and scientific instruction, along with which an accompanying book of explanations, with engravings in wood, might be useful. As children almost uniformly like to sketch, (man, at every epoch of his life, delighting in whatever takes the form of creation,) it would be more an amusement than a task to copy those engravings.

After so ample an abstract as we have given of the facts contained in this work, we think it would be altogether superfluous to say that it is useful, practical, judicious, and well worthy of the attentive perusal of all who are interested in popular education.

NOTICES.

ART. XIV. *The Elements of the Hebrew Language.* By Hyman Hurwitz. Author of Vindiciæ Hebraicæ, Hebrew Tales, &c. &c., and Professor of Hebrew in the London University. London: Taylor. 1829.

IN noticing the Introductory Lectures, delivered by the professors of the London University, we had occasion to speak, in terms of great commendation, of the excellent sentiments and learning displayed in the opening

discourse of Professor Hurwitz. We argued the best consequences from his appointment to the Hebrew chair. His enlightened views on many important subjects, and his erudition admirably fit him for his situation, and we are happy to find him ready to afford the Hebrew students, who are not under his tuition, the benefit of his experience. Of the many grammars which have been published of the sacred language, all appear to have been formed on a plan, which, from being either too erudite or too concise, left the learner in both cases equally in the dark. 'What would be thought,' says Mr. Hurwitz, 'of an anatomical professor, who should attempt to explain all the intricacies of the vascular system before auditors, to whom even the structure of the skeleton is as yet unknown; such, however, is the method generally adopted in communicating a knowledge of the Hebrew language. The attempt also to explain every thing on theoretical principles, even to the denial of every anomaly—just as if the Hebrew, granting even its divine origin, had not been for ages the common medium of intercourse between a multitude of frail human beings, whose imaginations neither will, nor can be confined within the narrow limits of theoretical rules—has, in no small degree, contributed to entangle the subject, and to retard, if not entirely to check, the progress of the learner.'

Professor Hurwitz has taken every possible pains to avoid the errors of his predecessors, and his grammar appears well calculated for all the purposes he had in view in composing it. Besides a very clear explication of the accidence of the language, it contains instructions in pronunciation, some easy and progressive reading lessons, with a literal translation, an explanation of the nature of the accents, and of their connexion with the vowel points; and lastly, exercises on the pronouns, and the verb. It is altogether a most excellent compendium of Hebrew grammar, and is admirably adapted to forward the student, by impressing on his mind the true principles of the language. We would suggest, that it would have been an addition of considerable benefit to the private reader, if the pronunciation of all the lessons had been given, instead of confining it to the four verses of the first chapter of Genesis.

ART. XV.—*Tales of a Physician.* By W. H. Harrison. London: Jennings. 1829.

IF a medical man of strong feeling and kind heart were to keep a journal of the incidents as well as cases which he meets with in his practice, he might produce a volume which would vie with any, the most powerful, fictitious narrative. There is merit in the 'Tales' before us, but it is of a common-place kind, such, in fact, as we find in fifty works of the same class, without the writers ever thinking of assuming the character of physicians, or feeling it necessary to use such a fiction for the basis of their narratives. The details given by our author are far too similar and sentimental, to be any thing like what we might expect from a man whose heart is filled with the strong sense of human ill, and they have little of that power over the sympathies which belongs to the eloquence of truth. As the 'Tales of a Physician,' therefore, we do not see much in them to praise, but as the simple inventions of a philanthropic and ingenious mind, they are really very pretty and amusing. A vein of amiable and highly moral feeling runs through the whole volume, and it only wants more variety of light and shade to make it worthy of a higher praise than we have been able to give it.

ART. XVI.—*Jacobite Minstrelsy: with Notes illustrative of the Text, and containing Historical Details in relation to the House of Stuart, from* 1640 *to* 1784.

IT is not the heroism or romance only of national spirit which is preserved in the popular songs of a country. Politics have at different times made an almost equal use of the muse as war, and a Tyrtæus have sometimes appeared with equal renown at the head of rival factions as of rival armies. The collection of ballads which we have now before us, is deserving of consideration, for their reference to a period, in which more than in any other in the history of the world, a contest founded in political differences assumed the striking and interesting character of one carried on by the deepest devotion to loyalty that ever lived in the breasts of a people.

The 'Jacobite Minstrelsy' is valuable for its faithful illustrations of the age in which it was composed, of the passions and sentiments which so powerfully agitated some of the best and bravest men that ever took part in a struggle for either opinions or rights. But it also possesses some of the most genuine characteristics of poetry. It is often naked, destitute of all the usual ornaments of modern verse, and as rude and stern as a hill blast; but it has a startling earnestness in its appeals to our attention, and not unfrequently its sternness passes away in some sudden burst of pathos, that fills the heart with pity for the devoted chevalier. We consider the present collection as meriting moreover great praise for its completeness, and for the excellent preface and illustrative notes which accompany the ballad. The following are selected as specimens of these stirring and powerful songs. The first refers to the rising of Lord Kenmure to join the English Jacobites.

O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA.

'O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie,
O Kenmure's on and awa;
And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.
Success to Kenmure's band Willie!
Success to Kenmure's band!
There's no a heart that fears a Whig,
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

'His lady's cheek was red, Willie,
His lady's cheek was red,
When she saw his steely jupes put on,
Which smell'd o' deadly feud.
Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,
Here's Kenmure's health in wine,
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

'There's a rose in Kenmure's cap, Willie,
There's a rose in Kenmure's cap,
He'll steep it red in ruddie heart's blude,
Afore the battle drap.

Here's him that's far awa, Willie,
Here's him that's far awa,
And here's the flower that I lo'e best,
The rose that's like the snaw.

'O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
O Kenmure's lads are men,
Their hearts and swords are metal true,
And that their faes shall ken.
They'll live, or die wi' fame, Willie,
They'll live, or die wi' fame;
And soon wi' sound o' victorie
May Kenmure's lord come hame.'—p. 96.

The next is a lament for Lord Maxwell, who, having made an unsuccessful insurrection, was taken prisoner, and condemned to be beheaded, but afterwards escaped.

'LAMENT FOR THE LORD MAXWELL.

'Make mane, my ain Nithsdale, thy life's i' the fa',
The lealest o' thy bairns are drapping awa;
The rose i' thy bonnet, whilk flourish'd aye sae braw,
Is laigh wi' the mools, since Lord Maxwell's awa'
O wae be 'mang ye Southrons, ye traitor loons a'!
Ye had him ay down, wha's back's at the wa':
I' the eerie field o' Preston your swords ye wadna draw;
He lies i' cauld iron wha wad swappit ye a.'

'O wae be to the hand whilk drew nae the glaive,
And cowed nae the rose frae the cap o' the brave!
To hae thri'en 'mang the Southrons as Scotsmen aye thrave,
Or ta'en a bloody neivefu' o' fame to the grave.
The glaive for my country I doughtna then wield,
Or I'd cock'd up my bonnet wi' the best o' the field;
The crousest should been cowpit owre i' death's gory fauld,
Or the leal heart o' some i' the swaird should been cauld.

'Fu' aughty simmer shoots o' the forest hae I seen,
To the saddle-laps in blude i' the battle hae I been,
But I never kend o' dule till I kend it yestreen.
O that I were laid whare the sods are growing green!
I tint half mysel when my gude lord I did tine:
A heart half sae brave a braid belt will never bin',
Nor the grassy sods e'er cover a bosom half sae kin;
He's a drap o' dearest blude i' this auld heart o' mine.

'O merry was the lilting among our ladies a',
They danc'd i' the parlour, and sang i' the ha',
O Jamie he's come o'er, and he'll put the Whigs awa;
But they canna dight their tears now, sae fast do they fa'.
Our ladie dow does nought now but wipe aye her een,
Her heart's like to loup the gowd lace o' her gown!
She has buskit on her gay cleedin', an's aff for London town,
And has wi' her a' the hearts o' the countrie roun'.

'By the bud o' the leaf, by the rising o' the flower,
Side the sang o' the birds, where some burn tottles owre,
I'll wander awa there, and big a wee bit bower,
For to keep my gray head frae the drap o' the shower:
And ay I'll sit and mane, till my blude stops wi' eild,
For Nithsdale's bonny lord, wha wes bauldest i' the field.
O that I were wi' him i' death's gory fauld!
O had I but the iron on whilk hauds him sae cauld!'—pp 98—105.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

A PROPOSAL has been issued for publishing the Scrope and Grosvenor Roll;—the Proceedings in the Cause between Sir Richard Le Scrope and Sir Robert Grosvenor, in the reign of Richard the Second. This cause, relative to the coat armour of the parties above named, so remarkable in the annals of heraldry, lasted four years, and was tried before the Lord High Constable. The record abounds in valuable illustrations of history, and throws a strong light on the general state of society in the fourteenth century. Upwards of *three hundred* persons were examined on the question, who were either peers, bannerets, knights, or esquires, or abbots, priors, or other clergy: and as each of the peers, knights, and esquires, deposes to his age, the battle or siege at which he commenced his military career, the number of years, and the occasions on which he had borne arms, and to circumstances connected with his services, or the services of his ancestors; and as the clergy allude to manuscripts and monuments in their respective abbeys and churches,—this trial is rich beyond example in historical, biographical, and topographical facts. It is intended to print the Roll in one volume, to be illustrated by an Historical Preface, and Notes by Mr. Nicolas; and a subscription of five guineas from sixty persons has been called for, in order to set the work in motion and insure its completion, which number is filled up by distinguished literary subscribers.

Mr. E. H. Barker, editor of the English edition of Professor Anthon's improved Lempriere, announces his intention to reprint in Parts, at stated periods, Dr. Webster's American Dictionary of the English language.

The Loseley Papers; a collection of original Letters and other MS. documents, chiefly of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, preserved at the ancient seat of the More family at Loseley, in Surrey; edited, with connective and incidental notes, is announced by Mr. A. J. Kempe. This work contains curious documents relative to the period of Henry VIII.

The Author of the Revolt of the Bees is about to publish Hamblden in the Nineteenth Century, or Colloquies on the Errors and Improvement of Society.

The Heraldry of Crests, 18mo., containing nearly 4000 Crests, from engravings by the late J. P. Elven, with the bearers names alphabetically arranged, and remarks historical and explanatory, forming a Companion to Clark's Easy Introduction to the Study of Heraldry, is in the press.

Messrs. Dymond and Dawson, of Exeter, are about to publish a Map of England and Wales, upon a new plan, in which *numerals* and *letters* are substituted for the *names* of places and rivers.

Mr. Haas, of Berner-street, will again publish, this year, the beautiful Annual the Golden Lyre, or Specimens of the Poets of England, France, Germany, and Italy, with, if possible, still greater elegance and uniqueness of style.

Important Discovery.—At the sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, on the 29th ult., a letter was read from Dr. Dudon, stating that he has discovered a perfect solvent for the stone in the bladder, even when it is encysted. He requests the Academy to name commissioners, in whose presence he will make use of his solvent (which is in the form of powder) upon dead subjects, preparatory to his performing the experiment on a living person. The Academy has named Messrs. Dumeril, Boyer, and Magendie, to assist Dr. Dudon, and report upon his proceedings. At the same sitting, a paper was read on the discovery of two new caves filled with fossil bones—one at Combes, and the other at Sauvigard. The presence of human bones, mingled with those of mammiferous animals, the species of which are extinct, was in these instances incontestable. They bear evident traces of the teeth of hyænas. The report states, that the excrement of the latter animal was also found.

Pelham has been translated into German, and published at Aix-la-Chapelle, by Major Richard. The same gentleman also published a translation of Almack's Revisited, and has just finished a translation of the Disowned. The author of Almack's Revisited, and of the Adventures of a King's Page, says the same foreign journal, has resided for some years at Aix-la-Chapelle.

Molière.—A complete edition of the works of Molière has been published in the Polish language. The name of the translator is M. François Kowalski.

The following Works are ready for publication:

A Complete History of Dairy Husbandry. By William Harley, Esq., of the Willow Bank Dairy. Glasgow. 8vo, plates.

Present State of the Tenantcy of Land in Great Britain, Part 2, comprising the Highland and Grazing Districts. By L. Kennedy and G. B. Grainger. Plates.

The British Farmer's (Quarterly) Magazine, No. 12, plates.

Retirement, a Poem. By Thomas Stewart, Esq.

Godesberg Castle, a Poem. By Miles T. Stapleton, Esq.

The Speech of the Right Hon. Viscount Palmerston, on the relations of England with Portugal.

The Freedom of Slave Children. By Otway Cave, Esq.

Free Trade and Colonization of India. Second edition.

The Law and Judicature of Elections. By C. Sinclair Cullen, Esq., Barrister-at-Law.

The Second Volume of the Remains of Wilmot Warwick, by Henry Vernon, may be expected in the course of August.

An interesting Tract on the Value and Application of Bones as a Manure, by the Doncaster Agricultural Association, is in the press.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Conversations on Vegetable Physiology, 2 vols. 12mo. 12*s*. 6*d*.
Stephen's Systematic Catalogue of British Insects, 8vo. 1*l*. 7*s*. bds.
Hay's Concise System of Mechanics, 12mo. 5*s*. 6*d*. bds.

BIOGRAPHY.

Josephine's Memoirs, vol. 3, post 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*. bds.

HISTORY.

Robertson's History of Ancient Greece, 12mo. 7*s*. bds.
Thomson's Magna Charta, 8vo. 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*.; royal 8vo. 2*l*. 12*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Tod's Annals of Rajast'han, royal 4to. 4*l*. 14*s*. 6*d*. bds.

LAW.

Hansard's Debates, vol. XX. royal 8vo. 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Woolrych on Law of Ways, 8vo. 16*s*. bds.
Pratt's Friendly Society Act, 12mo. 3*s*. bds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ellis's British Tariff, 1829—30, 8vo. 5*s*. sewed.
Macculloch on Wine, fourth edition, 12mo. 7*s*. bds.
Palin's Persians of Æschylus, Greek and English, 8vo. 7*s*. bds.
Valpy's second Latin Delectus, 8vo. 6*s*. sheep.
Monteath, on draining the Bogs of Ireland, 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Bateman's Synopsis, by Dr. A. T. Thompson, seventh edition, 8vo. 15*s*. bds.
Nichols's Autographs, imperial 4to. 2*l*. 15*s*.; tinted 4*l*. 4*s*. bds.
Ellis's Polynesian Researches, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l*. 8*s*. bds.
The Mine, by the Rev. J. Taylor, 16mo. 3*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Edinburgh Gazetteer, second edition, 8vo. 18*s*. bds.
Trotter's Sea-Weeds, post 8vo. 6*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Matthews on Portions, 8vo. 12*s*. bds.
Ham on Brewing, 12mo. 4*s*. bds.
Caledonian Horticultural Transactions, vol. iv. part II. 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Hall's Inquiry into Life, 8vo. 12*s*. bds.
Thompson's Edinburgh School Atlas, 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*. hf-bd.
Ventouillac's French Librarian, 8vo. 18*s*. bds.

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